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THE NEW YORKER

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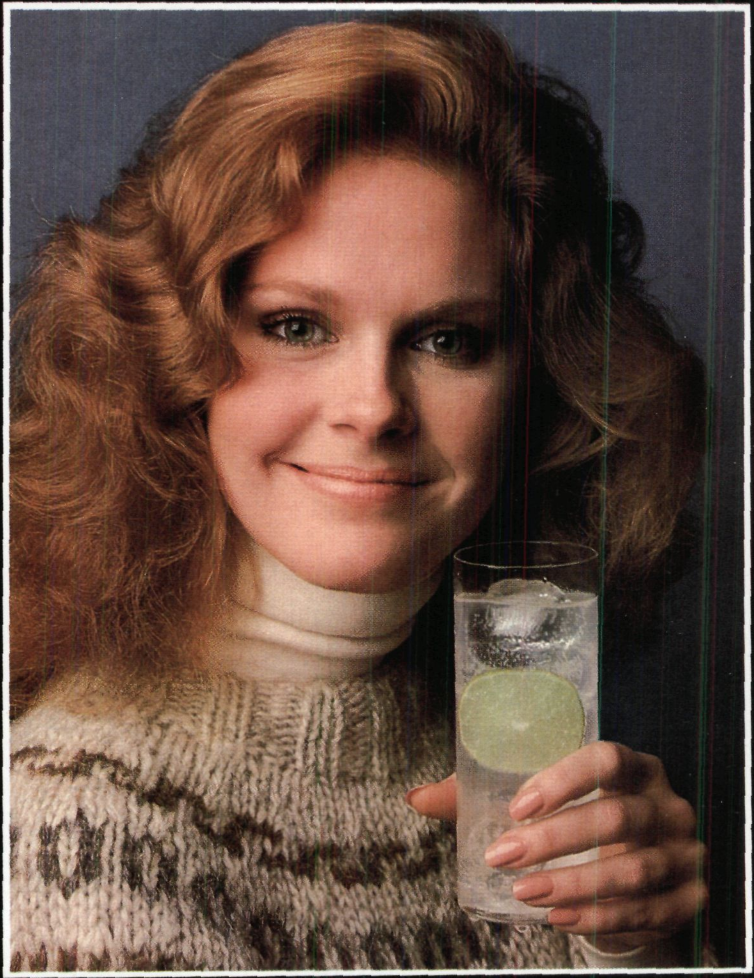

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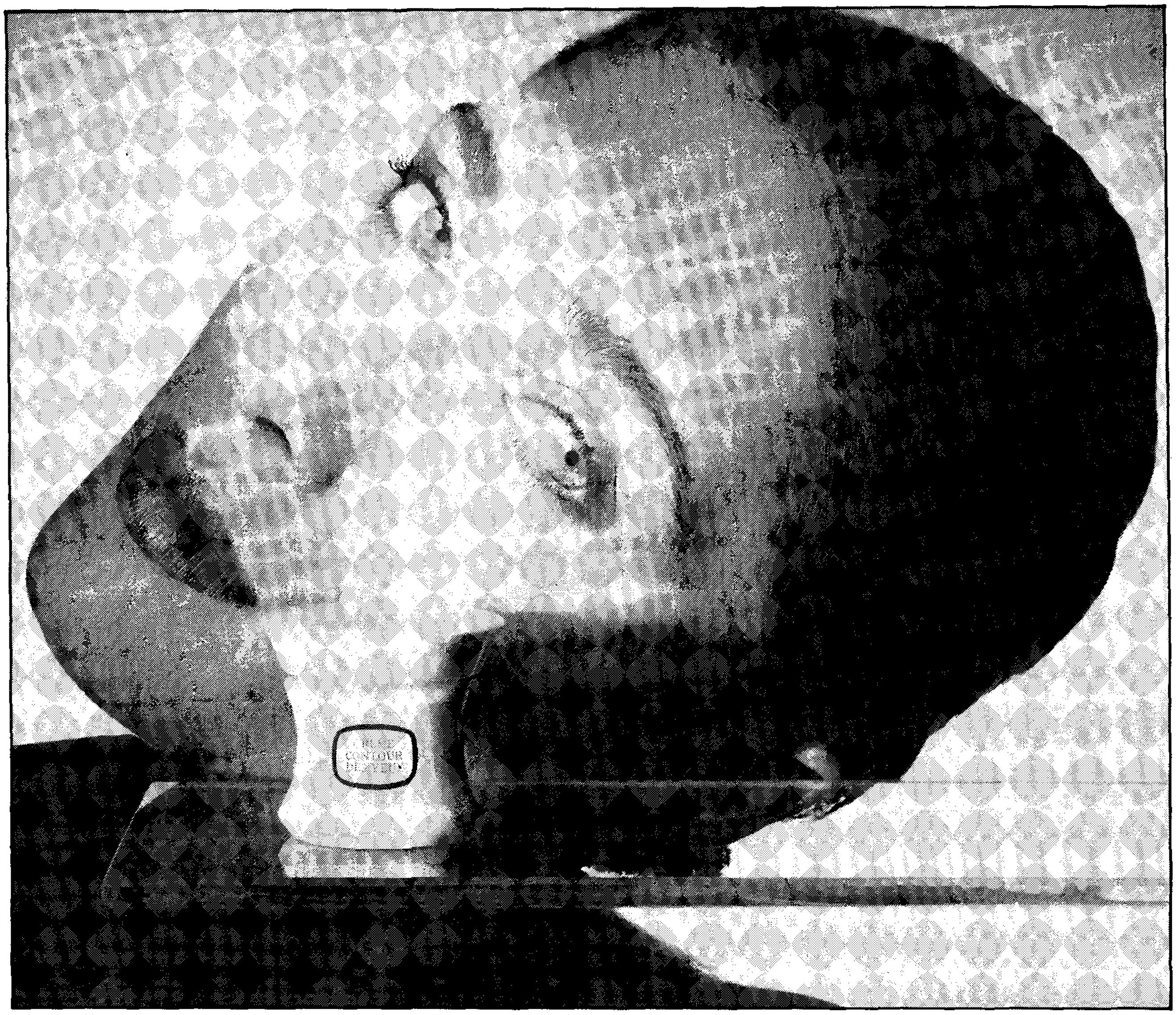

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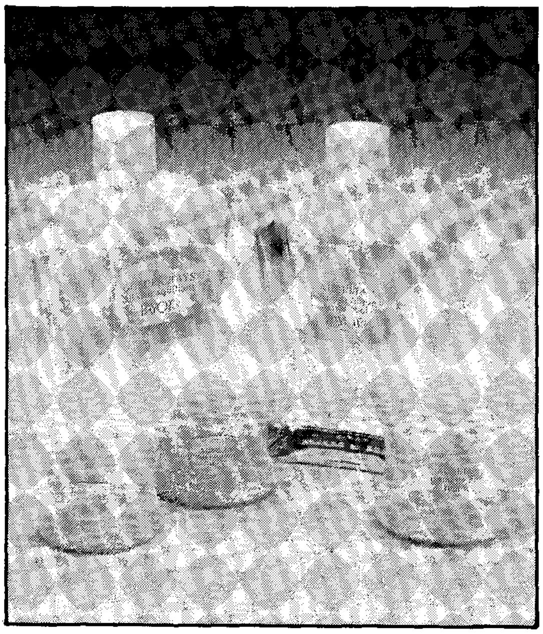

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Actors Touring Company London—Final performances. QUIXOTE, a new play adapted from Cervantes' works, by Richard Curtis and John Retallack, with music by Susan Biggs: Thursday and Friday, May 5-6, at 8, and Sunday, May 8, at 3 and 8. . . . THE PROVOKED WIFE, a Restoration comedy by Sir John Vanbrugh: Wednesday, May 4, at 8, and Saturday, May 7, at 3 and 8. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 255-9186.)

All's Well That Ends Well—A nonsensical title to a play that is, at bottom, an ice-cold artifice, but the Royal Shakespeare Company gives it an elegant production. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/83.) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—A remembrance of things past by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old, wonderfully well played by Matthew Broderick. (4/11/83) (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Buried Inside Extra—A new comedy by Thomas Babe, with Dixie Carter, Sandy Dennis, Vincent Gardenia, Hal Holbrook, and William Converse-Roberts. Opens Wednesday, May 4, and will run through Sunday, May 29. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—John Rubinstein, Michael Moriarty, and William Atherton in a revival of the Herman Wouk play. Arthur Sherman directed. Previews Wednesday, May 4. Opens officially on Thursday, May 5. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cats—Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A single benefit performance of TIME FRAMED, consisting of eleven new short plays by as many authors, including Terrence McNally, Julie Bovasso, and Lanford Wilson. Among those in the cast will be Trish Hawkins, Swoosie Kurtz, Tony Roberts, and Fritz Weaver. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. Monday, May 9, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 691-3210.)

Dance a Little Closer—A musical based on Robert E. Sherwood's 1936 play, "Idiot's Delight." The book and lyrics are by Alan Jay Lerner, the music is by Charles Strouse, and the cast is headed by Len Cariou, Liz Robertson, and George Rose. Mr. Lerner is the director. Previews through Tuesday, May 10. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 11. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Duet for One—A trashy play about a concert violinist who is stricken with multiple sclerosis. The setting is the office of her psychiatrist. With Eva Marie Saint and Milton Selzer. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—*Opening performances* of a festival of fourteen plays, running through Monday, June 13. "The Dolphin Position," by Percy Granger; "The Survivalist," by Robert Schenkkan; and "Touch Black," by Bill Bozzone: Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 4-5; Saturday evening, May 7; Sunday matinée, May 8; Friday evening, May 13; and Saturday matinée, May 14. . . . ¶ "Poisoner of the Wells," by Brother Jonathan, O.S.F.; "Postcards," by Carol K. Mack; and "Two Conversations," by David Mamet: Friday evening, May 6; Saturday matinée, May 7; Sunday and Monday evenings, May 8-9; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 11-12; and Saturday evening, May 14. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

Extremities—Karen Allen in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Foxfire—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are at the top of their form in this rather ramshackle little play about life in the Blue Ridge Mountains of northern Georgia. The authors of the play are Susan Cooper and Mr. Cronyn. (11/22/82) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Good Bye Good Bye—A play by Rina Yerushalmi. Opens Wednesday, May 4, and will run through Sunday, May 15. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7.)

Greater Tuna—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, a pair of agile, clever actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sears, and their director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

K2—The title of the play, which is by Patrick Meyers, is also the abbreviated name of the second-highest mountain on earth. Jeffrey De Munn and Jay Patterson play two climbers trapped on the mountain. They have a lot to

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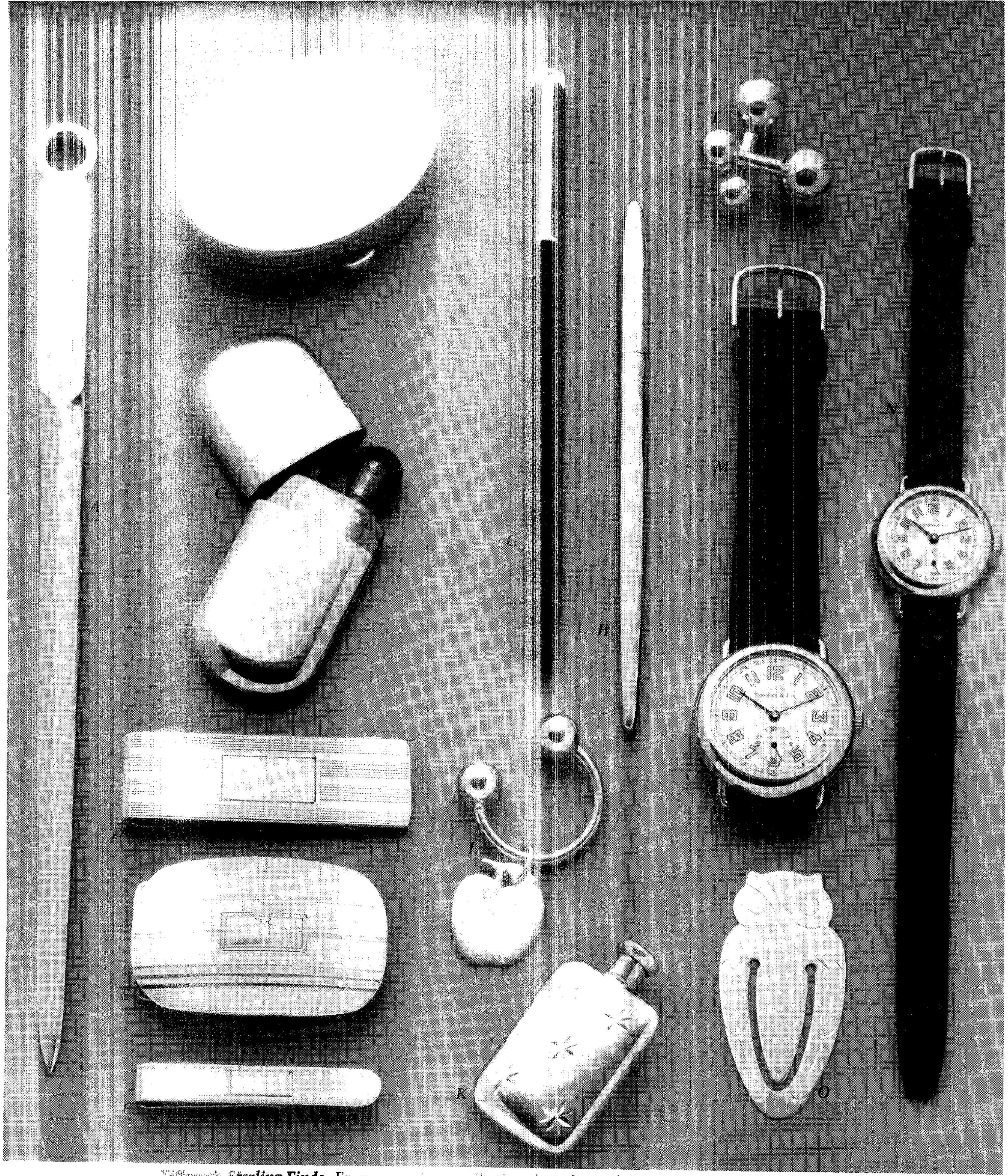

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say, most of it interesting; and the mountain itself, as designed by Ming Cho Lee, is fascinating. (4/11/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Rudolf Friml's **ROSE MARIE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company are a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed and manipulates the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Brad Moranz as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Faith Prince as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Merlin—An unlucky mingling of musical comedy and magic. Doug Henning can make horses vanish into thin air, but he can't transform himself into a romantic troubadour. (2/28/83) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Middle Ages—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s humorous play is set in (and is, in a sense, about) the trophy room in an exclusive club, probably in Boston, and it tells the bittersweet love story of a man named Barney and a woman named Eleanor, over a span of forty years, as it reflects the changing circumstances of the times. Jack Gilpin and Ann McDonough are Barney and Eleanor to the life, and Jo Henderson is very good, too, as Eleanor's mother. David Trainer was the deft director. (4/4/83) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 486-1666. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

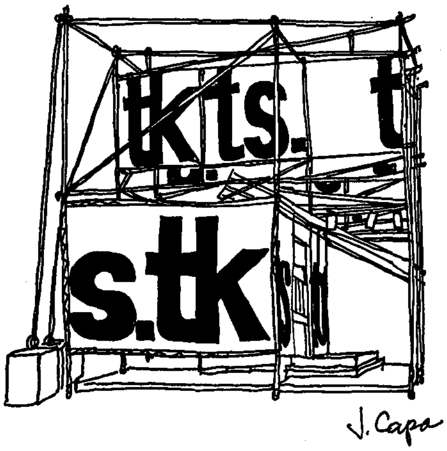
My One and Only—A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the marvellous cast. (Reviewed in this issue.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's play about a young woman bent upon committing suicide is an altogether successful work of art and much less dispiriting than one might suppose. With Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak, who have been ably directed by Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—Not the least taint of patronizing mars this revival of the Rodgers and Hart classic musical of 1936. The director, George Abbott, helped to write the original book and, at ninety-five, evidently has a tenacious recollection of how things were and how they ought to be. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Other Side of the Swamp—A play by Royce Ryton, imported from London. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Poppie Nongena—A demonstration—narrative, song, dance—of South Africa's brutality to its nonwhite citizens. The action covers forty years in the life of one woman. The performance of the South African company is very good indeed. Sophie Mgcina composed most of the beautiful music. (1/31/83) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Porgy and Bess—The best (and most thoroughly operatic) production that this classic American work has ever received. (4/18/83) (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 15.)

Private Lives—Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in a revival of Noël Coward's play. Direction by Milton Katselas. Previews through Saturday, May 7. Opens officially on Sunday, May 8. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Remak Ramsay gives a fine performance in the leading role, and Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey are good, too. Kenneth Frankel directed. Starting Tuesday, May 10, Dalton Dearborn will replace Mr. Ramsay. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **LE BOURGEOIS AVANT-GARDE.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

The Ritz—Holly Woodlawn, Googie Gomez, and Casey Donovan in a revival of the 1975 Terrence McNally comedy. Staged by Michael Bavar. (Xenon, 124 W. 43rd St. 221-2693. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Show Boat—This classic musical, so ambitious in its day, looks sadly weather-worn in the present production, though the Kern-Hammerstein songs remain imperishably winsome. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Top Girls—The girls of the title either work in or apply for jobs at a London employment agency, and the principal character whose career we examine has just been promoted to top top girl. Linda Hunt, Valerie Mahaffey, Polly Draper, Kathryn Grody, Freda Foh Shen, Donna Bullock, and Sara Botsford are the splendid actresses. Caryl Churchill is the adventurous playwright. Max Stafford-Clark is the director. (1/10/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Trio—Three one-act plays by Bill Harris. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, May 15.)

True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the clowning of Gary Sinise and Dan Butler. Mr. Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

A View from the Bridge—Arthur Miller's well-known play about family troubles on the Brooklyn waterfront. Tony Lo Bianco and Rose Gregorio head a superb cast. The director is Arvin Brown, of the Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven, where this production was first put on. (2/14/83) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whodunnit—A graceless and laborious parody of an old-fashioned Agatha Christie English-country-house murder mystery. Only the setting, by Andrew Jackness, is worthy of praise. (1/10/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Wilderness of Shur—A play by Nicholas Biel. Opens Thursday, May 5, and will run through Sunday, May 22. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.)

Wild Gardens of the Loup Garou—A play, with music, by Carman Moore. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. 777-0033. Thursday through Monday, May 5-9, at 8:30.)

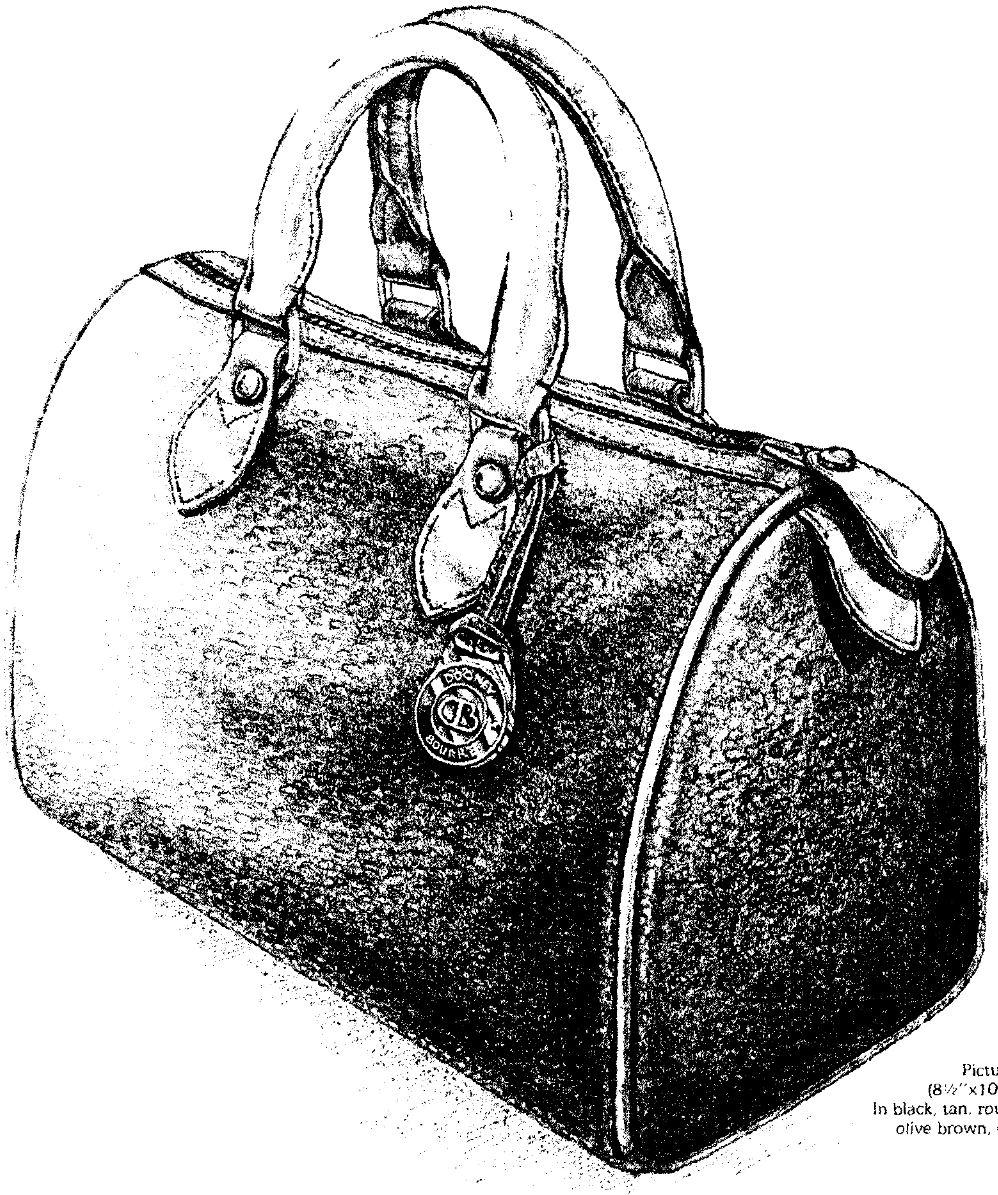
Wild Life—Four one-act comedies by Shel Silverstein. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. 675-0498. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday, May 4, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Win/Lose/Draw—Three one-act dialogues marvellously performed by Christine Estabrook and Lynn Milgrim. The authors—singly and combined—are Mary Gallagher and Ara Watson. The third and most substantial of the plays is "Chocolate Cake," by Miss Gallagher (about two secretly ravenous women), but the others are entertaining as well. All of them were first done at the Actors Theatre of Louisville. Amy Saltz was the good director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Provincetown, 133 MacDougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Winners—A revival of Brian Friel's beguiling comedy (with sad overtones) about a pair of lovers who spend a day on a hilltop above the Irish town of Ballymore. Bernard Shaw's larky **HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND** makes a suitable prologue to this agreeable evening. Kate Burton, Michael Butler, Jeanne Ruskin, and Bernie McInerney are the adroit actors. (5/2/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

You Can't Take It with You—A fine revival of the Kaufman-Hart comedy written in the thirties. Jason Robards heads the big and frolicsome cast; the director is Ellis Rabb. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AGNES OF GOD:** Diahann Carroll, Geraldine Page, and Maryann Plunkett have much to say about a peculiar subject—the apparent virgin birth to a young nun in a convent of a child subsequently found dead. The discussion is a lively one, though the playwright, John Pielmeier, has found no satisfactory way of bringing it to an end. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **AMADEUS:** A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do,



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on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. David Dukes plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Mark Hamill plays the hapless Mozart; and Suzanne Lederer plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room over the past fifty years or so, somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,576 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Elizabeth Allen, and Lisa Brown. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, May 5, at 8:15, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, May 5, at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Raul Julia is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Donald Corren substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting their hundred-and-thirteenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

MARTIN CHARNIN'S UPSTAIRS AT O'NEALS'—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Tuesdays at 8 and 10:30; Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7, 9:30, and midnight.)

THE FLYING KARAMAZOV BROTHERS—Five performers who sing, dance, juggle, tell jokes, and play instruments. Previews through Monday, May 9. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 10. (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, May 12, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 4: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 5: "Chamber Works," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 6: "Chamber Works," "Divertimento No. 15," and "Souvenir de Florence." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 7: "The Magic Flute," "Interplay," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 7: "Divertimento No. 15," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 8: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Chamber Works," and "The Magic Flute." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 10: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 11: "Ballo della Regina," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 12: "Swan Lake," "Glass Pieces" (première), and "Souvenir de Florence." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 13: "Ballo della Regina," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 14: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 14: "Ballo della Regina," "Andantino," "Glass Pieces," and "Souvenir de Florence." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 26.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday evening, May 4: "Symphonie Concertante," "Duets," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 5: "Theme and Variations," "Great Galloping Gottschalk," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 6: "Symphonie Concertante," "Duets," "Le Corsaire," and "Great Galloping Gottschalk." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 7: "Les Rendezvous," "Follow the Feet," "La Fille Mal Gardée Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 7: "Symphonie Concertante," "Great Galloping Gottschalk," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Monday evening, May 9: "Symphonie Concertante," "Interludes," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 10: "Duets," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "Interludes," and "N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, May 11: "Push Comes to Shove" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 11: "Duets," "Harlequinade Pas de Deux," and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 12: "Prodigal Son" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 13: "Raymonda Divertissements," "Airs," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 14: "Raymonda Divertissements" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 14: "Prodigal Son" and "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 16.)

FELD BALLET—Wednesday evening, May 4: "Theatre," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "Summer's Lease." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 5: "Three Dances," "At Midnight," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 6: "Anatomic Balm," "Over the Pavement," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 7: "The Real McCoy," "The Gods Amused," "La Vida," and "Summer's Lease." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 8: "The Real McCoy," "At Midnight," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 8: "Three Dances," "Circa," and "Straw Hearts." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 10: "Straw Hearts," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "Summer's Lease." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 11: "Anatomic Balm," "Summer's Lease," and "The Consort." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 12: "The Real McCoy," "The Gods Amused," "A Soldier's Tale," and "Play Bach." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 13: "Three Dances," "Circa," and "A Footstep of Air." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 14: "Anatomic Balm," "A Soldier's Tale," and "Straw Hearts." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, May 22.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Wednesday evening, May 4: "Landscape," "Research" (New York première), and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 5: "Streams," "Treading," "Songs Without Words," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 6: "Seven Journeys," "Spectrum," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 7: "Blues Suite," "Satyriade," "Treading," and "Fontessa & Friends." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 7: "Songs Without Words," "Spectrum," and "The Stack Up." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 8: "Landscape," "Fontessa & Friends," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 8: "Streams," "Cry," "Research," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 10: "Songs Without Words," "To José Clemente Orozco" (company première), "Fever Swamp," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 11: "The River," "Sonnets," "Treading," and "The Stack Up." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 12: "Blues Suite," "To José Clemente Orozco," "Satyriade," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 13: "Landscape," "Sonnets," "Fever Swamp," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 14: "The River," "Research," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 14: "Seven Journeys," "Pigs & Fishes," "Satyriade," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, May 22.)

London Contemporary Dance Theatre—Wednesday, May 4, at 7, and Thursday and Friday, May 5-6, at 8: "Death and the Maiden," "Liquid Assets," "Forest," and "Cell." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 7, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, May 8, at 2: "Nympheas," "The Dancing Department," and "Class." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **DANCE THEATRE RAATIKKO:** Wednesday, May 4, and Friday, May 6, at 8, and Saturday, May 7, at 2. . . . **JERRY AMES TAP DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday, May 12, and Saturday and Sunday, May 14-15, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A cozy, convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, will be devoted to pianist **HUGH LAWSON'S** trio, and Friday and Saturday, May 13-14, to the **BARRY HARRIS** trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—On Saturday, May 7, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** winds up her series of early-evening concert-style sets that run from six-thirty to eight.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Lighter-than-air flugelhornist **ART FARMER** leads a quartet through Sunday, May 8; Monday, May 9, will be claimed by the Angel Rangelov–Jimmy Madison big band and its guest soloist, **MICHAL URBANIAK;** and on Tuesday, May 10, the compelling pop-funk tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE** will arrive. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied schedule: Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, mandolin ace **DAVID GRISMAN;** Sunday, May 8, Flo & Eddie & the Turtles; Monday and Tuesday, May 9-10, Bryan Adams. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. Bassist and occasional singer-pianist **RED MITCHELL** is present with pianist **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** through Saturday, May 7, and on his own on Sunday, May 8; on Monday, May 9, **FRED HERSCH** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** will take charge. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ'S** trio performs from eleven to two.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The exuberant **BOBBY SHORT,** who looks anything but "World Weary" when he sings that clever Noël Coward song—or, for that matter, when he sings anything—is back in the Café Carlyle for a little while with his trusty aides, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Shows at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is at the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist, is the star at this dark-brown room just in back of Carnegie Hall. Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

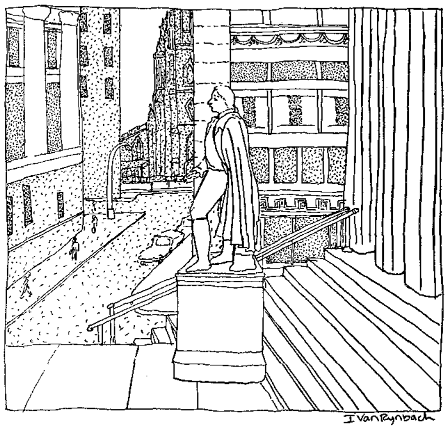
CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, May 4, New Mox and Fiction; Thursday, May 5, Backbones, John Eddy & the Front Street Runners, and Screen Test; Friday, May 6, Hoy Boy & the Doys, the Del Lords, Mondo Boffo, and Thangs; Saturday, May 7, Paul Collins Beat, Soviet Sex, and Nonpareil; and Tuesday, May 10, Nighttime Men and Token White. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl. at 8th St. (674-4450)—Veteran folkster **OSCAR BRAND** sings seagoing, terra-firma, and bawdy ditties Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Sundays and Mondays are the property of pianist **MIKE RENZI** and bassist **JAY LEONHART.** Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, May 4, Robert Howard and Brian O'Mallon; Thursday, May 5, Joe Val & the New England Bluegrass Boys; Saturday, May 7, Neon Valley Boys; Wednesday, May 11, John Roberts; Thursday, May 12, Lew Gelfond and Bob Mellman; and Saturday, May 14, the Cranberry Lake Jug Band. Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty, Thursdays at eight-fifteen, and Saturdays at nine.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band swings it Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, May 8, will feature the Johnny Morris quartet from about nine-fifteen. Mondays, Jack Mahew's quintet performs from eight-thirty, and Bill and George Simon's quintet works on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A sleek, well-attended basement jazz club. Guitar soloist **JOE PASS,** out-and-out revered by jazz and rock guitarists alike—and by a lot of the nonplaying laity—is here through Sunday, May 8. "How *does* he do it?" his listeners seem to be asking at the end of a set, stunned, fulfilled smiles on their faces. On Tuesday, May 10, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** will arrive with a hard-bop quartet. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.



Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Friday, May 6, Jake and the Family Jewels; Saturday, May 7, **GEORGE GERDES** & his All-Male Vegetarian Orchestra; Sunday, May 8, Jane Brucker; and Monday, May 9, Lynn Samuels. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule: Wednesday, May 4, Kim Shaw; Thursday through Saturday, May 5-7, Marion Cowings; Sunday, May 8, **BROOKS KERR;** Monday through Thursday, May 9-12, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE;** Friday, May 13, singer and pianist **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS** and **CECIL MC BEE;** Saturday, May 14, Jerome Olds and Tom Grose. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight, eleven, and one; and Sunday, May 8, at seven and ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The roster: the Scott Hardy trio Wednesday through Sunday, May 4-8; guitarist **DOM MINASI** Wednesday through Sunday, May 11-15. Mondays belong to singer **JANET LAWSON,** and Tuesdays to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups play from ten. Mondays through Fridays, Loumell Morgan plays piano from five to ten and Baba Motta has the same hours on Sundays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **RALPH SUTTON,** a strong, buoyant, bluesy, early-jazz pianist who can really move on out, can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday and Monday, May 8-9, **MIKE ABENE,** who swings in a more contemporary manner, will be at the keyboard. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Ryan's house band lets loose under the leadership of **JIMMY MAXWELL** Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners. The piano-bass lineup: **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Saturday, May 7; **LOU LEVY** and **MICHAEL MOORE** beginning Tuesday, May 10; and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** Sundays and Mondays. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, May 4, **RICHARD MANUEL** and **RICK DANKO,** formerly of the Band, team up with blues-harp virtuoso and singer **PAUL BUTTERFIELD;** Saturday, May 7, Robert Gordon will sing rockabilly tunes. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A comfortable and first-rate jazz club. Alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** leads his flamboyant, macho Latin-jazz quintet here through Sunday, May 8; Tuesday and Wednesday, May 10-11, will be claimed by saxophonist **JOHN STUBBLEFIELD;** and on Thursday, May 12, drummer **JIMMY COBB** will arrive with his band. Sets start at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singer's room with a garden view. **HELEN FORREST,** who began performing in the big-band-singer era (she came up with Benny Goodman and Harry James), winds up her visit on Saturday, May 7; **NANCY WILSON,** who began *her* career in the Dinah Washington era (she came up with Rusty Bryant and Cannonball Adderley), will move in on Monday, May 9. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for the good part of a decade. Wednesday, May 4, Venus Dobson; Thursday, May 5, Nitesprite; and Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. The roster: Wednesday, May 4, Blue Sparks from Hell; Thursday, May 5, Jah Malla and Erin Dickens & the Relief Band; Friday, May 6, Actors Institute; Saturday, May 7, guitarist **ARLEN ROTH** and Lili Anel. Shows at ten and twelve-thirty. Sundays are reserved for a jam session from about ten. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet here on the sixty-fifth floor Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Thursday, May 5, the Divinyls; Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, Robert Gordon; Monday, May 9, the Make; and Tuesday, May 10, Paul Collins Beat. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. The roster: Wednesday, May 4, Rhythm & Bruise; Thursday, May 5, guitarist **CHUCK LOEB;** Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, singer **ESTHER SATTERFIELD;** Sunday, May 8, the Maxx Band; Monday, May 9, the Ed Palermo big band; Tuesday, May 10, pianist **WARREN BERNHARDT;** Wednesday, May 11, R. & B. singer **SYBIL THOMAS;** and Thursday through Sunday, May 12-15, the **HEATH BROTHERS.** Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, May 4, **JORGE DALTO;** Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday, May 10, Marcos Silva; Wednesday, May 11, Brazilian Express; and Friday and Saturday, May 13-14, **LOREMIL MACHADO.** Thursdays belong to Brazuca Brazil's Top 40. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Flutist **JAMES NEWTON** and six other fine musicians, including pianist **ANTHONY DAVIS,** work through Saturday, May 7; on Tuesday, May 10, tenor saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** will come in with his octet. Sundays are Brazilian-flavored with **THIAGO DE MELLO & AMAZON,** and Mondays are **GIL EVANS BIG BAND** nights. Shows from about ten. Dining.

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Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—**CHARLES BROWN,** the personable-as-all-getout, sophisticated R. & B. singer and red-hot pianist, is back at this simple blues room Wednesdays through Saturdays after nine-thirty. On Irish Sundays, Greg Ryan and Brian Conway perform from seven-thirty to midnight.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Wednesday, May 4, Vipers and Extreme Unction; Thursday, May 5, Shadow and Random Speed; Friday, May 6, the F.R.O.N.T.; Saturday, May 7, Tony Frye and Jail Bait; and Tuesday, May 10, Johnny Sing & the Singers. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Monday is salsa night in the barnlike downstairs room: on May 9, **TITO PUENTE & HIS LATIN-JAZZ ENSEMBLE** and Los Amigos & the Bad Street Boys will share the stage along with a guest soloist, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON.** Music from about nine. The rest of the week: Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, the **BARRY HARRIS-WALTER DAVIS, JR., QUARTET;** Thursday through Sunday, May 12-15, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS,** with guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER** sharing the bill on May 13-14. Shows at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. And out on the Terrace on Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays from nine.

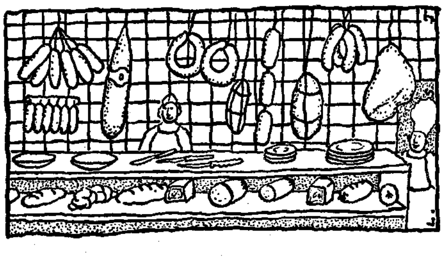
Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** leads a quartet in this, the most famous basement in the world, through Sunday, May 8; on Tuesday, May 10, **ROLAND HANNA,** a powerful, percussive, and sometimes rhapsodic pianist, will descend the stairs with his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** blast-off nights. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, brick walls, and an improved sound system—all the makings for bright acoustics. Singer-pianist **BOBBY SCOTT** performs until Sunday, May 8; on Tuesday, May 10, pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER,** bassist **RAY BROWN,** and guitarist **HERB ELLIS** will move in. Music Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays, Hank Johnson is at the keyboard; Joe Forrester performs Thursdays through Sundays. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The line-up: saxophonist Haywood Henry through Saturday, May 7; Sunday, May 8, trombonist-composer **JIMMY KNEPPER** and pianist **DICK KATZ** combo; and Monday and Tuesday, May 9-10, tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH.** Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** through Saturday, May 7; pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** beginning Monday, May 9; and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** and guitarist **JOE BECK** on Sundays. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.



JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Maria Martha Serra Lima—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, May 5, at 8:30.

Junior Cook–Bill Hardman Quintet—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, May 6, at 8.

The Impressions—With Curtis Mayfield and Jerry Butler. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, May 6, at 8 and 11.)

Odean Pope Trio and **Skeleton Crew**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, May 6, at 11:30.

Waylon Jennings Show—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, May 7, at 7:30 and 11. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

David Bromberg Band—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, May 7, at 8.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The last in a series of five programs entitled "The Glory Days of Tin Pan Alley 1880-1930," this one featuring Sidney Zion as narrator. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday and Monday, May 8-9, at 8.)

U2—Palladium. Wednesday, May 11, at 8.

Nona Hendryx, Afrika Bambaataa & Soulsonic Force, and **Sweet G**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, May 12, at 9.

Garrison Keillor's A Prairie Home Companion—Town Hall. Friday, May 13, at 8; Saturday, May 14, at 5:45; and Sunday and Monday, May 15-16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Shades of Sheila—Sheila Jordan, with musicians Harvie Swartz, Steve Kuhn, and Robert Moses, and dancer Catherine Mapp. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Friday, May 13, at 8.)

Daniel Poncé & Jazzbata—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Friday, May 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 249-8950.

Zebra—Palladium. Saturday, May 14, at 8.

Jazzmania Society—Wednesday, May 4, at 8:30: Mike Freeman quartet and Amy Duncan trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, at 8:30: Frequency. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 11, at 9 and 11: Carla White–Manny Duran Band. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 12, at 8:30: Herman Angel Big Band, featuring Paquito d'Rivera. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 13-14, at 8:30: Janet Grice & Tropical. (Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. 532-7666.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Josef Albers (1888-1976)—Paintings and graphics. Through June 11. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.)

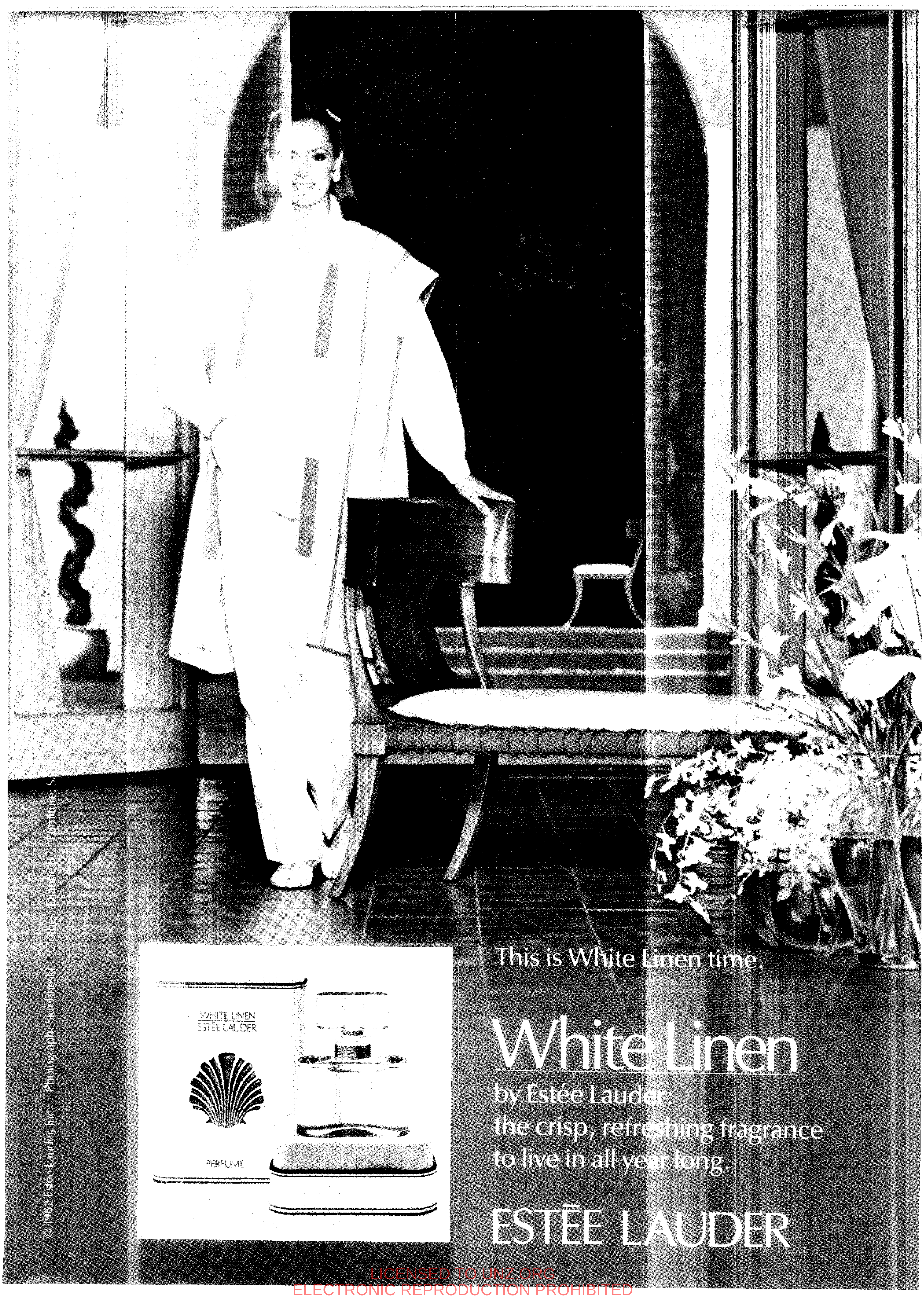
Eduardo Arroyo—Small busts of Swiss chimney sweeps in their traditional top hats, and large paintings spoofing some of the Surrealist classics. Through May 26. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Georg Baselitz—An exhibition that includes both his well-known "upside down" paintings and earlier works that illustrate his strong influence on the current Italian Neo-Expressionists. Through Saturday, May 7. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Bill Beckley—New paintings and drawings combining oil, encaustic, and collage. Through June 11. (Gibson, 205 E. 78th St.)

Byron Browne (1907-61)—Watercolors from the mid-forties, by an abstractionist. Through June 4. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

John Dobbs—Oil paintings of sunbathers and



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WHITE LINEN
ESTÉE LAUDER
PERFUME
This is White Linen time.
White Linen
by Estée Lauder:
the crisp, refreshing fragrance
to live in all year long.
ESTĒE LAUDER

From Syrie Maugham's white-white rooms to grey flannel walls and other one-color concepts.

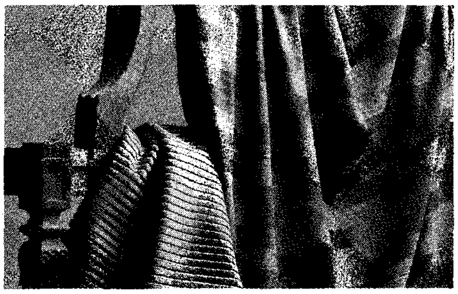
It's not only the so-called major arts that reflect the tone and tenor of their times. When Syrie Maugham's white-white rooms appeared in the twenties—their "pickled white" furniture placed against spare white walls, the settings spotted with white feathers, white seashells, and white everything, as well as with chrome and mirrors—they were as much a statement of the soul of their era as were cubism and atonal music. The now-famous postwar mood seemed to embrace all manner of things from shingled hair to *le jazz hot.* The times they had a-changed indeed. And a 'new decor' held sway. Again.

Mrs. Maugham probably didn't think of herself as either a revolutionary or a social reporter. Her sensibilities (like those of any good designer-decorator in any era) were clearly attuned to the past (and what was wrong with it) as well as to the exciting present (and how best to live in it).

Her spare, uncluttered rooms with their spare and uncluttered use of color were partly a turning away from the formality and heaviness of the preceding Edwardian and Victorian years. But they were, even more, a looking forward to the simpler, easier, and lighter standards that suddenly, it seemed, had now emerged in every aspect of life and held sway internationally. (An intriguing footnote to Mrs. Maugham's celebrity as a designer is the persistent reappearance of the literary connection in the decorating arena. Before she made her mark as a decorator, Mrs. Maugham was very much a member of the international literary community via her extravagantly successful writing husband. Through the years, literary lionessess—Mrs. Trollope, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Edith Wharton—often employed their insights to affect the look of real houses and rooms as well as to comment on what went on in fictional houses and rooms.)

Designers seem to have a tradition for periodically cleaning things up, throwing out the past and bringing in the present. Minimalism follows modernism. High-tech follows Bauhaus. "Take everything out!" is a recurring designer's battle cry. Yet, people being people (and designers being people, too), "Put things back in!" is another battle cry—of which the much-vaunted Post-Modernism of today is a lively example.

And even though a room completely swathed in grey flannel may well be as oppressively self-conscious as one thoroughly bedecked in flowering chintzes, the idea of a carefully controlled color palette appears to be one whose strength prevails in all sorts of eras and for all sorts of decorating styles.

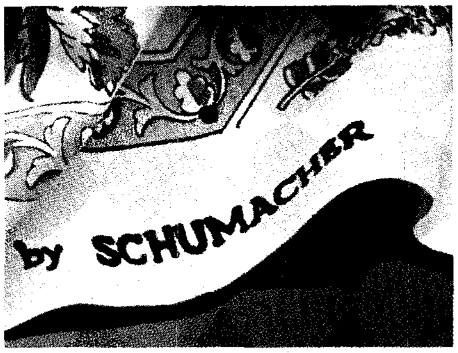


The very 1980's townhouse sitting-room shown here, designed by John Robert Moore, is a contemporary example. Although the room is as monochromatic as any period Maugham, there's an easy up-to-the-minute vivacity about it. This result is achieved by the subtle play of texture against texture, as well as tone against tone. The imported cut-velvet covering the couch and the tussah silk with random-dyed-warp on the ottoman (fabrics shown, above) are examples of this latter-day ease and compatibility.

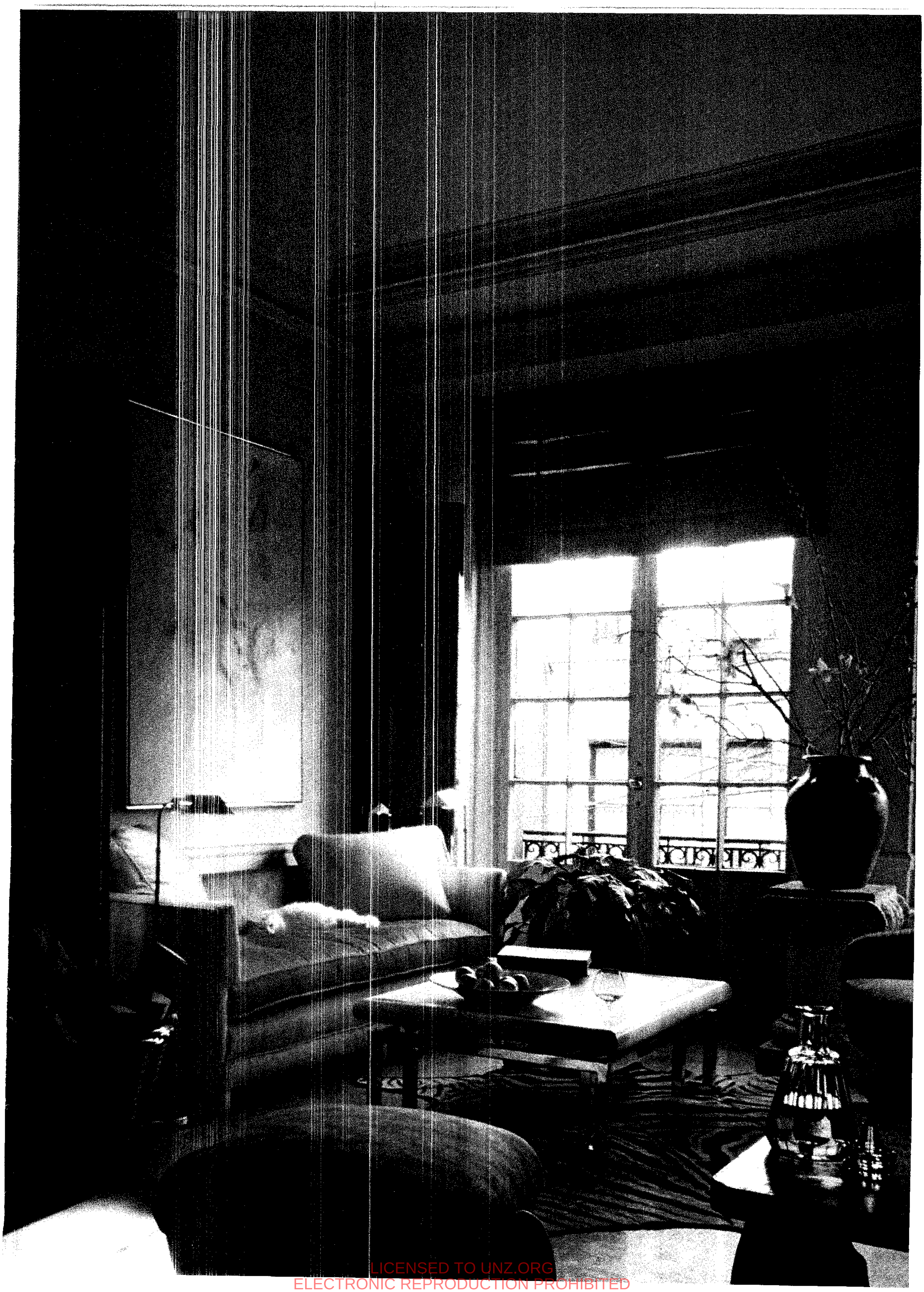
Returning for a moment to Syrie Maugham, the tufted armless easy chair, (shown at top, right) was designed by Mrs. Maugham, and is another of her prescient decorating ideas.

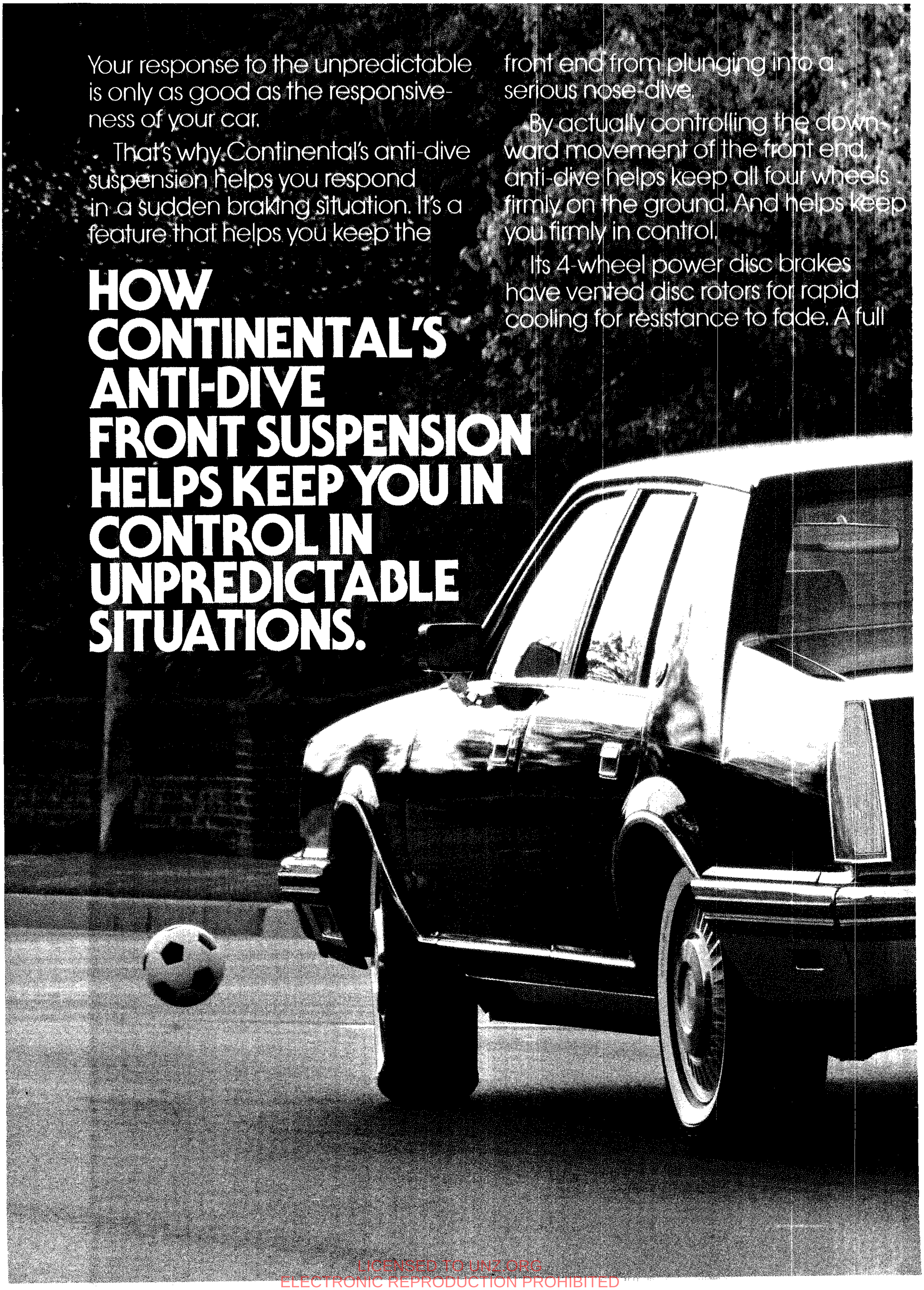
The chair, from a private collection, is here upholstered in a slubbed 100% DuPont Dacron® polyester that no doubt would have appealed to Mrs. Maugham for its good looks. Its equally great practicality is a decidedly more modern yet equally appealing attribute.

From the 1890's on, F. Schumacher has been a key participant in the decorator/designer process. As the world's foremost supplier of every conceivable type of fabric—many woven in Schumacher's own mills—F. Schumacher has continuously offered "the trade" a unique fabric library. The newest ideas from around the world; an encyclopedic inventory of the past; an exhaustive color palette; a special print or weave to carry out some special project or idea; they are all here. And through the years, the name Schumacher, on selvage, wall-covering, or rug, has continued to provide an authoritative assurance. Which may be why, generation after generation, designers continue to exclaim, insist, order and think, "Surely, Schumacher."



Schumacher's Illustrated Notes on 20th Century Taste. One of a series.





HOW CONTINENTAL'S ANTI-DIVE FRONT SUSPENSION HELPS KEEP YOU IN CONTROL IN UNPREDICTABLE SITUATIONS.

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That's why Continental's anti-dive suspension helps you respond in a sudden braking situation. It's a feature that helps you keep the front end from plunging into a serious nose-dive.

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Its 4-wheel power disc brakes have vented disc rotors for rapid cooling for resistance to fade. A full

[illegible] swept brake [illegible] e, straight stopping.

To help control balance and body movement, Continental is equipped with nitrogen-pressurized struts and shocks.

It's a car that remains poised, no matter how unsettling or unpredictable the world may be.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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baseball players *in situ*. Through May 21. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

René Genis—Recent landscapes, including scenes of the islands of Greece and the Jura Mountains in France, and still-lifes. Through Saturday, May 7. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Douglas Gorsline / Elsie Kent—Landscapes and still-lifes by an artist who deliberately shifts his perspective several times in the course of each painting, giving a splintered view of the subject. / Pastels of Italian ports, the Swiss Alps, and Fire Island marshlands. Through Saturday, May 7. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Renato Guttuso—Recent oils and works on paper (twenty-plus each) by an Italian figurative Expressionist. Through Saturday, May 14. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Will Horwitt—A huge work on paper from 1967, "Drawing in Thirty-Eight Parts," and related sculptures in bronze and wood. Through June 3. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Asger Jorn (1914-73)—The Danish Cobra artist's paintings and other works, from the Lefebre family collection. Through May 28. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Eight paintings and drawings exhibited for the first time, in addition to other works. Through May 31. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Richard Piccolo—Allegorical figures (poetry, painting, sight, smell) done in oils, plus a few small fresco paintings. Through May 18. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Paul Resika—Landscapes reflecting the terrain of Wellfleet and of Tepoztlán, Mexico. Through Saturday, May 14. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Judith Shea—Clothing shapes, such as skirts, translated into cast-metal and cloth sculptures—on the wall, flat on the floor, and free-standing. Through May 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Julio Silva—Fantasy paintings—masked figures, strange plants—by this Argentine-born artist, now resident in Paris, whose sculpture is widely known in Europe (one huge piece is at the entrance to the Beaubourg). Through May 21. (Walter, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Opens at noon.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Sculptures, paintings, and works on paper from the artist's estate. Through Thursday, May 12. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Cy Twombly—Paintings, mostly from the sixties, with the hesitant scrawls and indecipherable writing that characterize so much of this artist's work. Through May 27. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St.)

Robert Wilson—Graphite drawings for his opera-in-progress, "Civil Wars." Through June 11. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

British Artists—Just a few of the galleries throwing open their doors for the next month or so to artists from the U.K.—**beadleston,** 60 E. 91st St.: Paintings by Alfred Sisley and drawings by Henry Moore. Through June 11. (Open Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **browne,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Prints spanning two centuries by artists from Gainsborough (a 1783 mezzotint—the only one he ever did) and Stubbs to Moore and Hockney. Through June 3. . . . **cds gallery,** 13 E. 75th St.: Paintings and drawings by Stanley Spencer (1891-1959). Through May 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **davis & langdale,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: A bicentenary show of watercolors by David Cox. Through May 28. . . . **elkon,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Painted-aluminum wall sculptures, plus drawings, by Nigel Hall. Through June 1. . . . **forum,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Carole Robb (oils and drawings on the theme of "Apollo and Daphne in Umbria"); Peter de Francia and Thomas Newbolt (drawings by each). Through Saturday, May 14. . . . **gimpel,** 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: William Scott: Nicely balanced paintings of cups, saucepans, skillets, and an occasional fish, all simplified almost to abstractions. Through May 28. . . . **hirschl & adler modern,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Large figurative paintings and drawings by Graham Nickson. Through May 18. . . . **coe kerr,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Cityscapes by Julian Barrow. Through May 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **noortman & brod,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings by Gainsborough, Hogarth, Lawrence, and others. Through May 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of paintings and drawings, largely of racing and hunting scenes and of famous thoroughbred horses, by Alfred J. Munnings (1878-1959). Through June 3. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **colnaghi,** 26 E. 80th St.: Thirty drawings by eighteenth-century French artists, including three by Fragonard and one by Boucher. Through May 26. (Open Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4.) . . . **perls,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: An oil of a summery interior at Nice by Matisse and a reedy bronze figure by Archipenko are included in the current offering. Through May 28.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Robert Arneson—Ceramic sculptures that consider and convey the effects of nuclear war. Also, a characteristic, mocking self-portrait by the sculptor. Through May 27. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

John Bellany—Paintings. Through Saturday, May 7. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Nell Blaine—*Paintings: Figures, still-lifes,* interiors, and Gloucester landscapes. Through May 18. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alice Dalton Brown—Aspects of Victorian houses in oil on canvas. Through May 26. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

James Childs—An allegorical painting, "The Three Ages of Man," among others. Through May 31. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Robert Courtright—Painted-paper collages in checkerboard patterns. Also etchings. Through May 28. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Carol Haerer—Abstract paintings. Through June 4. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

John Heliker—Views of Mount Desert Island, still-lifes, and interiors—both painted and drawn. Through Saturday, May 14. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

William King—Seven new big, big aluminum figures. Through May 27. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Karl Mann—Large-scale collages incorporating bits of old clothing and various junk-pile finds. Through Saturday, May 14. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gregorio Prestopino—Recent paintings. Through May 21. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Leo Rabkin—Abstract watercolors, including recent ones done on Japanese and Thai papers and then pleated, plus small decorative boxes with tiny constructions inside. Through Thursday, May 12. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Giuseppe Santomaso—Abstract paintings, including some conceived as a homage to Palladio. Through May 28. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Rolph Scarlett—Drawings and watercolors ranging from the twenties through the forties in time, and from lighthearted landscapes to Klee-influenced abstractions in subject matter. Through Saturday, May 14. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

David Sharpe—New paintings. Through May 25. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Pat Steir—The artist's interest in Japanese art is reflected in four triptychs, a large drawing, and a silk screen on linen. Through Saturday, May 7. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Joyce Weinstein—Abstract paintings. Through May 28. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Yasuda—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through May 18. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

British Artists—At the **alexander,** 20 W. 57th St.: New paintings by Stephen Buckley. Through May 21. . . . **kornblee,** 20 W. 57th St.: A sculpture by Alexander Hollweg which consists of twenty-four individual carved-wood panels evoking the Somerset countryside. Through May 21.

Group Shows—At **baskerville & watson,** 24 W. 57th St.: Abstract drawings by eight painters and sculptors, including Louise Fishman, Eva Hesse, Gary Stephan, and Steve Wood. Through June 4. . . . **blum helman,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Robert Mangold; sculptures by John Duff and Bruce Nauman. Through May 28. . . . **brewster,** 41 W. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Francisco Zuñiga, Leonora Carrington, Marc Chagall, Joan Miró, and others. Through Saturday, May 14. . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century American realists—Prendergast's "Summer Afternoon," Niles Spencer's "Sheridan Square," Edward Hopper's "Vermont Sugar House," Colleen Browning's "Picnic," and Leonard Baskin's "Head of Young Woman" are but a few. Through Saturday, May 7. . . . **miller,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: "Surreal," a selection of paintings and sculptures from various periods by various artists—de Chirico, Guston, Louisa Chase, Lynda Benglis, and others. Through June 30.

Sculpture—Representative pieces by eight New York School artists—Herbert Ferber, Peter Grippe, David Hare, Ibram Lassaw, Seymour Lipton, Theodore Roszak, David Smith, and Richard Stankiewicz—at two locations: Zabriskie, at 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.; open Mondays. . . . ¶ Zabriskie's second location, where one large-scale work by each artist can be viewed, at 521 W. 57th St.; opens at 1. (Through May 23.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Calvin Albert—Terra-cotta sculptures. Through May 21. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Stephen Antonakos—Large abstractions "drawn" in fiery neon tubing mounted on canvas or wood, and one installation in the same medium. Through May 28. (Bonnier, 420 West Broadway.)

Ilan Averbuch / Denny Moers—An installation suggesting the ruins of a Roman aqueduct, consisting of massive rough-hewn timbers and heavy boulders. / Monoprint photographs of interiors, in rich sepia tones that were achieved during the fixing of the developed black-and-white print. Through May 21. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

James Brown / Brett De Palma—Deliberately crude images painted by an artist whose influences include African sculpture and American Indian symbols. / Primitive paintings involving backwoods folklore. Through Saturday, May 7. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Sandro Chia—Recent paintings and sculptures. Through May 20. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Francesco Clemente—Oils, frescoes, decorated found objects, and drawings; some of them are sexually explicit. Through Tuesday, May 10. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Loretta Dunkelman—Seven large oils in which

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contoured shapes are prominent, plus a group of drawings. Through Saturday, May 14. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Joe Fyfe—Lush paintings that embody fantasies—John Belushi's spirit marooned among the donkey-headed creatures of Pinocchio's Island of Bad Boys, for instance. Through May 21. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Steve Gianakos—A series of large-scale color drawings of upwardly mobile gorillas (relaxing at their beach houses in the Hamptons, convening in black tie at a cocktail party) is among new paintings and drawings. Through Thursday, May 12. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Gilbert and George—Back in the saddle again, this time with huge photomontages, in vivid colors, plus pornographic drawings. Through Saturday, May 14. (Sonnabend, at both 420 West Broadway, and 121 Spring St.)

Hans Haacke—Works that present the artist's less-than-sympathetic views of the Reagan Administration. Through May 21. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

William Leavitt—Clean-cut pastel drawings, mostly of architectural forms. Through Saturday, May 14. (Metro Pictures, 169 Mercer St.)

Cynthia Mailman—A view of the upper East Side from the Hospital for Special Surgery (the artist was recuperating from a knee operation) and scenes of Texas deserts are among this realist's new paintings. Through Wednesday, May 11. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Athos Ongaro—Old-fashioned sculptures—bronze reliefs, mosaic-covered busts, and a life-size marble figure in a fountain that works—by an Italian artist. Through Monday, May 9. (Nosei, 100 Prince St. Open daily.)

Joanna Pousette-Dart—Abstractions on canvas and paper. Through May 28. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Mark Schwartz / Shalom Gorewitz—Expressionist paintings. / Intensely colored video works, ranging from calm desert scenes to urban chaos, by an artist whose tapes are included in the Whitney Biennial. Through Saturday, May 7. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

Robert Stackhouse—A twenty-foot boat skeleton, made of painted oak and laths, dominates a show of outsize drawings of boats, notably of a fifteenth-century galley that was recently salvaged from the bottom of Lake Garda, in northern Italy. Through Saturday, May 7. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Jack Tworkov (1900-82)—A memorial show of paintings and works on paper, including final oils by the artist. Through Wednesday, May 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Lynton Wells—Photographs of chairs projected onto sensitized linen and largely painted over with tangled abstractions based on landscapes. Through Saturday, May 7. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **bonlow,** 150 Greene St.: Painters from Berlin and Cologne, including Rainer Fetting and Salomé. Through Saturday, May 14. . . . **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: "Great Drawings from the Collection of the Royal Institute of British Architects": The greats (who are not just British) include Palladio, Wren, and Inigo Jones. Through July 30. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **knowlton,** in new galleries at 153 Mercer St.: Big show, many artists. Through Saturday, May 7. . . . **milliken,** 98 Prince St.: Eight gallery artists showing representational works. Through June 1. . . . **thorp,** 419 West Broadway: Recent paintings by Eric Fischl, John Lees, David True, others. Through Saturday, May 7.

OTHER GALLERIES

Thomas Bang—New sculptures. Through May 28. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Mark di Suvero—Recent metal sculptures. Through Saturday, May 7. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Group Shows—At **condeso-lawler,** 119 W. 25th St.: Paintings by Donald Alberti, Russell Maltz, Olivier Mosset, and Ted Stamm. Through May 28. . . . **gallery 1199,** at 310 W. 43rd St.: Forty-seven American paintings that portray the Depression. Artists include Thomas Hart Benton, Alice Neel, and Philip Evergood. Through Saturday, May 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 2.) . . . **the new museum,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Eight Seattle artists showing diverse works, among them four installation pieces. Through June 1. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bill Brandt / Alvin Langdon Coburn (1882-1966)—A comprehensive show of landscapes, architecture, and portraits by a noted British photographer. / Photogravures, prepared by the artist, of London and New York in the early part of the century. Through Sunday, May 8. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Nicholas Nixon—Photographs of people in their homes in the poor sections of Boston, Detroit, and Louisville. Through May 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Man Ray (1890-1976)—Nineteen-thirty-six prints whose subjects are the Poincaré algebraic models. Through June 30. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Lilo Raymond—Still-lifes and interiors-with-windows, established subjects for this photographer. Through June 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

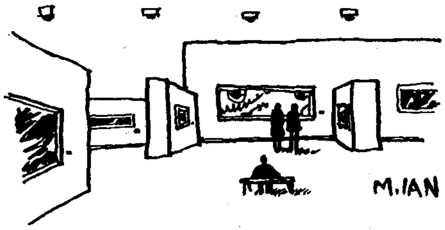
Stanley Wulc / Carol Mothner—Meticulously arranged photographs that evoke the tableaux of the Old Masters. / Still-life paintings of flowers. Through May 28. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At **federal hall national memorial,** 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: "Phototypes: The Development of Photography in New York City," documented with about a hundred examples by such artists as Steichen, Hine, van DerZee, Arbus, Penn, and others. A loan show mounted by the Whitney Museum. Through June 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **museum of modern art,** 18 W. 54th St.: Extremely large photographic works by contemporary artists Cindy Sherman, Richard Avedon, and others. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Vatican Collections. Through June 12. . . . ¶ Sixty-four paintings and oil sketches of the English countryside by John Constable, including some of his native Dedham. . . . ¶ More than a hundred pieces of Islamic jewelry, from nations as disparate as Spain and Malaysia, crafted over the past ten centuries. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—"Prints from Blocks: Gauguin to Now," a survey of woodcuts and linoleum cuts as represented in the museum's print reservoir. The artists also include Nolde, Matisse, Carol Summers, and Georg Baselitz. Through May 15. . . . **photography:** Large-scale prints. Through June 28. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)



Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of sculptures and drawings by Julio González (1876-1942), the Spanish artist who was in the vanguard of sculptors working in welded metal. . . . ¶ A show of paintings and sculptures by British artists, drawn from the museum's collections, which includes one work each by Henry Moore, Francis Bacon, Anthony Caro, and others. Both shows through Sunday, May 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial, 1983. Through May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A diverse show honoring the centenary of the Brooklyn Bridge: Engineering drawings by the Roeblings; a wood engraving from *Harper's Weekly* showing President Arthur at the opening of the bridge, on May 24, 1883; and numerous expressions of admiration for the bridge in works of art, among them a drawing by Saul Steinberg, two photographs by Walker Evans, and a construction by Red Grooms. Through June 19. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Botanical engravings of plants gathered in the Pacific Ocean region during Captain Cook's 1770 round-the-world journey—the first such specimens seen by European botanists. The prints were recently reproduced from copperplate etchings made two centuries ago and used now for the first time. Also on display: Dried plants collected on the trip and some watercolors that were studies for the prints. Through July 8. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum I, 44 W. 53rd St.—Nine designers offer "New Departures in British Jewelry," one of which, Caroline Broadhead's "Neckpiece/Veil," covers the entire head in see-through, cylinder-shaped nylon filament. Through June 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A display of thirteenth- to nineteenth-century dyed cotton textiles from India whose designs are considered the forerunners of calico, gingham, dungaree, and bandanna. Starts Thursday, May 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of more than two hundred of the exquisite *objets de luxe* crafted by the Russian designer Carl Fabergé which come almost entirely from the personal collections of Queen Elizabeth II; items include an Easter gift that Czar Nicholas II commissioned for Alexandra—a tiny jewelled egg in which rests an enamel plaque of the carved profiles of their five children. Through July 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Washington Irving's bicentenary is being marked with a show that includes, among other manuscripts, a page from "Rip Van Winkle" (it is exhibited alongside a first edition of the book in which the short story appeared). Also, memorabilia and several portraits of the author. Through June 4. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A display of shop signs of old Japan, the work of woodcarvers and other artisans. Through June 12. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The

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plaster cast for "The Holocaust," a sculpture by George Segal which was commissioned by Mayor Dianne Feinstein's Committee for a Memorial to the Six Million Victims of the Holocaust and which is to be cast in bronze and installed on a site overlooking San Francisco Bay, is on view. Through May 15. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Holbein and the Court of Henry VIII" is the title for an exhibition of seventy portrait drawings and one painted miniature by Hans Holbein the Younger, all of which come from the collection of Queen Elizabeth II in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. As background material, the Morgan has provided paintings and books from its own collections, and original letters and documents by a number of the subjects featured. Through July 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan show from London's Royal Academy consisting of forty-one eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings by such artists as Constable, Turner, Gainsborough, and Benjamin West. Through June 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Nearly forty abstract paintings by Alma Thomas (1891-1978). Through June 5. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by artists who live and work in the Southwest. Through Saturday, May 7.

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A film and video program, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 10-11, at 8; Gioia Timpanelli (performance), Saturday, May 14, at 8. . . . ¶ Five separate installations, by Paul Hunter, Jonathan Kessler, Kevin Labadie, Tim Maul and Fred Szymanski, and Stephen Whisler. Through Saturday, May 7.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Charlie Hooker (performance with audiotapes), Thursday, May 5, at 8:30; Silvia Ziranel (performance with audiotapes), Thursday, May 12, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Short audiotapes, by Stuart Brisley and by Gerald Newman, will be played on a rotating schedule through Saturday, May 14.

P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Keith Sonnier's video installations, drawings, and neon and bamboo sculptures occupy the main exhibition room. Through June 5.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 242-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Bronx Opera Company—Two performances of Verdi's "Un Giorno di Regno," in English, staged by Joseph White, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, at 8. For tickets, call 787-1400.)

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Opera Ensemble of New York—Ruth Bierhoff conducting the first four of eight performances of Benjamin Britten's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Fridays, May 6 and 13, at 8; Sunday, May 8, at 3; and Wednesday, May 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting a program of works by Vivaldi, Sibelius, Nielsen, Schumann, and Liszt on Thursday and Friday, May 5-6, at 8 (all with Julius Baker, flute; violinists Myung-Hi Kim, Marina Kruglikov, Yoko Takebe, and Carol Webb; and others). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting an all-Brahms program for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund on Saturday, May 7, at 8 (with Gidon Kremer, violin, and Yo-Yo Ma, cello). . . . ¶ Andrew Davis conducting a Vaughan Williams–Elgar–Dvořák program on Wednesday and Thursday, May 11-12, at 8; Friday, May 13, at 2; Saturday, May 14, at 8; and Tuesday, May 17, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting—Wednesday, May 4, at 8: A Mozart-Schubert program, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, May 6, at 8: A Mozart-Beethoven program, with Faye Robinson, soprano; Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Frank Little, tenor; Marius Rintzler, bass; and the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 7, at 8: An all-Brahms program, with Daniel Majeske, violin, and Stephen Geber, cello.

String Revival—Howard Shanet conducting a program of music by American composers of the nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Thursday, May 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 5, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting the final concerts of the season, with Leon Fleisher, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, May 13-14, at 8, and Sunday, May 15, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, May 7, at 8, and Sunday, May 8, at 6.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Berlioz' "Benvenuto Cellini" in concert form, with Mariella Devia, soprano; Brenda Boozer, mezzo-soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 8, at 7:30.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a Mozart-Haydn program, with Pamela Coburn, soprano; Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Mark Bleeke, tenor; and Ben Holt, baritone. The last in a series of concerts. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, May 4, at 7:30.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 7, at 8.)

National Chorale Soloists—Martin Josman directing a program of American music, with Lynn Beckstrom, mezzo-soprano; and David Anchel, bass. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Wednesday, May 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 869-0970.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing a performance of Stravinsky's "Les Noces" and Fauré's Requiem, with Pamela Coburn, soprano; Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; Ben Holt, baritone; and Ursula Oppens, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 13, at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing, with Nan Nall, soprano; Donna Merriman, mezzo-soprano; Michael Crouse, tenor; and Michael Burt, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 14, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing a program of Elizabethan music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 14, at 9.)

RECITALS

Brahms Concerts—Four concerts in a series of seven presenting Brahms' complete chamber music for strings and piano, performed by the Guarneri Quartet and the Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 5; Saturday, May 7; Tuesday, May 10; and Thursday, May 12, all at 8.)

Daniel Epstein—Piano, in a benefit recital. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. Friday, May 6, at 7:30. For tickets, call 620-0755.)

David Leisner—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, May 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

English Concert—A chamber ensemble in its first appearance here, with Trevor Pinnock conducting and playing the harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, May 6, at 8.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series—With Aleck Karis and Bruce Anderson, piano; Eric Chasalow, flute; and the Aspen Wind Quintet. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Friday, May 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Colorado Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, May 7, at 2:30.)

Beethoven Society—An all-Beethoven program, performed by Lilian Kallir, piano, and the American String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 7, at 3.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—With David Oei, piano, and Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, May 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 226-1115.)

Music from Marlboro—Stephanie Chase and Todd Phillips, violin; Toby Hoffman, viola; Peter Wiley, cello; Carolyn Davis, double bass; Linda Strommen, oboe; and David Jolley and Stewart Rose, horn. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, May 7, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Same program at Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 9, at 8.)

Peter Vinograde—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 8, at 2:30.)

Omega Ensemble—Chamber music. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, May 8, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Music Before 1800—The last in a series of recitals will be performed by the Boston Museum Trio, with Nancy Armstrong, soprano. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, May 8, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Parnassus—With Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 8, at 3.)

Edward Aldwell—Piano, in the last in a series of all-Bach programs. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 8, at 8.)

Music Project—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, May 9, at 7:30.)

New York Philharmonic "En Famille"—The last in a series of concerts by members of the Philharmonic, together with members of their families, and guest artists, this one featuring the Greitzer Ensemble and Sergiu Schwartz, violin. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, May 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Alfred Brendel—The first two in a series of seven recitals presenting the cycle of Beethoven piano sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 9, and Thursday, May 12, at 8.)

New Music for Young Ensembles—Susan Jolles, harp; Sue Ann Kahn, flute; Milt Hinton, bass; the Times Square Basstet, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 9, at 8.)

Philip Glass—A program of his own music, performed by the Philip Glass Ensemble; Paul Zukovsky, violin; and the Western Wind. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 10, at 8.)

Joyce Lindorff—Harpsichord, with Patricia Neely, viola da gamba. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, May 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Musica Camerit—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, May 10, at 8.)

Capricorn—A program of contemporary music, with Evalyn Steinbock, cello; Jonathan Haas, percussion; Nancy Werfel, soprano; George Wheeler, baritone; and Ryan Allen, bass. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday, May 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Philippe Biros—Piano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Wednesday, May 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

Concord String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 11, at 8.)

Bernard Yannotta—Clarinet, with a string ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 12, at 8.)

Concert Royal—A program of Venetian baroque music and dance, with Ann Monoyios, soprano; Roland Jullien, dancer; and the New York Baroque Dance Company. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 12, at 8.)

The Bach Winterfest—Kenneth Cooper and Elaine Comparone, harpsichord, and the Bach Family Strings, in a concert postponed from Feb. 12. (St. Michael's Church, 225 W. 99th St. Friday, May 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

Cho-Liang Lin—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 14, at 8.)

Mozartean Players—A program of music by Beethoven, Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, played on eighteenth-century instruments. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, May 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concerts—Josephine Mongiardo, soprano; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; and Michael Riley, bass-baritone, in a benefit for the Bloomingdale House of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 4, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Isaac Stern, the Orpheus Chamber Ensemble, John Rubinstein, Marilyn Sokol, and the Paper Bag Players in a benefit for Symphony Space. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, May 9, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Wednesday, May 4, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Friday, May 6, at 8:05; Saturday, May 7, at 7:35; and Sunday, May 8, at 1:35. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 10-11, at 8. . ¶ Chicago, Friday, May 13, at 8, and Saturday, May 14, at 1:20.

Hockey—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs: Islanders vs. Boston Bruins. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. The sixth game, if necessary, Saturday, May 7, at 8:05.) ¶ The final rounds start Thursday, May 12

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, through Monday, May 16. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 7, the Vagrancy Handicap, Sunday, May 8; and the Withers, Saturday, May 14. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. . . . **churchill downs,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 7

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Ft. Lauderdale. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, May 8, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—Mercedes Tournament of Champions: Ivan Lendl, John McEnroe, Vitas Gerulaitis, Guillermo Vilas, José-Luis Clerc, and others. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. 268-2300. Wednesday through Friday, May 4-6, at noon; semifinals Saturday, May 7, at 1:15, and finals Sunday, May 8, at 12:15.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, June 16. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Aug. 9.

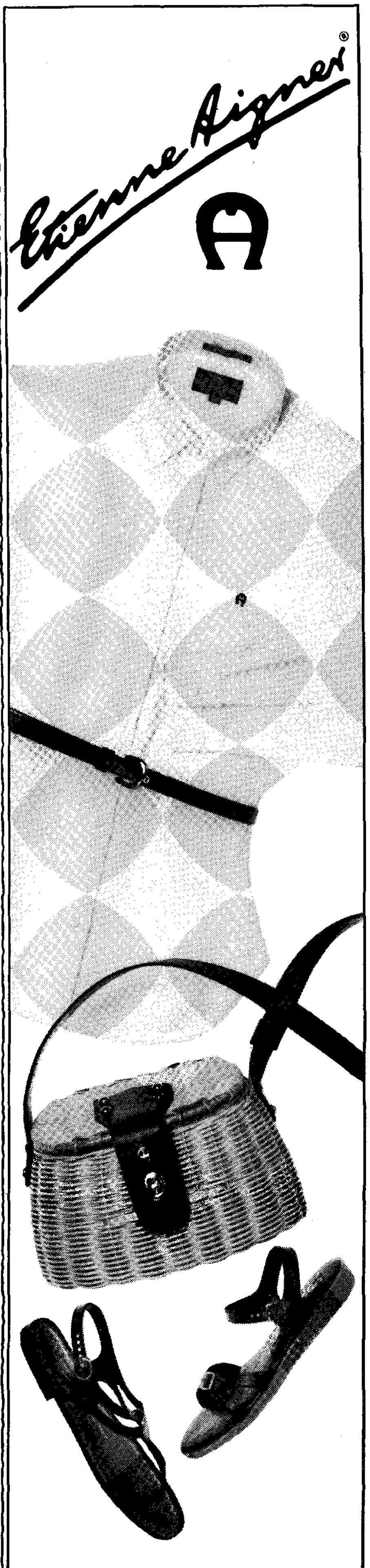
ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—William Least Heat Moon reading from his book "Blue Highways: A Journey Into America." (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Monday, May 9, at 8.) . . . ¶ David St. John and Elizabeth Spires reading from their own poetry. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday, May 9, at 8.) . . . ¶ Nancy Milford reading from her biography of Edna St. Vincent Millay. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, May 12, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Walking Tour—A conducted tour of the Chelsea area, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, May 8, starting at the Chelsea Hotel, 222 W. 23rd St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Flower Show—"Salute to Chelsea," a horticultural exhibit in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory at the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park, which was inspired by London's annual Chelsea Flower Show. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5—last admission at 4—and Sunday and Wednesday evenings until 8:30. Through Friday, May 20.)

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, May 4-5, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century and Old Master prints. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 7, at 2: French furniture, decorations, and clocks, as well as Continental porcelain. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 10, at 2, and Wednesday, May 11, at 11 and 2: Twentieth-century photographs, from the collections of Romeo Martinez, J. Kasmin, and others. Exhibition starts Friday, May 6. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 12, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, May 13, at 10:15: Pre-Columbian art. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 7. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 12, at 7, and Friday, May 13, at 2: Latin-American paintings, sculptures, and prints. Admission to the Thursday sale by ticket only; for information, call 472-3033. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 7. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Tuesday, May 10, at 7: Contemporary paintings by such artists as de Kooning, Kline, Gottlieb, and Motherwell; from the collection of Mrs. Harriet Mnuchin Weiner. Exhibition starts Friday, May 6. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 10, at approximately 7:45: Contemporary works of art. Exhibition starts Friday, May 6. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 11: Contemporary paintings, sculptures, and jewelry, at 10:30; and drawings and watercolors, at 2. Exhibition starts Friday, May 6. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 12, at 11: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century Latin-American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 7



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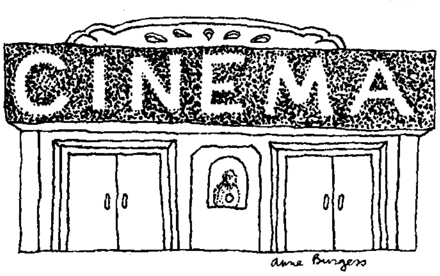

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EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through May 8: "Crystal Gazing" (1982; directed by Peter Wollen and Laura Mulvey); and "The Falls" (1980; Peter Greenaway).
From May 10: "Rough Cut and Ready Dubbed" (1982; Hasan Shah and Dom Shaw); and "At the Fountainhead" (1980; Anthea Kennedy and Nick Burton); and "Before Hindsight" (1977; Jonathan Lewis).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through May 5: "Valley Girl" (Martha Coolidge), with Nicolas Cage.
From May 6: To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 5: "Without a Trace" (Stanley Jaffe), with Kate Nelligan and Judd Hirsch; and "The Chosen" (1982; Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.
From May 6: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Something Wicked This Way Comes" (Jack Clayton), with Jason Robards.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through May 5: "The Gift" (Michel Lang; in French), with Clio Goldsmith and Pierre Mondy.
From May 6: "Still Smoking," with Cheech & Chong.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Local Hero" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through May 5: "Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals. From May 6: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "Tootsie" (†). From May 6: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through May 5: "Valley Girl" (Martha Coolidge), with Nicolas Cage. From May 6: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 5: "The King of Comedy" (†).
May 6-12: "Rocky III" (†).
From May 13: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Flight of the Eagle" (Jan Troell; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through May 5: "Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.
From May 6: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Invitation au Voyage" (Peter Del Monte; in French).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Querelle" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis and Franco Nero.
Theatre 2: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "To Begin Again" (José Luis Garci; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: Through May 12: "Baby, It's You" (John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano. From May 13: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 5: "Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.
From May 6: "The White Rose" (Michael Verhoeven; in German), with Lena Stolze and Wulf Kessler.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Exposed" (James Toback), with Nastassia Kinski and Rudolf Nureyev.
Theatre 2: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through May 5: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones). May 6-12: "Porky's" (1982; Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier. From May 13: "Nudo di Donna" (Nino Manfredi; in Italian), with Manfredi.
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "1990: Bronx Warriors" (Enzo G. Castellari), with Fred Williamson and Vic Morrow. From May 6: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Local Hero" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through May 5: "Tootsie" (†). From May 6: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "The Ruling Class" (†). From May 6: To be announced.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Say Amen, Somebody" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through May 5: "Man, Woman and Child" (Dick Richards), with Martin Sheen and Blythe Danner.
From May 6: To be announced.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
May 4: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.
From May 5: "Routes of Exile: A Moroccan Jewish Odyssey" (Eugene Rosow).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Something Wicked This Way Comes" (Jack Clayton), with Jason Robards.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through May 5: "Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals. From May 6: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "Lone Wolf McQuade" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris. From May 6: "Still Smoking," with Cheech & Chong.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 5: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
From May 6: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.
Theatre 2: "Valley Girl" (Martha Coolidge), with Nicolas Cage.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "All By Myself" (directed by Christian Blackwood), with Eartha Kitt.
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles" (1975; Chantal Akerman; in French), with Delphine Seyrig. May 6-8: "Tokyo Story" (1953; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). May 9-10: "The Life of O-Haru" (†). May 11: "Early Spring" (1956; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). May 12-13: "Sansho the Bailiff" (†). From May 14: "Late Spring" (†) and "Ugetsu" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Querelle" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis and Franco Nero.
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "Out of the Blue" (Dennis Hopper), with Linda Marz and Hopper. From May 6 (tentative): "The King of Comedy" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Sophie's Choice" (†).
Theatre 2: "Starstruck" (Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Jo Kennedy.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 2: "Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.
Theatre 3: Through May 5: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†). From May 6: "In Love."
Theatre 4: Through May 5: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life." From May 6: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Gandhi" (†). No performances on Wednesday, May 4.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through May 5: "Jour de Fête" (†) and "The Red Balloon" (†).
May 6-9: "Mon Oncle" (†).
May 10-12: "Playtime" (†).
From May 13: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Dirty Dishes" (1978; Joyce Buñuel; in French), with Carole Laure.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Alsino and the Condor" (Miguel Littin; a Nicaraguan film, in Spanish), with Dean Stockwell and Alan Esquivel.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through May 5: "Tootsie" (†). From May 6: To be announced.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
Theatre 3: "Angelo My Love" (Robert Duvall).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 2: "Querelle" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis and Franco Nero.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Waiting for Gavrilov" (Pyotr Todorovsky; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Lianna" (John Sayles).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through May 5: "Something Wicked This Way Comes" (Jack Clayton), with Jason Robards. From May 6: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "The King of Comedy" (†). From May 6: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through May 5: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie. From May 6: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through May 5: "Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall. From May 6: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

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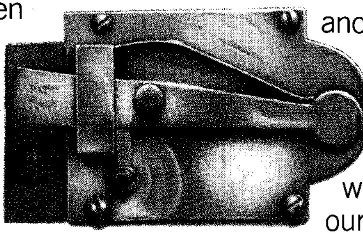

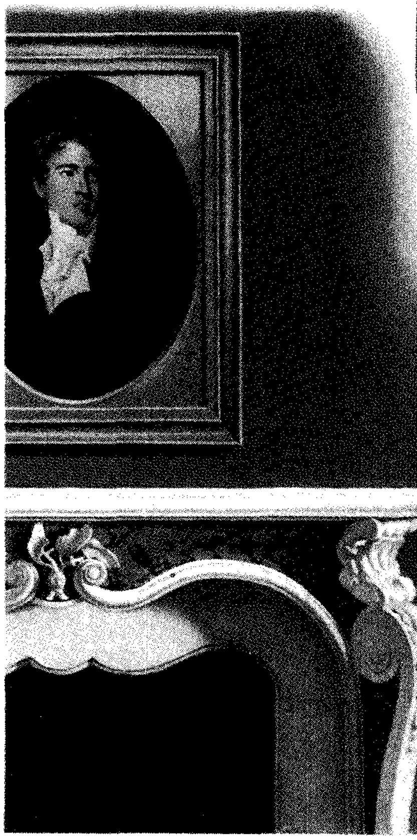

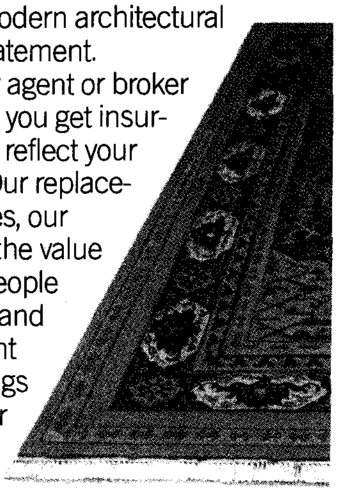

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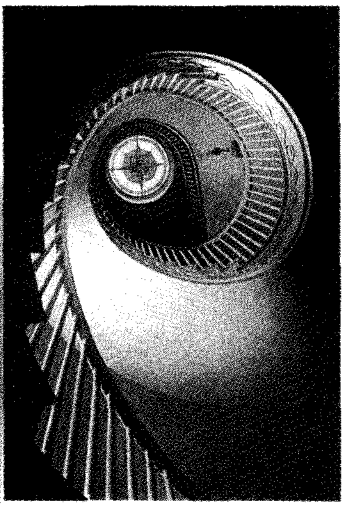

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theatre 1: Through May 5: "Britannia Hospital" (Lindsay Anderson), with Leonard Rossiter and Graham Crowden. From May 6: "The Verdict" (†) and "Fort Apache, the Bronx" (†).
Theatre 2: "Local Hero" (†).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through May 5: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones). From May 6: "Tootsie" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "1990: Bronx Warriors" (Enzo G. Castellari), with Fred Williamson and Vic Morrow. From May 6: "Rocky III" (†).
Theatre 3: Through May 5: "Valley Girl" (Martha Coolidge), with Nicolas Cage. From May 6: "In Love."
Theatre 4: Through May 12: "Something Wicked This Way Comes" (Jack Clayton), with Jason Robards. From May 13: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through May 5: "Max Dugan Returns" (directed by Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards. From May 6: "Porky's" (1982; Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.
Theatre 2: Through May 12: "The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon. From May 13: "Breathless" (Jim McBride), with Richard Gere and Valerie Kaprisky.
Theatre 3: Through May 5: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Albert Pyun), with Lee Horsley. From May 6: "Valley Girl" (Martha Collidge), with Nicolas Cage.
Theatre 4: Through May 5: "High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong. From May 6: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones).
Theatre 5: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.
Theatre 6: "Bad Boys" (†).

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"48 Hrs." (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "Curtains" (Jonathan Stryker), with John Vernon and Samantha Eggar. From May 6: "1990: Bronx Warriors" (Enzo G. Castellari), with Fred Williamson and Vic Morrow.
Theatre 3: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through May 5: "Flashdance" (Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals.
From May 6: To be announced.

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through May 5: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†). From May 6: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "Lone Wolf McQuade" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris. From May 6: "Still Smoking," with Cheech & Chong.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Spring Break" (Sean S. Cunningham), with David Knell.

RIVOLI 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through May 5: "1990: Bronx Warriors" (Enzo G. Castellari), with Fred Williamson and Vic Morrow. From May 6: "Mausoleum" (Michael Dugan), with Marjoe Gortner.
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (Terry Jones). From May 6: "Doctor Detroit" (Michael Pressman), with Dan Aykroyd and Howard Hesseman.

R.K.O. CENTURY CINERAMA TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "The Hunger" (Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "The Evil Dead" (Sam Raimi), with Bruce Campbell. From May 6: "Rocky III" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through May 5: "Valley Girl" (Martha Coolidge), with Nicolas Cage.

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From May 6: "The Evil Dead" (Sam Raimi), with Bruce Campbell.
Theatre 2: "Something Wicked This Way Comes" (Jack Clayton), with Jason Robards.

REVIVAL HOUSES

AGEE ROOM, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 5: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons, from 1947-58, based loosely on the classics.
May 6-12: A program of Chuck Jones cartoons.
From May 13: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through May 5: "Britannia Hospital" (1983; directed by Lindsay Anderson), with Leonard Rossiter and Graham Crowden.
May 6-12: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.
From May 13: To be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 5: "Cat People" (1982; Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski, Malcolm McDowell, and John Heard; and "Nosferatu" (1922; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Max Schreck.
May 6-7: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "Flesh Gordon" (1974; Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste), with Jason Williams.
May 8-10: "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), with The Band; and "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.
May 11-12: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1959; Marc Allegret; in French), with Danielle Darrieux; and "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, and Glenda Jackson.
May 13-14: "Veronika Voss" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech; and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve and David Bowie.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
May 4: "Come Back, Little Sheba" (1952; Daniel Mann), with Shirley Booth, Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore, and Richard Jaeckel; and "The Rose Tattoo" (1955; Daniel Mann), with Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster, and Marisa Pavan.
May 5: "First Coda" (Andre Degas); and three short films.
May 6-7: "Chariots of Fire" (1981; Hugh Hudson), with Ben Cross and Ian Charleson; and "Personal Best" (1982; Robert Towne), with Mariel Hemingway, Scott Glenn, Patrice Donnelly, and Kenny Moore.
May 8-9: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.
May 10-11: "Myra Breckinridge" (1970; Michael Sarne), with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch; and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer).

May 12-14: "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden; and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through May 5: "Village of the Damned" (1960; Wolf Rilla), with George Sanders, Barbara Shelley, and Michael Gwynne; and "Children of the Damned" (1964; Anton M. Leader), with Ian Hendry, Alan Badel, and Barbara Ferris.
May 6-7: "Making Love" (1982; Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean, Kate Jackson, and Harry Hamlin; and "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German).
May 8: "The Diary of Anne Frank" (1959; George Stevens), with Millie Perkins, Joseph Schildkraut, Shelley Winters, and Ed Wynn.
May 9-10: "Auntie Mame" (1958; Morton da Costa), with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne; and "Travels with My Aunt" (†).
May 11-12: "Butterfield 8" (1960; Daniel Mann), with Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey, Eddie Fisher, and Dina Merrill; and "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966; Mike Nichols), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis.
May 13-14: "An American Werewolf in London" (1981; John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter; and "The Howling" (1981; Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.

METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
May 4: "Voyage en Douce' (1979; Michel Deville; in French), with Dominique Sanda and Geraldine Chaplin; and "Loulou" (1980; Maurice Pialat; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Gérard Depardieu, and Guy Marchand.
May 5: "Charade" (1963; Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, and Walter Matthau; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.
May 6: "Foreign Correspondent" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre.
May 7: "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.
May 8: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The White Sheik" (†).
May 9: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.
May 10: "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942; William Keighley), with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley; and "Bombshell" (†).
May 11: "Contract" (1980; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish); and "The Constant Factor" (1980; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish).
May 12: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (†); and "The Hustler" (1961; Robert Rossen), with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, Piper Laurie, Myron McCormick, and George C. Scott.
May 13: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.
May 14: "The Seventh Seal" (†) and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (†).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
May 4: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.
May 5-7: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "How Green Was My Valley" (1941; John Ford), with Walter

Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Roddy McDowall, Sara Allgood, and Barry Fitzgerald.

May 8-10: "Mrs. Miniver" (†); and "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains.

May 11-14: "Going My Way" (1944; Leo McCarey), with Bing Crosby, Risë Stevens, and Barry Fitzgerald; and "The Lost Weekend" (†).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 4: "The Dark Mirror" (1946; Robert Siodmak), with Olivia de Havilland and Lew Ayres; "Uncle Harry" (1945; Robert Siodmak), with George Sanders, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Ella Raines; and "Beware, My Lovely" (1952; Harry Horner), with Ida Lupino and Robert Ryan.

May 5: "Fata Morgana" (1971; Werner Herzog; in German); and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970; Werner Herzog; in German), with Helmut Döring.

May 6-7: "The Sandglass" (1973; Wojciech Has; in Polish); and "The Wedding" (1972; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

May 8: "Sylvia Scarlett" (†); and "Turnabout" (1940; Hal Roach), with Adolphe Menjou and Carole Landis.

May 9: "The Thing" (1951; Christian Nyby), with Kenneth Tobey; and "Cat People" (1942; Jacques Tourneur), with Simone Simon, Kent Smith, and Tom Conway.

May 10: "Top Hat" (†); and "Follow the Fleet" (1936; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Randolph Scott, and Harriet Hilliard.

May 11: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; "The Great Flamarion" (1945; Anthony Mann), with Erich von Stroheim, Dan Duryea, and Mary Beth Hughes; and "The Gangster" (1947), with Belita and Barry Sullivan.

May 12: "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Whatever Happened to Susan Jane?" (1982).

May 13-14: "Bringing Up Baby" (†) and "Stage Door" (†).

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 4: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939; Elliott Nugent), with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, John Beal, and Douglass Montgomery; and "The Old Dark House" (1932; James Whale), with Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, and Raymond Massey.

May 5: "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan; and "Dark Passage" (1947; Delmar Daves), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead.

May 6-7: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

May 8: "Modern Times" (1936; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Paulette Goddard; and "City Lights" (1931; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin and Virginia Cherrill.

May 9: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon and Charles Grandval; and "The Lower Depths" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet.

May 10: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford; and "Forsaking All Others" (†).

May 11: "I Want to Live!" (1958; Robert Wise), with Susan Hayward and Simon Oakland; and "I'll Cry Tomorrow" (1956; Daniel Mann), with Susan Hayward, Richard Conte, Eddie Albert, and Don Taylor.

May 12: "The Painted Veil" (1934; Richard Boleslavsky), with Greta Garbo, Herbert Marshall, and George Brent; and "Mata Hari" (1932; George Fitzmaurice), with Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore.

May 13-14: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda; and "The Great McGinty" (1940; Preston Sturges), with Brian Donlevy and Akim Tamiroff.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—May 5 at 2:30: "Millions Like Us" (1943; directed by Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat), with Patricia Roc, Eric Portman, and *Gordon Jackson. . . . ¶ May 5 at 6:* "First a Girl" (1935; Victor Saville), with Jessie Matthews, Sonnie Hale, Anna Lee, and Griffith Jones. . . . ¶ May 6 at 2:30: "Henry V" (1944; Laurence Olivier), with Olivier, Robert Newton, Leslie Banks, and Renee Asherson. . . . ¶ May 6 at 6: "Laburnum Grove" (1936; Carol Reed), with Edmund Gwenn, Cedric Hardwicke, and Victoria Hopper. . . . ¶ May 7 at noon: "The Funeral of Queen Victoria" (1901; R. W. Paul), "Rescued by Rover" (1905; Charles Hepworth), "The Airship Destroyer" (1909; Charles Urban), "Tatters: A Tale of the Slums" (1911; A. E. Coleby), "Daydreams" (1928; Ivor Montagu), and "Blue Bottles" (1928; Ivor Montagu), all silent films. . . . ¶ May 7 at 2:30: "Rembrandt" (1936; Alexander Korda), with Charles Laughton, Gertrude Lawrence, and Elsa Lanchester. . . . ¶ May 7 at 5: "They Drive by Night" (1939; Arthur Woods), with Emlyn Williams, Ernest Thesiger, and Anna Konstam. . . . ¶ May 8 at noon: "The Funeral of Queen Victoria," "Rescued by Rover," "The Airship Destroyer," "Tatters: A Tale of the Slums," "Daydreams," and "Blue Bottles." . . . ¶ May 8 at 2:30: "Seven Days to Noon" (1950; John Boulting), with Barry Jones, Olive Sloane, and Andre Morell. . . . ¶ May 8 at 5: "No Funny Business" (1951, abbreviated version of 1933 release; John Stafford and Victor Hanbury), with Gertrude Lawrence, Laurence Olivier, and Jill Esmond; and "Radio Parade of 1935" (1935; Arthur Woods), with Will Hay, Helen Chandler, *and Clifford Mollison. . . . ¶ May 9* at 12:30: The first of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ May 9 at 2:30: "Rembrandt." . . . ¶ May 9 at 6: "The Winter There Was Very Little Snow" (1982; Walter Ungerer), with Ungerer, Andrea Donahue, and Gracie Kiley. Mr. Ungerer will be present. . . . ¶ May 10 at 12:30: The second of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ May 10 at 2:30: "The Small Back Room" (1948; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with David Farrar, Kathleen Byron, Jack Hawkins, and Leslie Banks. . . . ¶ May 10 at 6: "Beneath the Anka" (1982; Justin Ackerman). . . . ¶ May 12 at 12:30: The third of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ May 12 at 2:30: "They Drive by Night." . . . ¶ May 12 at 6: "The Small Back Room." . . . ¶ May 13 at 12:30: The fourth of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ May 13 at 2:30: "So Long at the Fair" (1950; Terence Fisher and Anthony Darnborough), with Jean Simmons, Dirk Bogarde, David Tomlinson, and Honor Blackman. . . . ¶ May 13 at 6: "Piccadilly" (1929; E. A. Dupont; a silent film), *with Anna May Wong, Gilda Gray, Cyril* Ritchard, and Charles Laughton. . . . ¶ May 14 at 12:30: The first of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ May 14 .at 2:30: "Piccadilly." . . . ¶ May 14 at 5: "So Long at the Fair." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

BAD BOYS—Sean Penn gets so far inside a role that he can make even a sociological confection such as the sixteen-year-old hero, Mick—a proud, tough juvenile delinquent who commits crude, reckless crimes—someone an audience can care about. Penn is given so little to work with here that it's practically a pantomime performance: he holds us by the depth of Mick's grief over the way things have worked out in his life. He's worth watching, even though the picture is singularly unimaginative. Even when episodes are powerful, they're banal. Directed by Rick Rosenthal, from a script by Richard DiLello. With Eric Gurry, Esai Morales, Ally Sheedy, Reni Santoni, and Jim Moody. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/4/83.) (Criterion Theatres.)

BOMBSHELL (1933; also known as "Blonde Bombshell")—A wisecracking comedy-satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role as a good-hearted, dumb-blonde movie star. Great fun in the uninhibited early-thirties style, made at M-G-M before fear of church pressure groups turned the studio respectable and pompous. Lee Tracy is the star's finger-wagging, fast-talking press agent and Franchot Tone is slickly funny as the man who woos her with such lines as "Your hair is like a field of daisies—I should like to run barefoot through your hair." With Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Isabel Jewell, Pat O'Brien, Louise Beavers, and C. Aubrey Smith. Victor Fleming directed rather stridently and unimaginatively, but from an enjoyable snappy, rude script by John Lee Mahin and Jules Furthman, adapted from a play by Caroline Francke and Mack Crane. (Metro Cinema; May 10.)

BRINGING UP BABY (1938)—Lunatic comedies of the thirties generally started with an heiress. This one starts with an heiress (Katharine Hepburn) who has a dog, George, and a leopard, Baby. Cary Grant is a paleontologist who has just acquired the bone he needs to complete his dinosaur skeleton. George steals the bone, Grant and Baby chase each other around, the dinosaur collapses—but Grant winds up with Hepburn, and no paleontologist ever got hold of a more beautiful set of bones. The director, Howard Hawks, keeps all this trifling nonsense in such artful balance that it never impinges on the real world; it may be the American movies' closest equivalent to Restoration comedy. With Charles Ruggles as an explorer, Barry Fitzgerald as a drunk, May Robson as a dowager, Walter Catlett as a sheriff, and Fritz Feld as a frenzied psychoanalyst. George is played by Asta, of "The Thin Man" series. The screenplay is by Dudley Nichols and Hagar Wilde, from Wilde's story. This picture was the taking-off point for Peter Bogdanovich's comedy "What's Up, Doc?" (Thalia; May 13-14.)

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF (1958)—The Tennessee Williams play about the girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whose husband (Paul Newman) doesn't want to have sex with her. Much hocus-pocus about the reasons; when the "true" reason is revealed it sounds the hokiest. But Taylor looks very desirable, and the cast is full of actors whooping it up with Southern accents (Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood). Directed by Richard Brooks. (Metro Cinema; May 12.)

DIVA (1982)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Cinema Studio.)

E.T. THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Movieland.)

Forsaking All Others (1934)—Joan Crawford's thirties melodramas are such tinselled toys that they can be completely unconvincing and still be mesmerizing. Swathed in Adrian dresses here, and flanked by Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery, she stares at us solemnly, directly—as if challenging us to come to terms with her overwrought modern-woman's problems. In this role, which Tallulah Bankhead had played on Broadway, she's deserted at the altar by Montgomery, then meets Gable and later gives Montgomery the same treatment he gave her. In manner, she's somewhere between the lively flapper excitement that made her a star (she used to look sexed to the gills) and the agonized, toothachy concentration that became her style for dramatic acting in the forties. W. S. Van Dyke directed from Joseph L. Mankiewicz's adaptation of the play by E. B. Roberts and F. M. Cavett. With Rosalind Russell, Billie Burke, Charles Butterworth, Frances Drake, and Arthur Treacher. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 10.)

Fort Apache, the Bronx (1981)—It takes a long time for an actor to develop the assurance that the trim, silver-haired Paul Newman has acquired, and there's a bloom on everything he does in the role of Murphy, the veteran of eighteen years on the New York police force, who has spent most of those years in the rotting Forty-first Precinct, in the South Bronx—the most shattered, crime-ridden section of the city. Murphy and his young partner, Corelli (dark-haired, loose-limbed Ken Wahl), do the best they can in dealing with muggers, arsonists, pimps, pushers, and killers—one of them a fellow-officer, Morgan (Danny Aiello), who throws a Puerto Rican teen-ager off a roof. The film is an attempt to show urban crisis *in extremis*, and it's an expression of disgust at racism. But the director, Daniel Petrie, glides over the action, levelling things out, shooting on the hellhole Bronx locations as if he were making a travelogue. Heywood Gould's script, which is based on the accounts of two policemen (Thomas Mulhearn and Pete Tessitore), is an intricately designed mixture of street vaudeville and drama of conscience. The film has many of the ingredients of a shocking, memorable movie, but it's shallow and earnest. Its point is that Murphy's faith in the police is undermined by Morgan's racist action; Murphy can't understand how a cop could do such a horrible thing. For the movie to be really good he would have to understand all too well. It's a mess, with glimmerings of talent and with Newman's near-great performance. With Rachel Ticotin as a Hispanic nurse, Pam Grier as a stoned hooker, Ed Asner in the tired role of the martinet who takes over as commanding officer at the precinct, Miguel Piñero as a drug dealer, and Kathleen Beller as Corelli's girlfriend. (New Yorker; starting May 6.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James

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Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (Embassy 1.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Ziegfeld. No performances on Wednesday, May 4.)

Jour de Fête (1950)—As a director, Jacques Tati has a spare, quick, improvisatory touch. As a comedian, buoyancy and impersonal eccentricity in the face of disaster are his special style. In this film, shot in the village of Sainte-Sévère-sur-Indre, with villagers playing many of the parts, the tall, ungainly Tati is the postman who attends the village fair and sees a documentary on the advanced, mechanized American postal system. He is overcome with enthusiasm for speed, and though he has no helicopter, he has his bicycle. He takes off, and what happens is unpredictable, even if you've already seen the movie—it's all so odd you forget it. Still, the film's melancholy humor is probably a little too mild or quaint for most American tastes. Written by Tati and Henri Marquet. It's not silent (it has sound effects and music), but it's not in French, either. Tati has devised a kind of unintelligible yet expressive gibberish. It's like the talk of robots who've got fouled up. (57th St. Playhouse; through May 5.)

The King of Comedy—Robert De Niro plays Rupert Pupkin, a grossly insensitive, cold-hearted deadhead who is determined to become a TV star like his idol, the comic Jerry Langford, played by Jerry Lewis. The director, Martin Scorsese, must have decided to give us the cold creeps; the shots are held so long that we look for more in them than is there. Scorsese designs his own form of alienation in this mistimed, empty movie, which seems to teeter between jokiness and hate. With Sandra Bernhard as the hysterical Masha, who helps Pupkin kidnap Langford. (Pupkin's ransom demand is a ten-minute guest appearance on Langford's late-night talk show.) Also with Diahnne Abbott and Shelley Hack. From a script by Paul Zimmerman. (3/7/83) (34th St. East, and Loews 83rd Quad; May 5. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting May 6, tentative.)

Late Spring (1949)—A masterpiece by Ozu, concerned with silence and repose. Ozu restrains himself from the usual punctuation marks of film directors and arrives at a tranquil simplicity. In Japanese. (Film Forum; starting May 14.)

The Life of O-Haru (1952)—This Mizoguchi film—his own favorite—took a grand prize at Venice. Kinuyo Tanaka (the wife in "Ugetsu") stars in the story of a woman's life in feudal society: the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant falls from palace wife to prostitute. In Japanese. (Film Forum; May 9-10.)

Local Hero—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive—played by Peter Riegert—who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him: happiness. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny; Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist, who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her; Fulton MacKay as the hermit; Chris Rozycki as the Russian; and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and New Yorker.)

The Lost Weekend (1945)—Charles Jackson's novel about a well-brought-up, frustrated, dipsomaniacal writer who goes on a five-day binge that lands him in Bellevue was turned into an unusually daring popular melodrama by the writing team of Charles Brackett (who produced) and Billy Wilder (who directed); in the leading role, Ray Milland, reprieved from his usual lightweight leading-man roles, surprised the public with his tautness and irony. The picture lacks fluidity, and the slowly paced scenes seem overcalculated, with each colorful character and tense vignette standing out too sharply; everything is nailed down to a meaning for us. The picture also lacks imaginative resonance; what it has is the Brackett-and-Wilder specialty—a distinctive cruel edge. And there are some famous sequences: the hero's lust for a drink during the opening aria of "La Traviata;" his long, plodding walk along Third Avenue in an attempt to hawk his typewriter when the pawnshops are closed for Yom Kippur. With Frank Faylan as a spiteful, supercilious male nurse, Howard Da Silva as a harsh-voiced bartender, Jane Wyman as a *Time* researcher, Doris Dowling as the girl who says "natch," and Phillip Terry as the hero's brother. Filmed partly on location in New York and in Bellevue. Academy Awards: Best Picture, Best Actor, Best Screenplay. (Regency; May 11-14.)

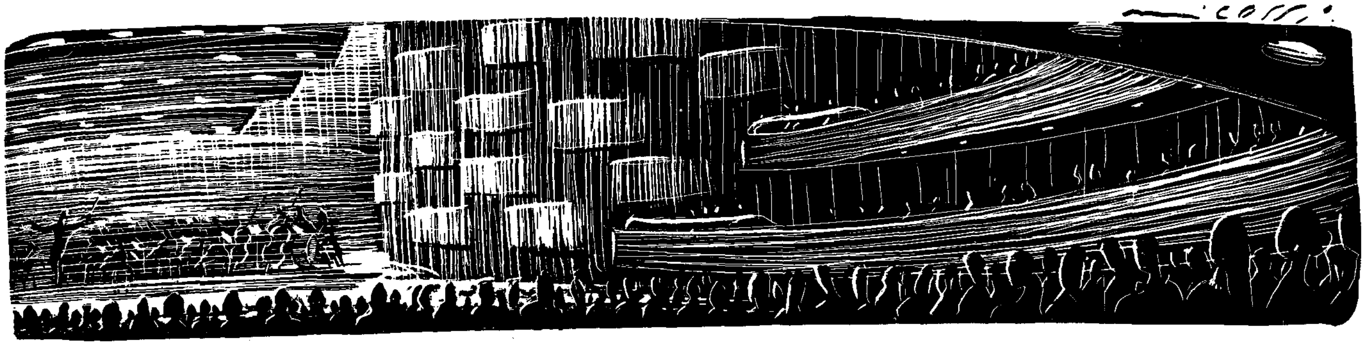
Mrs. Miniver (1942)—M-G-M's wartime salute to gallant England, engineered to make the audience choke up. The theme is the gentry under fire, with, at the same time, some regard for the old nobility and a smile for the quaint antics of the servants under stress. Greer Garson is the excruciatingly proper paragon-heroine, courteous and controlled in every crisis, and Walter Pidgeon is her husband. William Wyler directed this generally offensive picture, adapted from a novel by Jan Struther; shamelessly, it ends with the heroic characters singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers" in a partially destroyed church. With Dame May Whitty, Richard Ney, Henry Wilcoxon, Helmut Dantine, Reginald Owen, and Peter Lawford. One of the most scandalously smug of all Academy Award winners, it took Best Picture, Director, Actress (Garson), Supporting Actress (Teresa Wright), and Cinematography (Joseph Ruttenberg). (Regency; May 8-10.)

Mon Oncle (1958)—One often appreciates what Jacques Tati is trying to do more than what he actually brings off. His target is the depersonalization of modern life—not so much the mechanization that René Clair satirized in "A Nous la Liberté" and Chaplin in "Modern Times" but the sterile, tasteless tedium that modern hygenic design has produced. There are genuinely inventive moments: the little boys gambling on whether passersby will fall into their lamppost trap; the old man directing a chauffeur trying to park an inordinately long car; the willful garage doors; the wonderful use of the modern functional house as a cartooned face, so that heads at the circular windows become eyes looking out. But the moments are intermittent, and a fundamental miscasting confuses the issues: shouldn't the unemotional, gawky, butterfingered Tati be playing the plastics manufacturer rather than the warm, friendly uncle? With Jean-Pierre Zola, Lucien Frégis, and Alain Bécourt. In French. (57th St. Playhouse; May 6-9.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

La Nuit de Varennes—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by Sergio Amidei and the director, Ettore Scola. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at



Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Embassy.)

Playtime (1968)—Jacques Tati's most innovative work. M. Hulot is still here—high-belted trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody. He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule. (57th St. Playhouse; May 10–12.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The year is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews State; through May 5.)

The Red Balloon (1956)—Albert Lamorisse's celebrated thirty-four-minute film without dialogue, about a small boy (his son, Pascal) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. It is an allegory on innocence and evil, set in a child's dream world. Elegantly photographed and with a durable appeal to children, though it lacks the passionate beauty of the director's other film on the same theme, "White Mane." Lamorisse wrote and directed. Also with Sabine Lamorisse. (57th St. Playhouse; through May 5.)

Rocky III (1982)—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level; it's packaged hysteria—and is on its way to becoming another hit. The movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The pace is accelerated by a crude, hustling shorthand—montages of Rocky in the ring defending his title against a series of contenders, Rocky doing commercials, Rocky with his family, Rocky's training intercut with his opponent Clubber's training, and so on. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; with Carl Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; and an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/82) (34th St. East; May 6-12. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin; starting May 6.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in stereotypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Loews New York Twin; through May 5.)

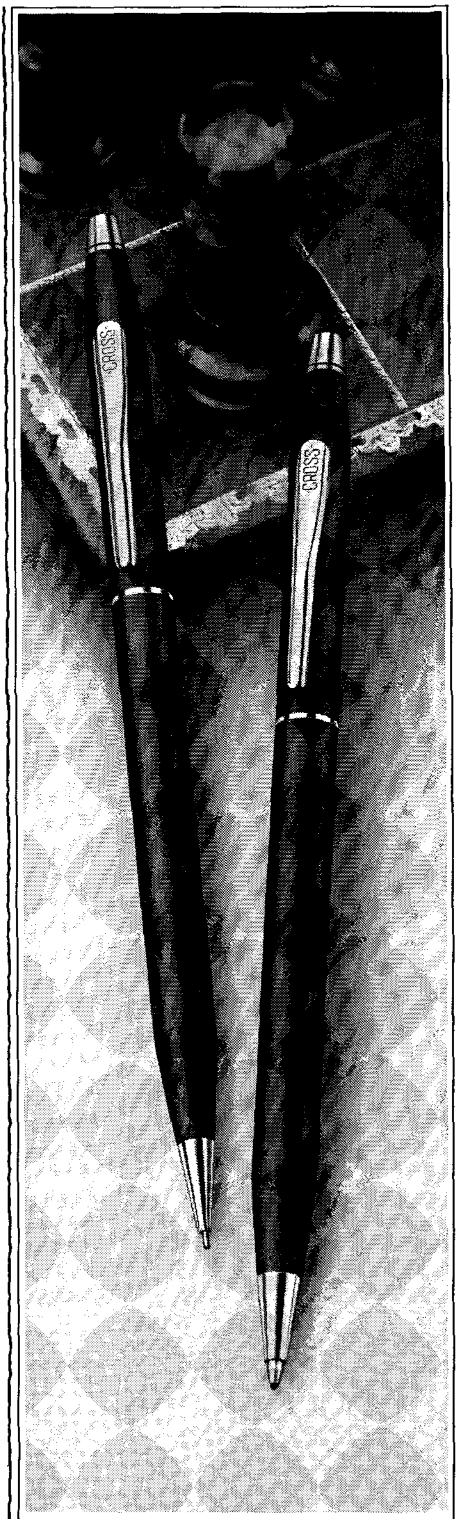
Sansho the Bailiff (1954)—Mizoguchi's astonishing epic of the generations of a family that rises from slaves to masters and is then shattered. The work of an undeniable film artist. In Japanese. (Film Forum; May 12-13.)

Say Amen, Somebody—A sensitive and absorbing documentary about the lives of the pioneers of gospel music. It features Thomas A. Dorsey, an eighty-three-year-old hepcat who is still bouncing to the jazz rhythms that he brought into black people's churches in the Depression years. The music keeps its singer-evangelists young, radiant, hearty. That's the film's unspoken message. At seventy-eight, Willie Mae Ford Smith has astonishingly firm and strong contralto tones. And the three middle-aged Barrett Sisters sing so exhilaratingly that they create a problem for the young filmmaker, George T. Nierenberg. They bring the film to an emotional pitch, and we in the audience want to go on soaring; we feel let down when we get more reminiscences and only snatches of song. With the twin O'Neal brothers, and a sensationally attractive St. Louis singer, Zella Jackson Price (she looks better than she sounds). (4/4/83) (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life is set in fourteenth-century Sweden. But it's a magically powerful film—the story seems to be playing itself out in a medieval present. A knight (Max von Sydow), tormented and doubting, returns from ten wasted years in the Crusades, and Death (Bengt Ekerot) comes to claim him. Hoping to gain some revelation or obtain some knowledge before he dies, the knight challenges Death to a game of chess. As they play, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity that Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In the end, the knight tricks Death in order to save a family of strolling players—a visionary, innocent, natural man, Joseph (Nils Poppe), his wife (Bibi Andersson), and their infant son. The knight, a sane modern man, asking to believe despite all the evidence of his senses, is childlike compared with his carnal atheist squire (Gunnar Björnstrand). The images and omens are medieval, but the modern erotic and psychological insights add tension, and in some cases—as in the burning of the child-witch (Maud Hansson)—excruciation. The actors' faces, the aura of magic, the ambiguities, and the riddle at the heart of the film all contribute to its stature. In Swedish. (Metro Cinema; May 14.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman achieves one of the few classics of carnal comedy: a tragicomic chase and roundelay that raises boudoir farce to elegance and lyric poetry. This film is the culmination of Bergman's "rose" style; as writer and director, he ties up his persistent, early battle-of-the-sexes theme in an intricate plot structure, and in this fin-de-siècle houseparty setting, with its soft light, its delicate, perfumed atmosphere, its golden pavilion, the women are all beautiful and his epigrams shine. The film becomes an elegy to transient love; a gust of wind, and the whole vision may drift away. As the hostess, the stage actress trying to win back the lawyer she loves, there is the great Eva Dahlbeck (in one inspired, suspended moment she sings "Freut Euch des Lebens"). Ulla Jacobsson is the lawyer's virgin wife; Harriet Andersson, a blonde here but as opulent and sensuous as in her earlier roles, is the impudent love-loving maid; Margit Carlquist is the proud, unhappy countess. Gunnar Björnstrand is the lawyer, Björn Bjelvenstam is his son, Jarl Kulle is the strutting count, and Naima Wifstrand is the actress's aged mother, who is carried about for her game of croquet. (Used as the basis of the American stage and screen musical "A Little Night Music.") In Swedish. (Metro Cinema; May 14.)

Sophie's Choice—This unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big



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themes: evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it. Meryl Streep is Sophie the Catholic; Kevin Kline is Nathan the mad-genius Jew, who is her lover and tormentor; and Peter MacNicol is Stingo the Protestant, the young heir to Southern chivalry (and stand-in for Styron)—he moves into the Brooklyn house they live in and becomes involved in their sadomasochistic trials. The movie is a novel being talked to us, and it has the kind of plotting that points relentlessly at a character's secret and then has to have the character lying constantly, so that the lies can be stripped away. Meryl Streep is colorful in the first, late-forties scenes, when she does amusing nervous bits of business, like fidgeting with a furry boa—her fingers twiddling with our heartstrings. But when the flashbacks to Sophie's past start up and the delayed revelations are sprung on us, it's apparent that the whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. (12/27/82) (Manhattan, and Greenwich Playhouse.)

Stage Door (1937)—One of the flashiest, most entertaining comedies of the thirties, even with its tremolos and touches of heartbreak. As roommates in a New York boarding house for girls aspiring to a stage career, Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers are terrific wisecracking partners. (Rogers, at her liveliest, holds her own with apparent ease.) The other girls waiting for their lucky breaks include Eve Arden (who wears a cat around her neck like a tippet), Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Andrea Leeds, and Gail Patrick. The cast includes the supremely regal (and supremely funny) Constance Collier as an aged actress who does coaching, Adolphe Menjou as a producer with a roving eye, Franklin Pangborn as his valet, and Samuel S. Hinds, Jack Carson, William Corson, Grady Sutton, Phyllis Kennedy, Katherine Alexander, Ralph Forbes, Mary Forbes, Huntley Gordon, and Theodore Von Eltz. Directed by Gregory La Cava; from the Broadway hit by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, adapted by Morrie Ryskind and Anthony Veiller. (Thalia; May 13-14.)

Sylvia Scarlett (1936)—This Katharine Hepburn film, directed by George Cukor, was not a success—and, fascinating as it is, you'll know why. Taken from a Compton MacKenzie novel and set in Cornwall but actually shot on the California coast, it features an oddly erotic transvestite performance—Hepburn is dressed as a boy through most of the film—and a peculiarly upsetting love affair between Edmund Gwenn, as her con-man father, and an uncouth young tease (Dennie Moore). The movie seems to go wrong in a million directions, but it has unusually affecting qualities. Cary Grant plays a brashly likable product of the British slums—this was the picture in which his boisterous energy first broke through. He and a fearfully smirky Brian Aherne are the male leads, and the beautiful Natalie Paley is the bitch-villainess. The extraordinarily free cinematography is by Joseph August; no other Cukor film of the thirties ever looked like this one. But this is a one-of-a-kind movie in any case: when the con artists weary of a life of petty crime, they become strolling players, and at one lovely point, Hepburn, Grant, Gwenn, and Dennie Moore sing a music-hall number about the sea. Script by Gladys Unger, John Collier, and Mortimer Offner. Hepburn tells the story that, after the disastrous preview at Cukor's house, she and Cukor offered to do another picture for the producer, Pandro S. Berman, for nothing, and he said, "I don't want either of you ever to work for me again." (They did, though.) (Thalia; May 8.)

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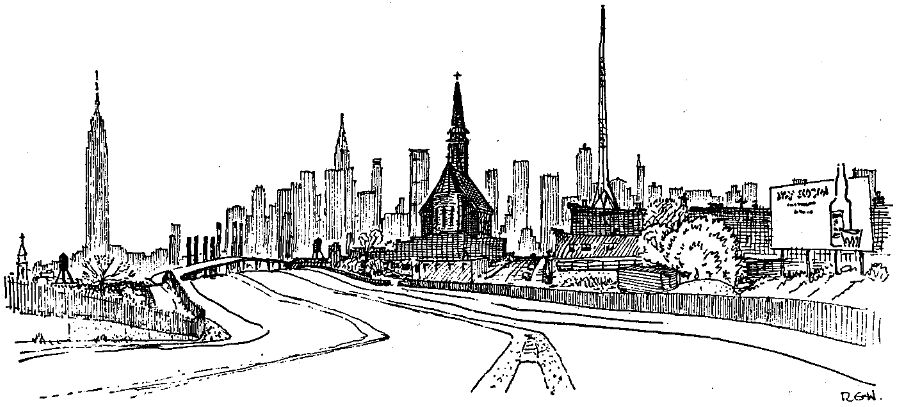
Tootsie—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—he's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount; through May 5. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting May 6.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Cheek to Cheek" and "Isn't This a Lovely Day?," and it's a lovely movie. (Thalia; May 10.)

Travels with My Aunt (1972)—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. With Lou Gossett, Cindy Williams, Robert Stephens, and Robert Flemyng. Directed by George Cukor; written by Jay Presson Allen and Hugh Wheeler; cinematography by Douglas Slocombe. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; May 9-10.)

Ugetsu (1953)—This subtle, violent yet magical film is one of the most amazing of the Japanese movies that played American art houses after the international success of "Rashomon," in 1951. The director, Kenji Mizoguchi, handles the narrative in two styles: barbaric sequences dealing with greed and civil war which seem realistic except that the characters are deliberately animalistic and are symbolically acting out the bestial side of man; and highly stylized sequences dealing with the aesthetic, luxurious, and romantic modes of life. When the hero (Masayuki Mori), a grunting peasant potter, develops self-awareness and becomes an artist, the meanings multiply. The film is upsetting and unspeakably cruel at times, and then so suggestive and haunting that it's confounding. When, in the midst of serene elegance, the phantom Lady Wakasa (Machiko Kyo) offers the potter-artist rarefied sensual delights, you know how he feels as he cries, "I never imagined such pleasures existed!" Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. With Kinuyo Tanaka as the potter's wife. In Japanese. (Film Forum; starting May 14.)



The Verdict—When Sidney Lumet gets serious, his energetic, fast-moving style falls apart. The camera sits like Death on the dark, angled images of this anguished movie about a Boston Irish lawyer, played by Paul Newman, who was hurt by those closest to him and became a booze-soaked failure. When the lawyer goes into court to fight the powerful Archdiocese of Boston, his faith in the judgment of the ordinary people who sit on the jury enables him to redeem himself. It's a Frank Capra setup given art-film treatment. Newman plays his role for all it has got, but it's a tired old show-business view of "a good man." In its own sombre, inflated terms, the picture is effective, but it's dragged out so self-importantly that you have time to recognize what a hopelessly naïve, incompetent, and untrustworthy lawyer the hero is. With Charlotte Rampling, James Mason, Jack Warden, Lindsay Crouse, Milo O'Shea, Edward Binns, Julie Bovasso, Lewis Stadlen, and Wesley Addy. The script, by David Mamet, is based on a novel by Barry Reed. (1/10/83) (New Yorker; starting May 6.)

The White Sheik (1951)—This affectionate satire on glamour and delusion is probably the most gentle and naturalistic of Federico Fellini's films, but it was not a success, maybe because it is a little flat in places. (Fellini was still clumsy, and the storytelling is rather drawn out.) The heroine, Brunella Bovo (also the heroine of De Sica's "Miracle in Milan"), has come to Rome for her honeymoon, but the devotion of the groom (Leopoldo Trieste) is much less important to her than her infatuation with the White Sheik—the hero of a photographic comic strip. She rushes off to find her ideal, and the cheap, crude actor (Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance) tries to rise above himself, to the level of her fantasies. The White Sheik, it turns out, is far more a creature of self-delusion than the star-struck bride. The groom, deserted, sad, and anxious, wandering at night in the piazza, finds solace in conversation with a lively, friendly little prostitute (Giulietta Masina; Fellini later developed this episode into "Nights of Cabiria"). Among those who worked on the story and script were Fellini, Ennio Flaiano, Tullio Pinelli, and Michelangelo Antonioni. Music by Nino Rota. (It was the source idea of Gene Wilder's "The World's Greatest Lover.") In Italian. (Metro Cinema; May 8.)

The Year of Living Dangerously—Peter Weir's romantic adventure film is set in Indonesia in 1965, during the political upheavals that shook President Sukarno's unstable government, and centers on the Caucasian community of journalists and diplomats in Jakarta. Linda Hunt has the pivotal male role of the goblinlike Billy Kwan, a half-Chinese, half-Australian cameraman who plays matchmaker and brings together Mel Gibson, as a newly arrived Australian foreign correspondent, and Sigourney Weaver, as the assistant military attaché at the British Embassy. A new-style old-time "dangerous" steaminess builds up as Gibson and Weaver eye each other. And though Billy Kwan is the movie's walking conscience and higher moral purpose, Linda Hunt's lyric intensity and concentration help to purify the lines she speaks. Filmed in the Philippines and Australia. With Bill Kerr, Michael Murphy, Bembol Roco, and Noel Ferrier. Based on C. J. Koch's highly readable 1978 novel. (2/21/83) (Quad Cinema; through May 5.)

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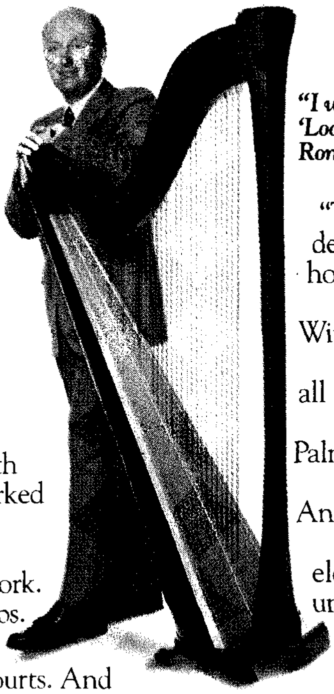

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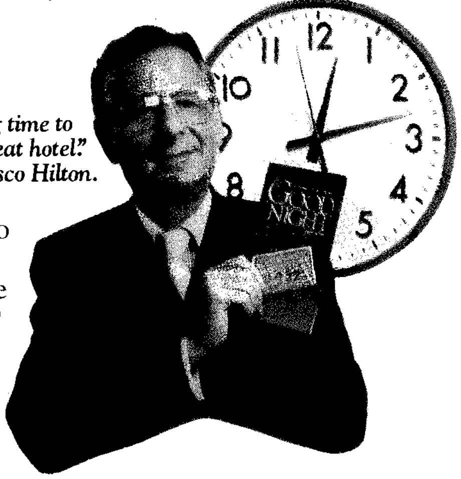

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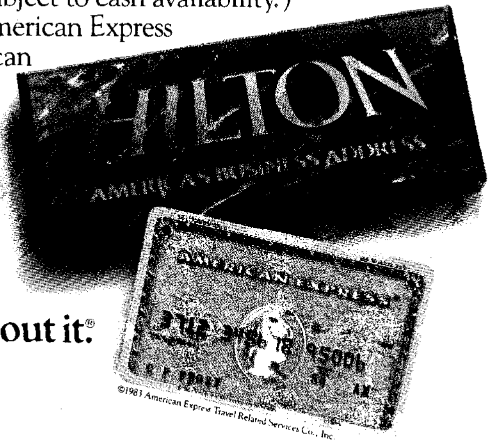

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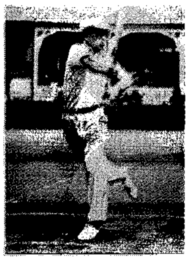

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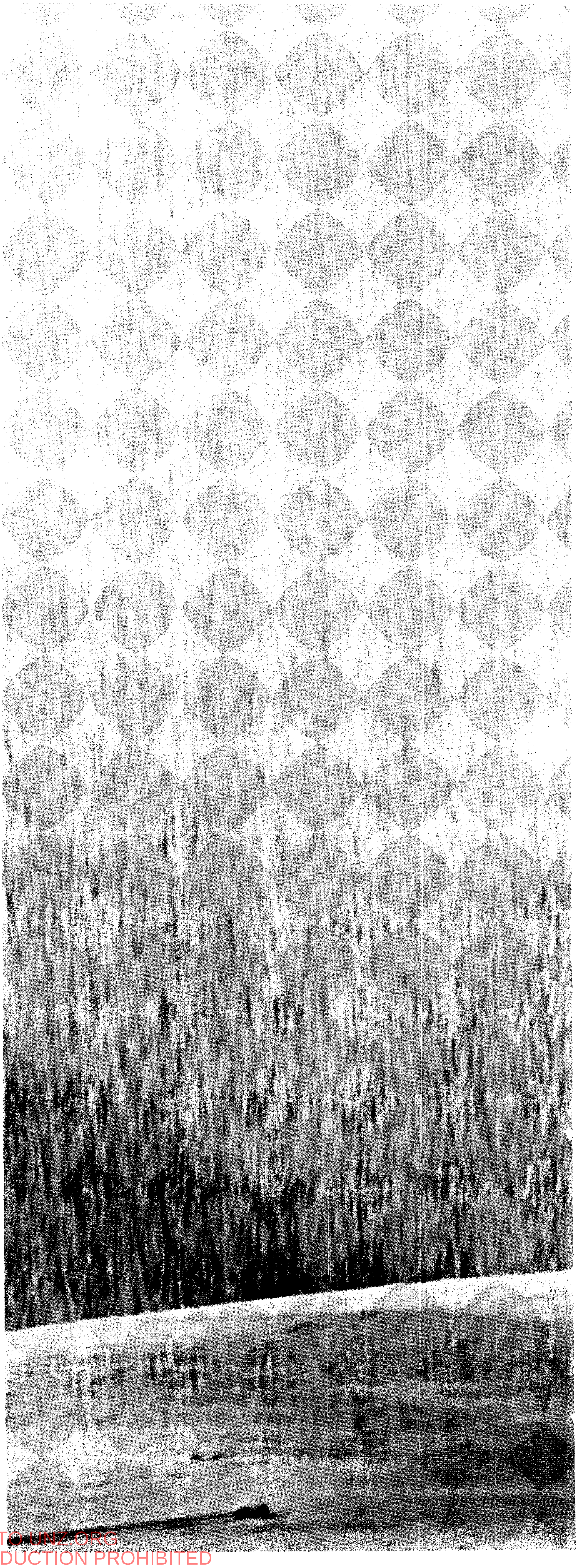

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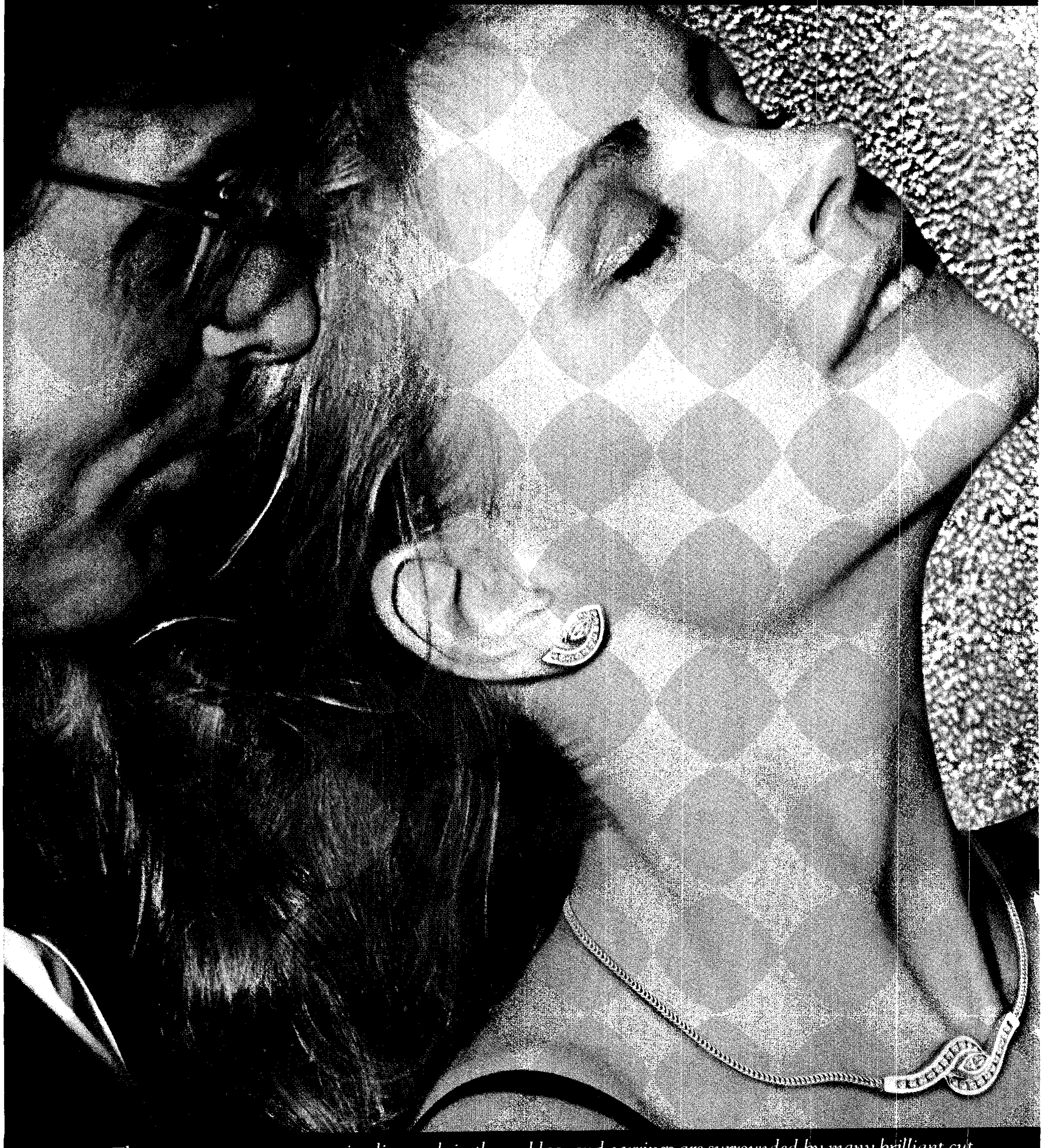

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

“El Salvador,” President Ronald Reagan solemnly informed us the other evening during his speech before a joint session of Congress, “is nearer to Texas than Texas is to Massachusetts. Nicaragua is just as close to Miami, San Antonio, San Diego, and Tucson as those cities are to Washington.” And he has a point. It makes you wonder about the people living in Miami, San Antonio, San Diego, and Tucson. If those citizens were to open their papers each morning and read about dozens—*dozens*—of bodies turning up at city dumps and on suburban lawns outside Washington, D.C., and Boston, Massachusetts, they’d be horrified. If they were to learn that these victims—in many cases, children under fifteen; in many other cases, the mothers of the children, women who’d been raped and mutilated before their almost merciful execution—were in fact the victims of death squads financed either directly or indirectly by their own government, the citizens of Miami and San Antonio and San Diego and Tucson would be outraged; they’d be demanding investigations and prosecutions of the officials responsible for the massacres. Such behavior wouldn’t be allowed to continue for a week. During the last three years, by conservative estimate, over thirty thousand Salvadorans have been killed, mostly by government-sanctioned death squads. And El Salvador is a small country. A comparable proportion of the American populace would number over one and a half million—that is to say, more than the entire populations of Washington and Boston combined. But merely because the daily outrages are occurring twelve hundred miles to the south instead of twelve hundred miles to the north, most of these Sun Belt citizens don’t seem able even to notice them.

• •

A Short Tennis Story

THE rainiest spring on record caused a great washout of tennis at the Central Park courts, so the few sunny days last month brought out a disproportionate number of tennis players besieging the reservations clerk in the Tennis House for time on the courts. A lot of the regular players at the courts have a somewhat proprietary interest in the place and, what with the superior coffee, doughnuts, and other refreshments available at the Pro Shop and a running bridge game going on just outside, seem to like hanging around and waiting for a chance to play tennis. But it’s been tough, and a number of the regulars who have been regulars for twenty years or more have felt deprived. On one of the first blessed clear mornings, we sat down on a bench outside the Tennis House near Flora, a regular player in her fifties, who had been able to play tennis only three times in the past four weeks. She was joined there in a few minutes by Kenneth, a regular of about the same age. He was clearly disappointed.

Dana Preston

“You came too late, Kenneth,” said Flora. “I was here hours ago, and I was able to sign up for a court.”

Kenneth, wearing impeccably white shorts and a white Izod shirt, held his racquet with its head down on the ground, both hands clutching the grip as though it were a golf club. “No more courts,” he said. “I might as well take off my shirt. Work on my tan.” He took off his shirt and lifted his face to the sun, but picked up his racquet and again clutched it head down. “At least, I can enjoy the park,” he said. “The cherry blossoms are out. The apple blossoms.”

“They’re acting as though it were a real April,” Flora said. “They don’t pay attention to the cold. They feel all right, rain or shine. I don’t feel all right unless I can play tennis. Too bad, Kenneth, you don’t have a court.”

Kenneth knocked his racquet head lightly against the ground. “The sun feels good,” he said. “This park always feels good. Were you out in it, Flora, the day after the blizzard?”

“Of course,” said Flora. “Everybody was.”

“The timing of the blizzard was just right—on a Friday,” Kenneth said. “Seventeen inches! The next day, I came out with my sled. Why should kids have all the fun?”

“Everybody acted so happy in the snow,” Flora said. “Everybody nodding and smiling at each other. Strangers talking to strangers. All that jollity. Just like those old movies starring Sonja Henie or Bing Crosby. Remember those cute little mountain chalets, with jingling horses in the background? I feel sorry for all those people down South, with their floods.” She had switched subjects without a pause. "They're worse off than we are. And how about those people in Athens, Alabama, where that large nuclear plant had a cooling-system malfunction? It dumped two hundred and eight thousand gallons of radioactive water into the Tennessee River. Floods and poison all around."

"I feel sorry for those people on Long Island," Kenneth said. "The ones whose houses in Westhampton Beach were carried away into the ocean."

More players were arriving, hustling inside to the reservations booth, and emerging with glum faces.

Flora glanced at her watch. "I saw a jogger this morning, Kenneth," she said. "He had only one leg. He had ordinary aluminum crutches for support. But he was going as fast as the rest of them. I don't feel sorry for *him*."

Kenneth tapped his racquet head on the ground again. "You're lucky to have a court, Flora. I would have made it here in time to get a court, but my new clock radio screwed me up. I set the buttons to wake me at 7 A.M. It didn't work. It turns out the A.M. setting works for P.M., and vice versa."

"Nothing works," Flora said. "The water coming out of my bathroom faucet is full of sediment. With my windows open, my apartment is covered with debris. I make a telephone call, and the switchboard operator says 'Hold on' before she even says 'Hello.' Then, after I sit there waiting for ten minutes, I'm disconnected."

"Try to get the elevator in my building," said Kenneth. "The digital indicator over the buttons has gone berserk, showing the elevator is stuck on the ground floor when it is stuck on the eighth."

"You go outside, and those motorized sweepers are snaking in and out around parked cars, churning up swirls of dust in your face," Flora said.

"One of the astronauts just said that the pollution now is much worse than it was when he went up in space several years ago. They should know. They can *see* it," said Kenneth.

"Try to eat lunch," Flora said. "There's dioxin in all the fish and nitrites in all the meat and pesticides in everything else."

"Try to find out from television what's happening," Kenneth said. "Those commentators are so busy chitchatting that they don't tell you anything. They tell you that inflation is coming down, but they don't tell you that eleven million unemployed Americans are nonconsumers and that's probably why."

"Kenneth, do you think women's lib has reached Taiwan?" Flora asked.

Kenneth didn't seem to need any extra time to adjust to what seemed to be an extraordinary change in the course of the conversation. "Why, Flora?" he asked.

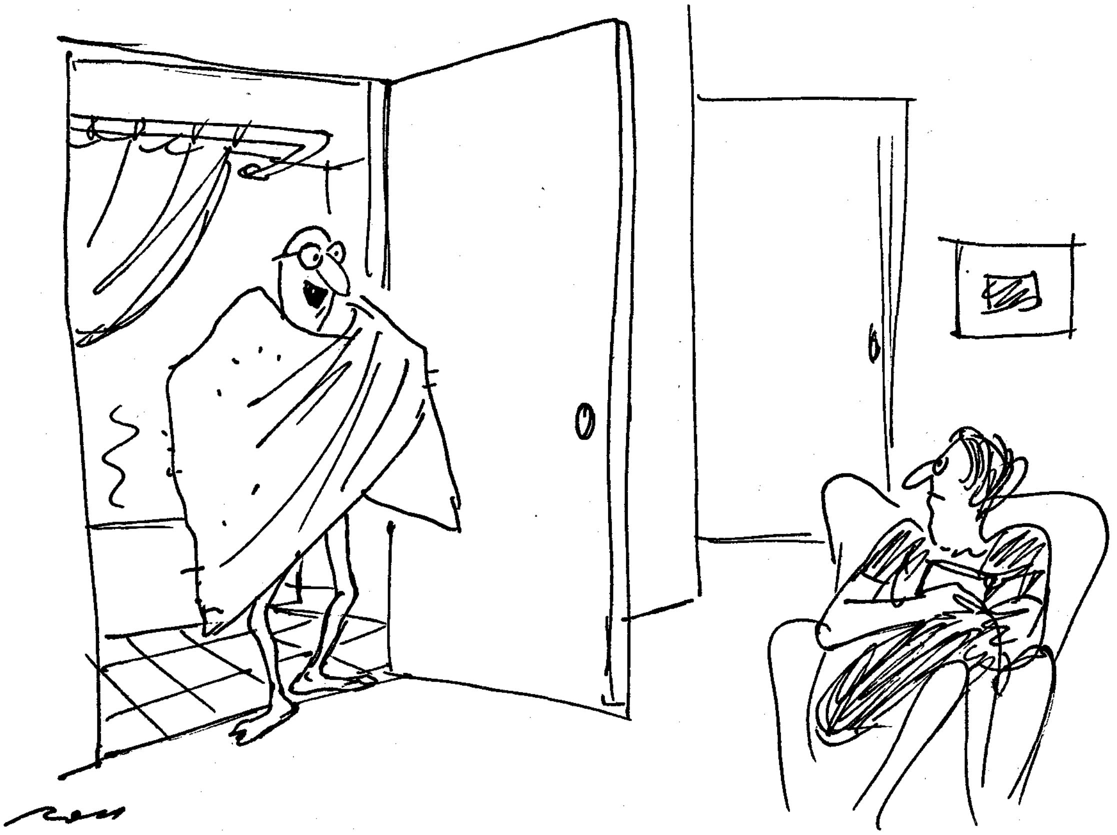
"That Taiwan Air Force pilot who just flew his plane to mainland China," she said. "He defected to the Communists. He left a wife and daughter in Taiwan."

"Maybe he didn't do it to get away from women's lib," Kenneth said. "Maybe he did it for the reward. Like that Taiwan Air Force major a couple of years ago who defected in the same direction. The Chinese gave him almost half a million dollars and a big job at a Chinese flying academy."

"Celebrities never tell you anything helpful," Flora said. "What are the big names telling you? Dustin Hoffman is telling you in one interview after another that he now understands, after playing in 'Tootsie,' what it feels like to be a woman. Ronald Reagan keeps telling you his same joke, over and over—that the environmentalists won't be happy until the White House looks like a bird's nest."

"Lee Iacocca is telling you: Before you put your money down, think, go with Chrysler, or you can go with someone else and take your chances," Kenneth said. "That comedian David Brenner is telling you to read his book about himself called 'Soft Pretzels with Mustard,' but I'm not doing it."

Flora looked at her watch again. "My court," she said, standing up. "You want to play doubles? Come on, Kenneth. Put on your shirt."

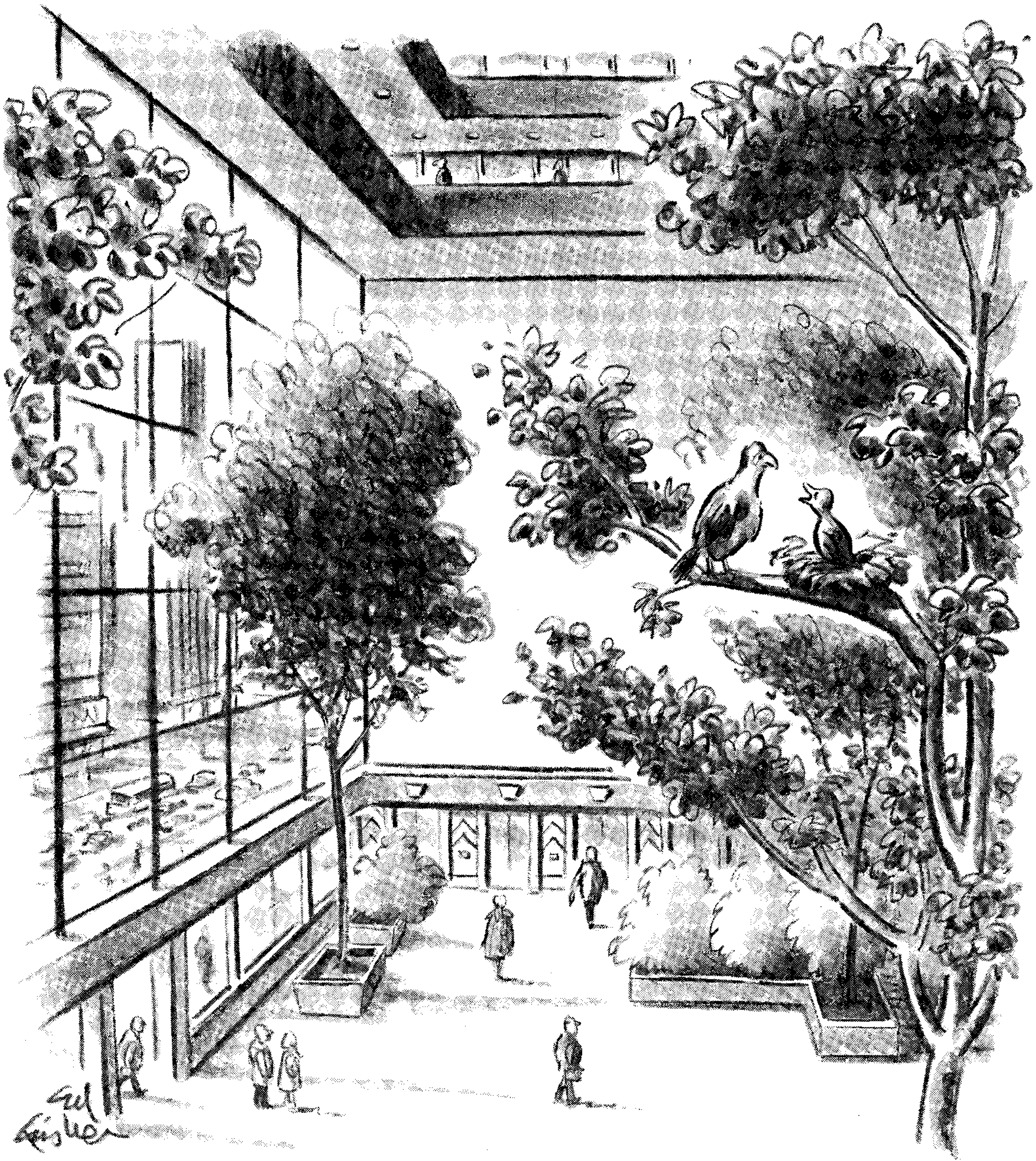


"Guess who."

Reopening

WHEN the Puck Building reopened the other evening—with a supper and grand ball to which over two thousand guests had been invited—we decided to go down and take a look. Here are our impressions:

Big. The Puck, as it is called, is a nine-story Romanesque Revival struc-



"Ma, what's rain?"

ture that covers five acres at the corner of Lafayette and Houston Streets. The building was designed by Albert Wagner in 1885 as the home of the satirical magazine *Puck*, and in its early years it was the largest building in the world devoted entirely to printing and lithography. The magazine ceased publication just before the end of the First World War, and for the next half century the building was occupied by a variety of printing and printing-related firms. Since 1980, it has been undergoing restoration, and three weeks ago it was declared a landmark by the city's Landmarks Preservation Commission. With the supper and grand ball, the Puck reopened as a commercial condominium, whose owners—a designer named Peter Gee and an investor named Paul Serra—hope to fill it with firms dealing in architecture, photography, interior design, and the like.

Festive. Floodlights illuminated the block-long building, whose red brick façade had been water-blasted. There were limousines at the curb and people craning their necks on the sidewalk. There were doormen wearing regally cut red-and-gold uniforms that had been imported from a castle in Italy.

Gilded. At two places on the façade of the building were statues of Puck—the character derived from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and fitted with a top hat to serve as the magazine's logo—and one of them had been newly gilded. Inside, a "PB" monogram, embedded in scrollwork on the iron doors of the main elevator, had also been newly gilded. The whole building had a rather mellow look, with high ceilings, arched windows, and interior columns that had recently been painted a gleaming white.

Choreographed. Cocktails began at eight, in a gallery on the second floor. A pianist played Scott Joplin, and some people called Puckettes—a king, a queen, two jesters, a frog, a donkey, and three young ballerinas in tutus of pink fabric and clear plastic—handed out programs and led tours of the building. At supper, which began at nine, in a large hall on the main floor, a band played Strauss waltzes. At the grand ball, which began at ten-thirty, in the same hall, people danced to a band that played bouncy old tunes like "Bye, Bye, Blackbird." Things concluded at eleven-fifteen with the Puckettes serving dessert.

Publicized. Everybody seemed to have heard of the affair through at least six sources.

Packed. The more than two thousand guests chattered and gossiped and laughed and sparkled as they circulated among the cast-iron columns like the combined populations of a full week's uptown and downtown cocktail parties. We saw a man with a green face, a woman in a bejewelled toga, a young man whose bleached hair was sprayed into the shape of a tiara, a woman in a clinging gold-sequinned dress, a woman in a beige fedora, a man with a red velvet ribbon around his throat, a man wearing a black beret and a gold loop earring, and a young woman in a black top hat, a white feathered skirt, and a black motorcycle jacket.

Literary. The most memorable thing about the evening—aside from the building itself—was an exhibit, installed in the second-floor gallery where cocktails were served, that was called "Pickings from Puck" and included more than two hundred lithographs and drawings from the magazine, a trenchant and amusing political weekly that was published in New York between 1877 and 1918. (*Puck* was originally published by Joseph Keppler and Adolph Schwarzmann, and was bought in 1917 by the Hearst International Magazine Company, which quickly phased it out.) In display cases, together with historical material, were such things as a cartoon from 1881 that argued for handgun control, a cartoon from 1889 that criticized Senate bosses, and a cartoon from 1907 that predicted that churches in New York City would one day be selling their air rights to—and would be swallowed up by—skyscrapers.

Brief. The exhibit will be on view through August 28th. The crowd has vanished into the night.

Falling

FROM the top of FreeFall, thirteen stories above the ground at the Great Adventure amusement park, in Jackson, New Jersey, we should have been able to look out over the mostly vertical track and see a number of sights—the FestHaus, for instance, and the Runaway Train ride, and the largest safari outside Africa ("So big we can't keep all we breed, in terms of rhinoceros and such," the general manager, Dave Paltzik, had told us proudly), and the parking lot stretching off toward the Jersey shore and the horizon, and the bleachers of the Aqua Stadium, and the Log Flume ride, and the incredibly tidy grounds ("We plant ninety-eight thousand flowers here annually," a spokesman had said. "That's ninety-eight thousand *individual* flowers"), and the Buccaneer, which is a giant swing done up to look like a pirate ship. But, to tell the truth, we couldn't see a damn thing. Our eyes were shut tight for psychological protection against the trial we were about to undergo—the trial called FreeFall. It is a trial that, like a great many amusement-park experiences, is not recommended, under New Jersey Administrative Code 12.195, for anyone who has a heart condition, is prone to motion sickness, has a neck or back ailment, is under the influence of alcohol or narcotics, or is pregnant. A trial that the Great Adventure public-relations man, Glenn Vallach, calls "the ultimate thrill in terms of the dropping experience." A trial that, to put it simply, simulates the feeling of falling from a thirteen-story building (and this, we reflected in the few seconds before the drop, was a feeling we had never really wondered about).

Mr. Vallach sat next to us in our capsule. Earlier, across a desk in his very stationary office, he had told us that FreeFall demonstrated Great Adventure's commitment to keeping up with the public demand for ever more spine-tingling thrills. "First, there was your traditional coaster. Then there was your Lightning Loops, which is like a roller coaster except it does a loop-the-loop. What's the next thing? FreeFall. Absolutely straight down." He had joked with us about the engineers' "giving some thought to the notion that, if you are going to drop people straight down, maybe there should be some way of bringing them to a halt before they hit." Vaguely, we recalled that he had told us something about a computerized braking system, but only vaguely. All he was telling us now, as we sat perched a hundred and thirty feet from the Garden State, heart flapping in the breeze, was "Hang on! Here we go!" And there we went. FreeFall takes about three seconds. During the first two, your body figures out that it is travelling fast (fifty-five m.p.h.), and your mind spends the third thinking, Oh, Lord! Then the braking system kicks in, and the car hits the curved, roll-to-a-stop section of the track, and an attendant lifts up your restraint, and out you wobble. If you are like some people, you get right back in line for another try—Bob Schumann, of nearby Clarksburg, for example, who has spent three entire days riding FreeFall, because he is scared of "heights and speed" and wants to cure himself, so he can take up parachuting. ("It's working," he said.) If you're like us, you prop your body up against a nearby fence and watch the ride drop a few dozen more people, and tremble.

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While we were doing this, some young fellows came by.

"Is it fun?" they asked. "Should we go on it?"

"No," we said.

Speed and Roses

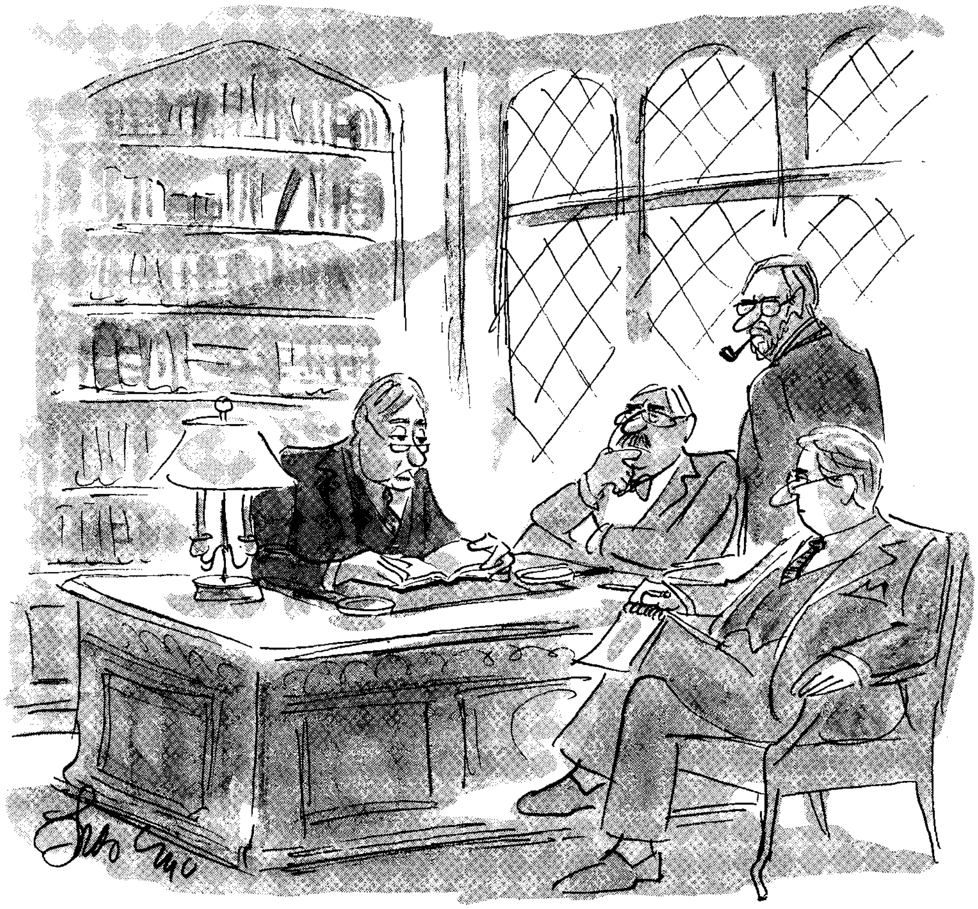
WHEN last we spoke with Barbara Cartland, it was at her home outside London, the year was 1976, her years were seventy-five, and her vital statistics looked like this: two hundred and seventeen books—a hundred and seventy of them novels—with a total of seventy million copies in print. We are happy to report that Miss Cartland, whom we encountered last month in the lobby of Penn Station, where she was greeting people coming to the second annual Romantic Book-Lovers' Conference, has since our last talk set aside her idling ways and got down to some serious work. In the intervening seven years, in which she has attained the age of eighty-one, she has had something or other to do with the Princess Di side of the Royal Wedding *and* she has written a hundred and forty-five more books—an average of more than twenty a year—to bring her total to three hundred and sixty-two. Now, with something more than three hundred and fifty million copies bought and paid for, she may well be the best-selling author of all time. "I was in Honolulu recently, and I wrote 'Island of Love,' and on the way back we stopped in San Francisco, so I wrote 'Love Goes West.' No, it's 'Love Comes West,' I think," she told us. A book takes the disciplined Miss Cartland a week to complete, and she writes for only a shade over two hours each day.

And Miss Cartland, though she is the reigning speed queen, is not alone in her literary approach, we found as we wandered through the corridors of the Hotel Roosevelt, where the conference was held, and talked to some of its participants—who were almost uniformly female and were nearly all either published writers of romance fiction or unpublished writers of romance fiction. For instance, the second-best-selling romance author, Janet Dailey, who has produced seventy-eight novels, announced, "By trial and error, I've found the best ways to write—at least for me—and now I finish a book in about nine days." One reason romance writers write so quickly is that the market for their products never dries up. Rebecca Brandewyne, who was promoting her latest work, "Love, Cherish Me," at the conference, said she sometimes reads from seven to ten Harlequin romances (which stretch a hundred and eighty-odd pages) in a single evening. And apparently there are others like her. We picked up the following facts about Harlequin Books, the leading publisher in the romance industry:

Fact: Last year, Harlequin sold over two hundred million books—about six books per second.

Fact: If all the Harlequin books sold *in a single day* last year were stacked one on top of another, the pile would be sixteen times as high as the World Trade Center (or, alternatively, eight times as high as the two towers of the World Trade Center stacked one on top of the other).

Fact: If all the pages of all the Harlequin books sold over the past ten years were laid side by side in the proper places and in the proper configurations, they would completely cover Colorado and Pennsylvania.



"This entry dated May 23, 1942, translates, 'Dear Diary, after conquering the U.S.A. I look forward to meeting Betty Grable. What a tomato!'"

Fact: If all the *words* in Harlequin books sold last year were placed end to end, they could stretch ninety-three times to the moon (a fact that is especially noteworthy when you consider that many Harlequin authors avoid long words).

Fact: If the Harlequin books sold last year were placed end to end, they could run along both sides of the Nile, both sides of the Amazon, and one side of the Rio Grande.

(During that last paragraph, we got up from our desk, bought a diet Coke, joked with several friends about their writing speed, and, in general, *wasted time*. All the while, the clock was ticking.)

One reason some writers can do romances with such dispatch is that thoughtful publishers provide recipes for them to follow. For example, we talked with Denise Marcil, who, with her partner Meredith Bernstein, "came up with the whole concept" for a new series of Avon paperback romances, which will appear once a month under the over-all title Finding Mr. Right. Ms. Marcil said, "In most romances, what happens is the woman falls in love with a man, there's a little conflict, and things work out. What's different in our books is that there are two heroes, not one. And the woman has to choose between them." Ms. Marcil assured us that none of the jilted heroes do anything rash, and that the breakups are always "handled in an adult way." As an example of the new genre, Ms. Marcil cited "Dancing Season," by Carla Neggers, the second title in the series, which features a young woman who runs a bakeshop in her native Saratoga Springs and must decide between a home-town boy and a dancer in a New York City ballet company. She takes the local, leaving the dancer to leap morosely, one of her reasons being that she doesn't want to give up her ambitious plans for culinary expansion.

It would be less than honest of us to report that the seas of romance fiction are altogether glassy. On the contrary, they're stormy and roiling—even tempest-tossed—when it comes to the issue of decorous behavior for female characters. Such a fog of photographers had enveloped Miss Cartland at Penn Station that we couldn't hear everything she said, but we distinctly made out the words "disgusting" and "animals." And her voice was resolute when she declared that romance fiction was "in rather a torrid period, where everyone feels they must be modern and put in some dirty bits." Miss Cartland, none of whose heroines find themselves in bed until the necessary vows have been traded in the presence of a cleric, said it was a "medical fact" that promiscuity could damage young women. "Anyway," she added as she walked off, clutching a bouquet of red roses, "the most exciting thing in the world is still to hear someone say, 'I love you.'"

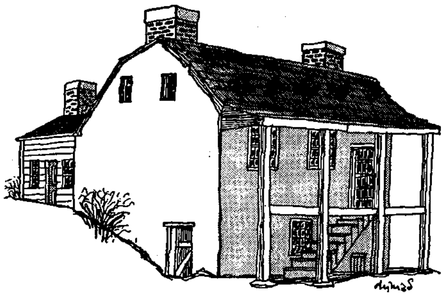
FIGURES IN THE DISTANCE

FOR a short while, one year during my summer holidays, I thought only people I did not know died. During the time I thought this, we were living far out on Fort Road, on the island of Antigua. We had only two neighbors, Mistress Maynard and her husband. That summer, we had a pig that had just had piglets; some guinea fowl; and some ducks that laid enormous eggs that my mother said were big even for ducks. I hated to eat any food except for the enormous duck eggs, hard-boiled. I had nothing to do every day except to feed the birds and the pig in the morning and in the evening. I spoke to no one other than my parents, and sometimes to Mistress Maynard, if I saw her when I went to pick up the peelings of vegetables which my mother had asked her to save for the pig, which was just the thing the pig really liked. From our yard, I could see the cemetery. I did not know it was the cemetery until one day when I said to my mother that sometimes in the evening, while feeding the pig, I could see various small, sticklike figures, some dressed in black, some dressed in white, bobbing up and down in the distance. I noticed, too, that sometimes the black and white sticklike figures appeared in the morning. My mother said that it was probably a child being buried, since children were always buried in the morning. Until then, I had not known that children died.

I was afraid of the dead, as was everyone I knew. We were afraid of the dead because we never could tell when they might show up again. Sometimes they showed up in a dream, but that wasn't so bad, because they usually only brought a warning, and in any case you wake up from a dream. But sometimes they would show up standing under a tree just as you were passing by. Then they might follow you home, and even though they might not be able to come into your house, they might wait for you and follow you wherever you went; in that case, they would never give up until you joined them. My mother knew of many people who had died in such a way. My mother knew of many people who had died, including her own brother.

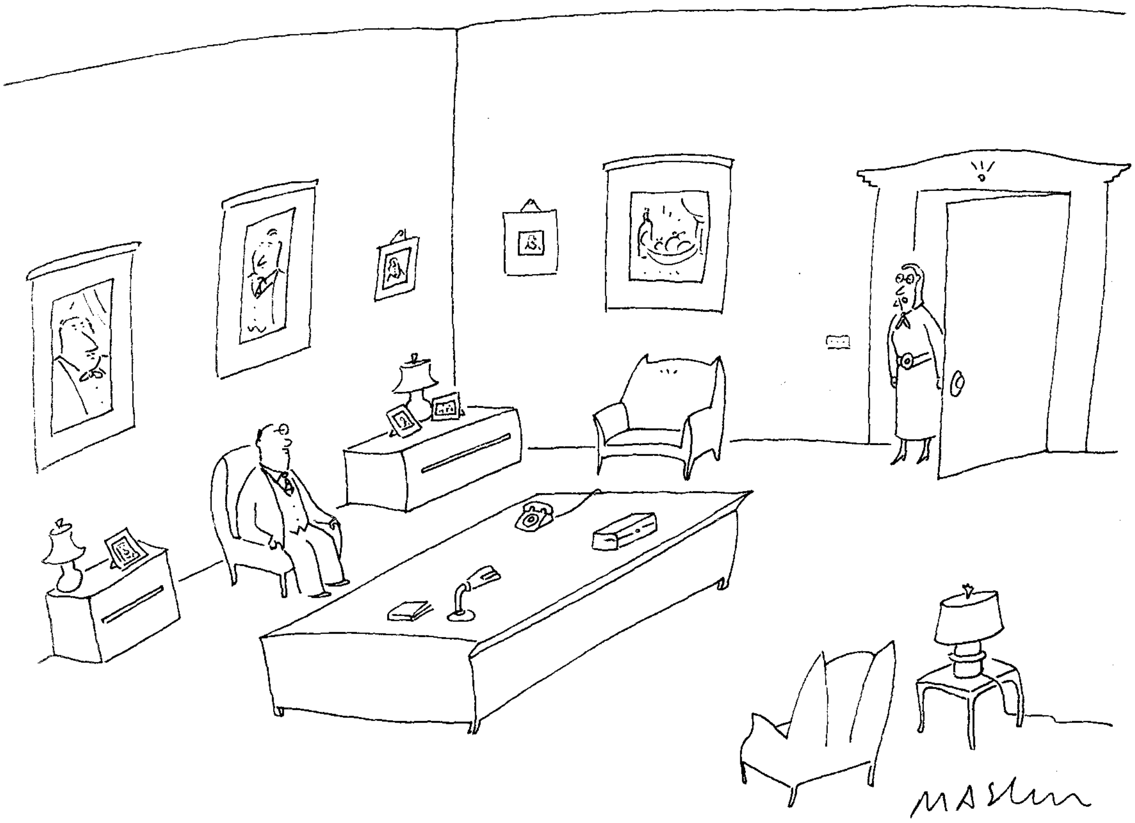
After I found out about the cemetery, I would stand in my yard and wait for a funeral to come. Some days, there were no funerals. "No one died," I would say to my mother. Some days, just as I was about to give up and go inside, I would see the small specks appear. "What made them so late?" I would ask my mother. Probably someone couldn't bear to see the coffin lid put in place, and so as a favor the undertaker might let things go on too long, she said. The undertaker! On our way into town, we would pass the undertaker's workshop. Outside, a little sign read "Mr. J. A. Barnes & Sons, Undertakers & Cabinet-makers." I could always tell we were approaching this place, because of the smell of pitch pine and varnish in the air.

LATER, we moved to a house closer to town, and I no longer had a view of the cemetery. Still no one I knew had died. One day, a girl smaller than I, a girl whose mother was a friend of my mother's, died in my mother's arms. I did not know this girl at all, though I may have got a glimpse of her once or twice as I passed her and her mother coming out of our yard, and I tried to remember everything I had heard about her. Her name was Nalda; she had red hair; she was very bony; she did not like to eat any food. In fact, she liked to eat mud, and her mother always had to keep a strict eye on her to prevent her from doing that. Her father made bricks, and her mother dressed in a way that my father found unbecoming. I heard my mother describe to my father just how Nalda had died: She had a fever, they noticed a change in her breathing, so they called a car and were rushing her off to Dr. Bailey when, just as they were crossing over a bridge, she let out a long sigh and went limp. Dr. Bailey pronounced her dead, and when I heard that I was so glad he wasn't my doctor. My mother asked my father to make the coffin for Nalda, and he did, carving bunches of tiny flowers on the sides. Nalda's mother wept so much that my mother had to take care of everything, and since children were never prepared by undertakers, my mother had to prepare the little girl to be buried. I then began to look at my mother's hands differently. They had stroked the dead girl's forehead; they had bathed and dressed her and laid her in the coffin my father had made. My mother would come back from the dead girl's house smelling of bay rum—a scent that for a long time afterward would make me feel ill. For a while, though not for very long, I could not bear to have my mother caress me or touch my food or help me with my bath. I especially couldn't bear the sight of her hands lying still in her lap.



At school, I told all my friends about this death. I would take them aside individually, so I could repeat the details over and over again. They would listen to me with their mouths open. In turn, they would tell me of someone they had known or heard of who had died. I would listen with my mouth open. One person had known very well a neighbor who had gone swimming after eating a big lunch at a picnic and drowned. Someone had a cousin who in the middle of something one day just fell down dead. Someone knew a boy who had died after eating some poisonous berries. "Fancy that," we said to each other.

I LOVED very much—and so used to torment until she cried—a girl named Sonia. She was smaller than I, even though she was almost two years older, and she was a dunce—our class dunce. I would try to get to school early and give her my homework, so that she could copy it, and in class I would pass her the answers to sums. My friends ignored her, and whenever I mentioned her name in a favorable way they would twist up their lips and make a sound to show their disdain. I thought her beautiful and I would say so. She had long, thick black hair that lay down flat on her arms and legs. And then running down the nape of her neck, down the middle of her back for as far as could be seen before it was swallowed up by her school uniform, was a line of the same long, thick black hair, only here it flared out as if a small breeze had come and parted it. At recess, I would buy her a sweet—something called a frozen joy—with money I had stolen from my mother's purse, and then we would go and sit under a tree in our schoolyard. I would then stare and stare at her, narrowing and opening wide my eyes until she began to fidget under my



"You wanted me to let you know when it was apple-blossom time in Orange, New Jersey."

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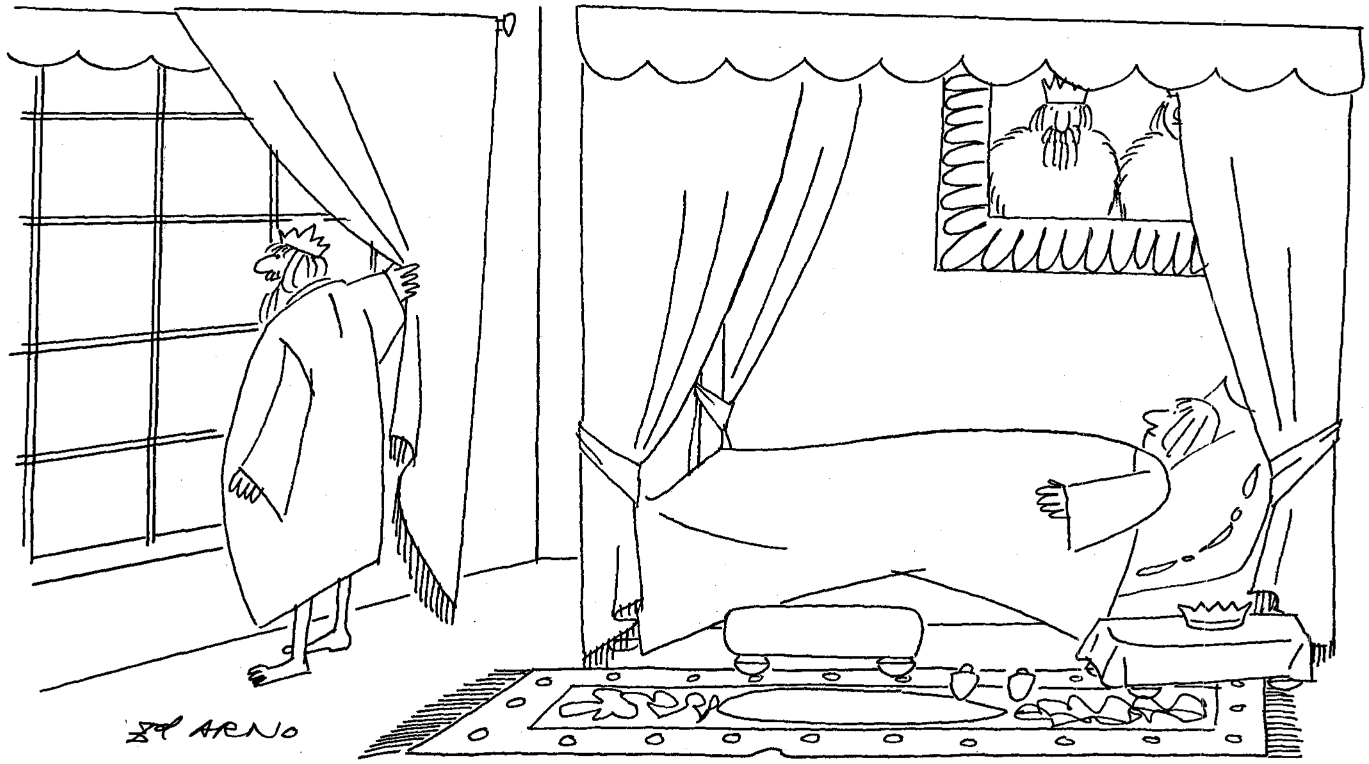
gaze. Then I would pull at the hair on her arms and legs—gently at first, and then awfully hard, holding it up taut with the tips of my fingers until she cried out. For a few weeks, she didn't appear in school, and we were told that her mother, who had been with child, had died suddenly. I couldn't ever again bring myself to speak to her, even though we spent two more years as classmates. She seemed such a shameful thing, a girl whose mother had died and left her alone in the world.

Not long after the little girl died in my mother's arms on the way to the doctor, Miss Charlotte, our neighbor across the street, collapsed and died while having a conversation with my mother. If my mother hadn't caught her, she would have fallen to the ground. When I came home from school that day, my mother said, "Miss Charlotte is dead." I had known Miss Charlotte very well, and I tried to imagine her dead. I couldn't. I did not know what someone looked like dead. I knew what Miss Charlotte looked like coming from market. I knew what she looked like going to church. I knew what she looked like when she told her dog not to frighten me by chasing me up and down the street. Once, when Miss Charlotte was sick, my mother asked me to take her a bowl with some food, so I saw her lying in her bed in her nightgown. Miss Charlotte was buried in a coffin my father did not make, and I was not allowed to go to the funeral.

At school, almost everyone I knew had seen a dead person, and not a spirit of a dead person but a real dead person. The girl who sat at the desk next to mine suddenly stopped sucking her thumb because her mother had washed it in water in which a dead person had been given a bath. I told her that her mother must have been playing a trick on her, that I was sure the water was just plain water, since it was just the sort of trick my mother would play on me. But she had met my mother and she said that she could see they weren't alike at all.

I BEGAN to go to funerals. I didn't actually go to the funerals as an official mourner, since I didn't know any of the people who had died and I was going without my parents' permission. I visited the funeral parlors or the drawing rooms where the dead were laid out for viewing by the mourners. When I heard the church bell toll in the way it tolled when someone had died, I would try to find out who had died and where the funeral was to be—home or funeral parlor. The funeral parlor was in much the same direction as my route home, but sometimes to get to someone's house I would have to go in the opposite direction of my way home. At first, I didn't go in; I would just stand outside and watch the people come and go, hear the close relatives and friends let out incredible loud wails and moans, and then watch the procession march off to church. But then I began to go in and take a look. The first time I actually saw a dead person, I didn't know what to think. Since it wasn't someone I knew, I couldn't make a comparison. I had never seen the person laugh or smile or frown or shoo a chicken out of a garden. So I looked and looked for as long as I could without letting anyone know I was just there out of curiosity.

One day, a girl my own age died. I did not know her name or anything personal about her except that she was my own age and that she had a humpback. She attended another school, and on the day of her funeral her whole school got the day off. At my school, it was all we could talk about: "Did you know the humpbacked girl?" I remembered once standing behind her in a line to take out books at the library; then I saw a fly land on the collar of her uniform and walk up and down as the collar lay flat on her hump. On hearing that she was dead, I wished I had tapped the hump to see if it was hollow. I also remembered that her hair was parted into four plaits and that the parts were crooked. "She must have combed her hair herself," I said. At last, though, someone I knew was dead. The day of her funeral, I bolted from school as soon as we finished the last amen of our evening prayers, and I made my way to the funeral home. When I got there, the whole street was full of girls from her school, all in their white dress uniforms. It was a big crowd of them, and they were just



"What a beautiful day! I've half a mind to abdicate."

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milling around, talking to each other quietly and looking very important. I didn't have time to stop and really envy them; I made my way to the door and entered the funeral parlor. There she was. She was lying in the regular pitch-pine, varnished coffin, on a bed of mauve-and-white lilacs. She wore a white dress, and it may have come all the way down to her ankles, but I didn't have time to look carefully. It was her face that I wanted to see. I remembered how she had looked the day in the library. Her face was just a plain face. She had black eyes, flat nostrils, broad lips. Lying there dead, she looked just the same, except her eyes were closed and she was so still. I once had heard someone say about another dead person that it was as if the dead person were asleep. But I had seen a person asleep, and this girl did not look asleep. My parents had just bought me a View-Master. The View-Master came with pictures of the pyramids, the Taj Mahal, Mt. Everest, and scenes of the Amazon River. When the View-Master worked properly, all the scenes looked as if they were alive, as if we could just step into the View-Master and sail down the Amazon River or stand at the foot of the pyramids. When the View-Master didn't work properly, it was as if we were just looking at an ordinary, colorful picture. When I looked at this girl, it was as if the View-Master wasn't working properly. I stared at her a long time—long enough so that I caused the line of people waiting to stop by the coffin to grow long and on the verge of impatience. Of course, as I stared I kept my fingers curled up tight against my palms, because I didn't want to make a mistake and point and then have them rot and drop off right there. I then went and sat among the mourners. Her family smiled at me, thinking, I am sure, that I was a school friend, even though I wore the uniform of another school. We sang a hymn—"All Things Bright and Beautiful"—and her mother said it was the first hymn the humpbacked girl had learned to sing by heart.

I walked home. By then, I was very late getting home from school, but I was too excited to worry about it. I wondered if one day while going somewhere alone I would see the humpbacked girl standing under a tree, and if she would try to get me to go for a swim or eat a piece of fruit, and the next thing my mother would know she would be asking my father to make a coffin for me. Of course, he would be so overcome with grief he wouldn't be able to do it and would have to ask Mr. Oatie to do it, and he just hated to ask Mr. Oatie to do him a favor, because, as I heard him tell my mother, Mr. Oatie was such a leech he made you pay for everything.

When I got home, my mother asked me for the fish I was to have picked up from Mr. Earl, our fisherman, on the way home from school. But in my excitement I had completely forgotten. Trying to think quickly, I said that when I got to the market Mr. Earl told me that they hadn't gone to sea that day, because the sea was too rough. "Oh?" said my mother, and uncovered a pan in which were lying, flat on their sides and covered with lemon juice and butter and onions, three fish: an angelfish for my father, a kanya fish for my mother, and a ladyfish for me—the special kind of fish each of us liked. While I was at the funeral parlor, Mr. Earl had got tired of waiting for me and had brought the fish to our house himself. That night, as a punishment, I ate my supper outside, alone, under the breadfruit tree, and my mother said that she would not be kissing me good night later, but when I climbed into bed she came and kissed me anyway.

—Jamaica Kincaid

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(17) Movie: "Five," William Phipps. The five people left on Earth after an atomic blast discover trouble.—*TV listing in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

It never rains but it pours.

TRIP

Harry Lang's company Chevrolet breaks down on the highway fifteen miles outside of Dallas. He gets the car to a small old town called Cummings, leaves it at the gas station, and calls Fay, a woman he met at a corporate sensitivity workshop in San Antonio last year and the reason for his trip. They have spent the last six months having long and wistful and detailed telephone conversations on the company WATS line, talking about everything that they can think of, even business, and sometimes nothing at all, just sitting on opposite ends of the line, allowing the delicate contact between them a few extra minutes; finally they agreed that he should come for a visit.

Now, from the garage in Cummings, he tells her that he will not get into town until the next day, because of his car. Two hours later he's at the Starlight Motor Hotel watching television when there's a knock on the door. It's Fay, standing on the other side of the screen, fidgeting with her shirt cuffs. "May I come in?" she says.

He pushes open the screen and steps back so she can enter the room, which is small, panelled, dark. It's dusk; the only lights outside are the star-shaped motel sign and the yellow neon ringing the eaves of the buildings.

Fay sits on the bed. "It's real clammy in here."

He clicks on the table lamp. The base of the lamp is a bronze cowgirl on horseback twirling a lariat. "You look wonderful," he says. "How'd you get away?"

"Easy," she says. "I can't leave you alone. After an hour I decided I should come to you. You got a Bufferin?" She looks around the room. "What's that music?"

He listens, but doesn't hear any music. Fay is thirty-five, small and pretty. She's wearing white shorts, a Polo dress shirt with a tiny round-tipped collar, and brown-striped espadrilles. She bounces on the bed, testing it.

Harry opens his suitcase, brings out a bottle of Anacin. "Will these do?"

She picks two pills out of his palm and points toward the open bathroom door. "Use your water?"

He tucks in his shirttail and uses the window as a mirror to fix his hair. When she comes out of the bath, she's patting her face with a small coral towel that has "Starlight" stitched into it in awkward brown script. "You want to eat something?" she says.

They go in her car to the Spur station to check on his Chevrolet. The station owner, a mechanic named Gorky, is on his back under the car. "Lucky you don't live out here," he says. "Toss me a five-eighths. Second drawer."

Harry finds the socket the mechanic wants and drops it into his palm.

"Don't get into Dallas much," Gorky says. "I don't mind, though. We got fishing and women. It doesn't matter, really—for an old son like me the fish don't bite and the women don't either. You see a lock washer out there somewhere, about so big?" Again the hand shoots out from under the car, thumb and forefinger spread.

Harry hands him a washer, but the mechanic drops it; when he tries to turn over on his stomach, he can't make it, because the Malibu's not jacked up enough. Finally he says, "Crap," and rolls out from under the car. He sits up, his back against the door, and wipes his hands on a red rag, then rubs the rag around on his puffed, stubble-covered face.

"So, what do you think?" Harry asks. "About the car."

"I'm happy you're spending the night, is what I think." Gorky tells a kid who looks like a young TV actor to watch the gas islands, then motions toward a primered GMC pickup with a bed full of tractor tires. "I can let you borrow this one, but maybe you don't need it, since you got this woman here."

"He hasn't got me yet," Fay says. She loosens her thin leather belt, then refastens it, taking it up a notch and centering the buckle above her fly.

The mechanic stares at her for a minute, then laughs. "Anyway, I'll have yours tomorrow. Maybe one or so, huh?"

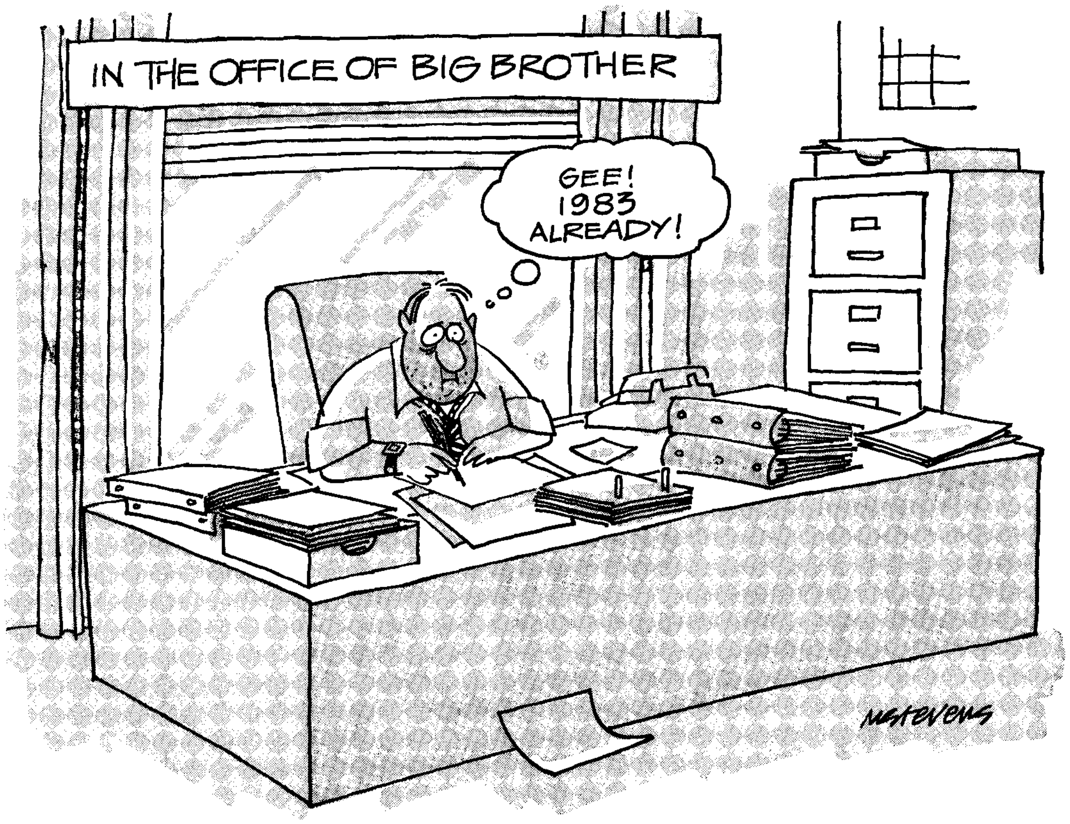
"Fine," Harry says.

"Go to Nick's if you want to eat." Gorky scrubs at his palm with the rag. "I mean, if you don't go in town. It's just up here a mile. Good chow. Dottie get you set?"

Dottie is Mrs. Kiwi, the owner of the Starlight, a tiny woman with a barrel chest and a dwarf's face. This afternoon she was wearing a fuchsia muscle shirt.

"I got a nice room," Harry says. "Thanks."

"I told her about you," Gorky says, waving a hand at a circling bug. "Me


IN THE OFFICE OF BIG BROTHER
GEE! 1983 ALREADY!
MStevens

and her's kinda, you know"—he takes a long time thinking of the word, getting it right—"acquainted."

AT Nick's Sandwich Shop Harry orders a Kingburger and Fay has a salad with Green Goddess dressing. Afterward they go to the Odeon Theatre to see the movie. There's a crowd of a dozen people out front, but there's no one in the box office. Harry stares at Fay's eyes, which are mismatched in a becoming way. Two teen-agers in line behind them are talking about a girl named Rose Ann they both seem to be in love with.

"I saw my neighbors making it in the driveway," Fay says, bending to look past him at the teen-agers. "I watched out the bedroom window."

Harry sticks his hands in his pants pockets, then brings them out again and folds his arms, admiring the crispness and neatness of Fay's clothes.

"This woman does the dishes in a bikini, you know what I mean? Then she's out in the driveway moaning like a cow. I envied her."

The kids are listening; they've gotten very quiet. Fay points a finger at him. "I wear a fair bikini myself"—she pauses for emphasis, wagging the finger—"but mostly on the beach."

Two teen-age couples join the line. Harry says, "Uh-huh."

Fay puts her hand on his side, on his ribs. "Last Christmas I helped Melody—that's her name—last year I helped her build shelves in the downstairs bath, a couple of little four-inch shelves, nothing big. Then, in June, what do you think I found in there?" She pauses and looks at him triumphantly, as if he'll never guess. "It was the saw, the electric saw, tucked in alongside the toilet. If it was me, I'd have had the thing back in its place before it stopped turning."

He folds one hand inside the other and starts to crack the knuckles, but she frowns, anticipating the sound. "Oh, sorry," he says, and puts the hands back into his pockets.

"No," she says. "I want to hear them. Go on."

"I don't think so," he says, shaking his head.

"She plays this music all the time. You're trying to sleep, or read, or sit in the tub—sometimes I spend a whole afternoon in the tub—and here comes Nat King Cole into your life."

The kids have started their conversation again. They're brothers, and they're trying to be sensible about this thing with Rose Ann, but they're having trouble deciding who's going to get her.

GROWING STONES IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

That first year we turned the soil,
charted a garden that even Babylon
might have blessed. But we had not
guessed about the stones,
what a heavy work they would make
for us—something neither of us had foreseen.

Making way for one radish might mean
shovelling up stones the size
of sewing baskets; for cabbage,
dislodging rock that weighed more
than our wood stove; and in exchange
for tomatoes a boulder bigger than the sofa.

But we got the garden in
and even had a harvest,
after slugs and woodchuck, cutworm
and drought. "Next year," we said,
"will be better. We'll build a fence.
At least the stones are out."

In May, when we set spade to soil,
there they were again but worse,
as if they had, in the middle of winter,
descended, winnowed back through solid earth
to where we'd first disturbed their sleep,
returned with even their most distant relatives.

One shovel broke and then another.
Seedlings we'd begun indoors failed
for no apparent reason. "Never mind,"
you said, "we'll harvest what we have."
Evenings you inspect that odd, half-turned-over
plot. "Looks like a good crop,"

you say, "and easy. No wasted water.
No weeding to be done."
And start to think those stones are yours,
a yield, some kind of sign. "Sculpture,"
you insist, and talk of trailing them all the way
to Boston or New York.

—MEKEEL MCBRIDE

• •

"I like music," Fay says. "Don't get me wrong. I even like Nat King Cole, once every forty years or so." She digs in her boxy purse and then turns around holding a Polaroid snapshot of a man in a bathing suit. "This is my husband, Tim. I thought you ought to see him." She pokes the picture at Harry. "Take a look."

The man in the picture is overweight. He doesn't have much hair, and his legs are peculiarly thin for the rest of his body. He's standing alongside a Buick sedan holding a hose with water running out the end. Behind him in the picture there's a two-car garage and, off to the extreme left, the shoulder and leg of another man, also in bathing trunks.

"He looks fine to me," Harry says, handing the snapshot back to her. "He's a good-looking man."

She takes the picture and holds it very close to her face. "You think so?" She moves the picture up and down, examining her husband. "He does have eyes," she says, snapping open the purse and dropping the photograph inside. "I think I married the eyes, really. That's the first thing I noticed about you—eyes."

A kid on a girl's bicycle rides up

beside them. "You all on line?" he asks. When Fay says they are, the kid says, "You want to give me a cut? I'm only ten."

Fay nods, so the kid gets off the bike, puts it down on the sidewalk where he's standing, and gets into line.

"I love kids, don't you?" she whispers. "I don't like to think about not having any. I suppose it's my fault. You don't mind me talking, do you?"

"I guess not," Harry says.

In the flickering light of the theatre marquee Fay's face is all white planes and sharp shadows; she looks like somebody vulnerable in a forties movie poster. Her hair is tight to her scalp in dark knots.

"Maybe you should call the police or something," Harry says. "About this woman."

"Not on your life, Buster." She pulls a thread away from one of the belt loops of her shorts. "Melody's one of the highlights of my life. A role model for me." She snaps the thread off her waist. "Besides, she's gorgeous to look at. The husband ain't bad either."

Harry reaches for the thread, which she has rolled into a tiny ball between her fingers.

"He runs the Bonanza out by us. He likes me, but I don't have the guts to sleep with him. I guess I don't want to."

One of the brothers has bumped Harry several times trying to hear Fay's story. He says something to the other one, and the brothers both laugh.

Fay glances at the boy. "He's a handsome kid, isn't he?" she says, loud enough for the boy to hear. "Maybe he needs some attention."

"Excuse me?" the boy says. "Were you talking to me?"

"What?" she says, as if she has been interrupted. "Oh. No, I was talking to Harry—this is Harry."

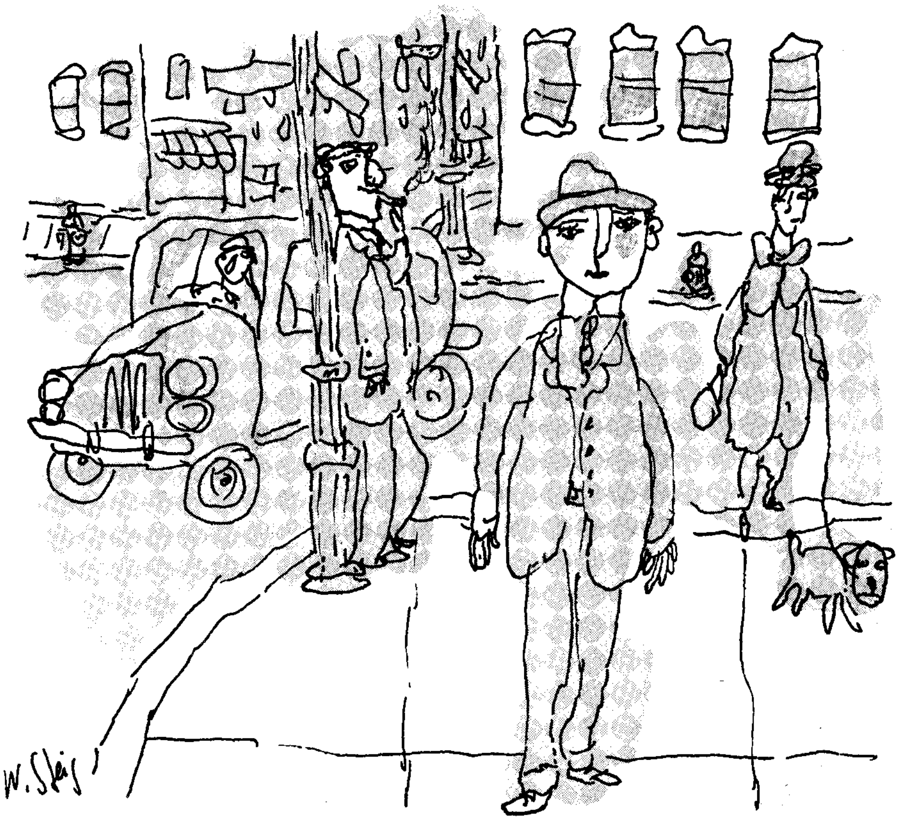
"Howdy," Harry says.

"Howdy?" the brothers say to each other, exchanging silly looks.

She twists back toward the ticket booth. Looking over her shoulder, she says, "Rose Ann probably loves you both, you're so cute." She pulls Harry forward in line. "Howdy? Oh, never mind. Let's talk about something else—are you hot?"

"No, I'm O.K."

"I perspire," she says, opening her arms and glancing at her chest. "I admit it, Harry. And I won't wear those teeny satin tops, those thin ones you see everywhere." She sighs, then smiles and straightens her blouse.



Stranger in the Big City

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"I don't think we'll ever get in here," Harry says.

"I mean, I could if I wanted to. And plum lips and metallic underpants—you interested?" She laughs and fingers some of the curls over her ear. "It's not that I wasn't trained, you know. I was trained just like everybody else. I can do the business—here, I'll show you." She wraps an arm around his neck, moistens her lips with her tongue, then tightens her grip and pulls his face close to hers, her eyes flashing.

"Hey," Harry says, tugging free. "That's pretty good."

The line is moving. They're halfway to the ticket window. Three boys with big portable radios go by, heading for the box office. The radios are tuned to the same station, and the area in front of the theatre is suddenly full of Mexican polka music. "What are you guys doing?" Fay shouts. "The line's back here."

AT the Starlight after the movie Fay gets into Harry's bed. "I'm going to stay all night, O.K.?" She twists around under the spread for a minute and produces her shorts and sandals, which she deposits on the floor by the telephone. "I think I'll keep this on for now," she says, pinching her shirt and tugging it a couple of times.

"Great," he says.

HARRY'S up first, at noon. He takes a shower in the metal stall, being as quiet as he can, but when he comes out Fay is gone and Mrs. Kiwi is banging on the screen. "What do you people think I'm running here—a bordello?"

Harry jumps. "Just a minute. I'm coming."

He just gets his pants on before she's in the open door brandishing her pass key. Her muscle shirt is cranberry this time.

She sighs and rolls the key between her fingers. "I've been running the Starlight twenty-two years and I've seen it all. Her creeping out of here like that—you should be ashamed."

He points toward the parking lot. "We're together."

Mrs. Kiwi pockets the key in the stretch trousers she's wearing. "Yes. I see that." She nods gravely, then puts on a grin and pats Harry's arm. "I understand perfectly, Mr. Lang."

"We work together. I mean, she works here in Dallas, and I work in Louisiana, but for the same company."

"Sure," Mrs. Kiwi says, patting more solicitously than before. She makes a sucking noise between her teeth, then laughs. "There's a lot of that around is what I understand. More and more." She shades her eyes and stares through the white dust at her office, then puts her fists on her hips and looks at his bare feet.

Fay pulls the screen door open. "Harry? What's going on?"

"Nothing, darling," Mrs. Kiwi says, shooing Fay with the backs of her hands. "You go on outside before the Baptists see you. Maybe we all ought to go outside." She turns back to Harry. "I was a girl myself—fourteen brothers. You don't get so many families like that anymore, what with the economy and the state of things. All of them died, too. One after another. I had dead brothers all over this country for a while. I would've had a big family if Mr. Kiwi, God rest his soul, hadn't passed on so sudden. That's a long time ago now—forty years." She snorts and does a little twist with her head, then says, "Well, now, that's about enough of that." She reaches into her pocket and gets a folded piece of notepaper. "A.D. called earlier on and said the car's gonna be late. I've got the number here if you want to dial him up."

She shakes the paper at Harry. There's a telephone number in blue ballpoint in one corner, but the rest of the sheet is covered with foreign words and phrases. The words "buena" and "bueno" appear repeatedly in block letters at the center of the sheet. "Maybe I'll give him a call," Harry says.

Mrs. Kiwi wipes at the perspiration stuck in her eyebrows, then looks at her fingers. "I think you kids better come on for some lunch—I mean, once you get straightened away." She points over her shoulder with a thumb.

"Let me check with her," Harry says. "O.K.?"

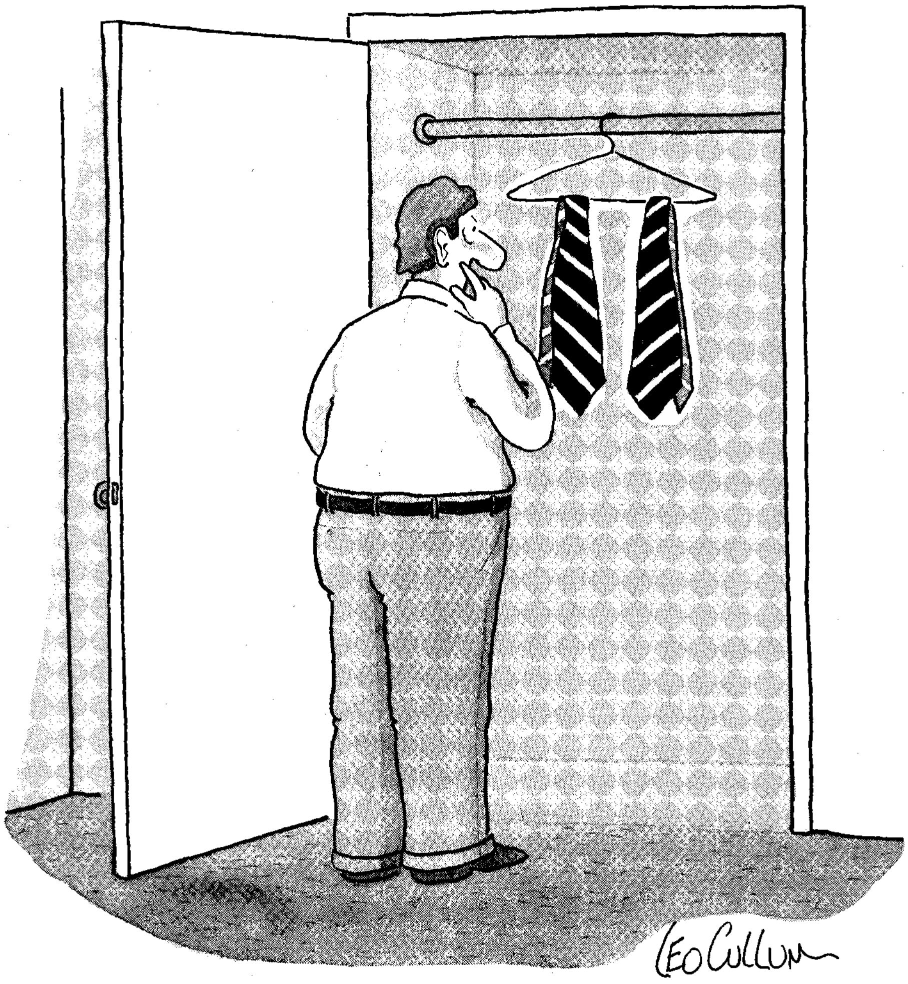
She nods and turns to look at a passing long-haul truck that has huge limes painted on its side. "But you're welcome." She nods several more times, her crinkled gray hair springing in the noon sun, then abruptly starts off toward the office, kicking up dust. "Got biscuits," she says over her shoulder. "Plenty of biscuits."

FAY brings a slimline briefcase when she comes back to the room. She undresses and quickly showers, then puts on a slip and a white shirtwaist dress that clings to her legs when she moves. Walking back and forth at the foot of the bed, she says, "I think I'd better call Tim soon." She looks at the nails on her left hand, holding the hand very close to her face and popping the tips of the fingers out from under her thumb. The nails are the flat orange of flesh-colored stockings. "I don't want him to think I had a wreck and died on the highway. I want him to know where I am." She sits on the bed, keeping the telephone between them. Her hair's wet. "I mean, he still likes me and everything."

"He should," Harry says.

"Damn right," she says. "I like him, don't I?"

Harry goes into the bathroom while she calls Tim. The conversation is quick; Fay's part is full of half-sentences and short silences in which he can hear her flicking her fingers.



WHEN they drive out, Mrs. Kiwi is behind her counter, and Gorky is there, too, playing with some kind of phonograph record, spinning it on a pencil. He waves. His GMC is parked up close to the back of the office, mostly out of sight.

"I feel like going somewhere," Fay says. "Somewhere pretty. I wonder if they have a zoo out here. We could get hot dogs—you like hot dogs? We could feed the seals."

Harry points out the car window at a one-story shack that has a dozen glittery brown vinyl booths piled up on the porch and "Peacock Café" stencilled in silver on the door. "We could go there."

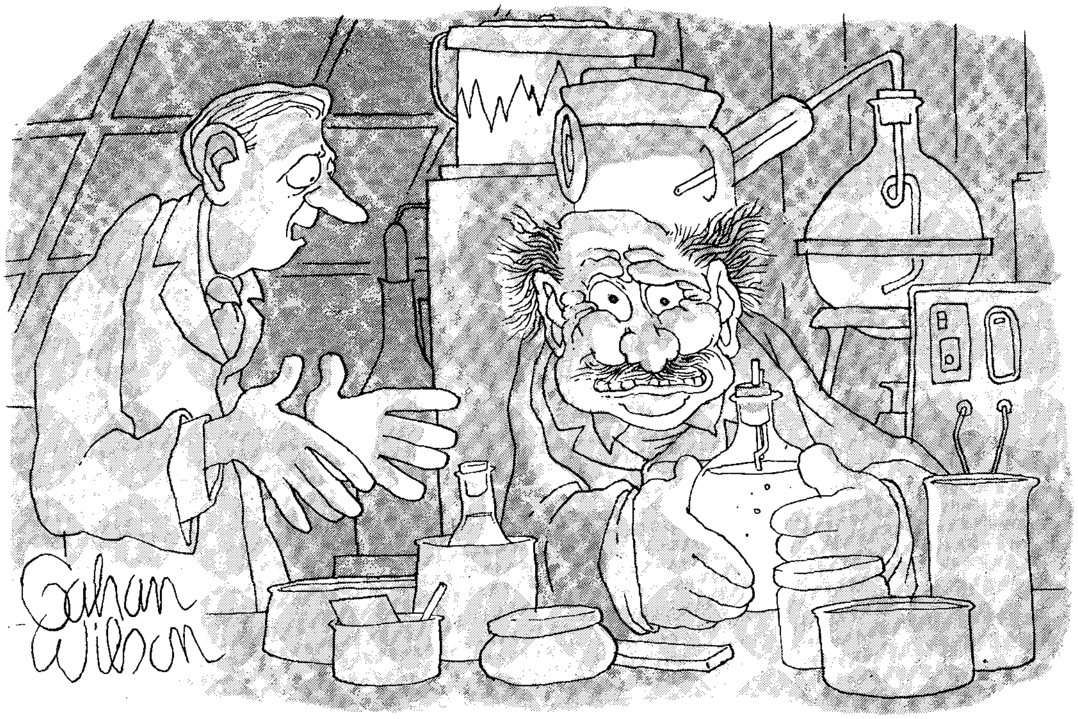
"I don't want to go there, Harry. I want to go somewhere where there are seals, but I guess there aren't any seals out here. I probably should've waited for you in town. You don't seem to be working at this."

He taps on the dashboard and looks at the scenery for a minute; the road is lined with empty lots full of tires—hundreds of automobile tires. "I agree," he finally says.

"What do you agree?" The dress is pulled over her knees, bunched at her thighs, fanned awkwardly around her on the seat.

"Why don't we just get a burger?"

She steers the car into a gas station where a guy in a business suit is looking at a small John Deere tractor. Fay smiles and says, "Excuse me," out the car window to the guy, and he has to step up on the pump island to let her through. "Looks like he sells rats,



"But, Karl, suppose some unscrupulous person got hold of your wonderful invention. He could use it to enslave the world!"

• •

doesn't he?" she whispers.

They go back to Nick's. She wants to sit at the counter, so they get stools between a huge man wearing bib-style overalls and a kid who's picking his teeth while he waits for food. The big guy takes a look at them when they sit down, then goes back to his smothered chicken.

Nick's is sixty feet deep and twenty feet wide. On one side it's a low counter and a kitchen, on the other a row of wooden booths. In between are a few school-cafeteria tables.

"Well, so tell me about yourself," Fay says after they've ordered hamburgers. "You eat here often?"

"Here come the burgers," he says, pointing at the cook, who's slipping meat patties on two fat buns.

There's a whine from the doorway, and a girl in an electric wheelchair comes in. Everyone seems to know her. She slaps left hands with some of the customers as she steers herself to the back. She has shoulder-length hair, dark skin, puffy lips, big eyes. She's wearing a soft-blue pullover. The waiters, kids in jeans and short-sleeved shirts, dote on her, bring silverware and napkins and water, and stay to talk. She teases them with sexy laughs and white smiles. The waiters stand by her table, straddle the chairs cowboy-style. Harry catches the girl's eyes once, between the turned backs, and she stares at him as if they were old, loving friends.

"O.K.," Fay says. "This isn't so marvellous. No more burger for me." She drops her hamburger on the paper plate and shoves it away from her, accidentally knocking it off the counter.

The big guy next to Harry says, "Jesus." He pushes himself up on the counter and peers behind it to see where the hamburger landed. "Hey, Manny. Take a look." He points toward the floor.

The old man doing the cooking shuffles over, picks up the hamburger, and stands right in front of Harry. "What's wrong here? You get a bad one?"

"It's fine," Fay says. "It really is good, but we've got an emergency." She pushes off the stool and opens her purse.

"Look, lady. If it's bad, just say so. We get a bad one now and again."

She puts a five-dollar bill on the counter. "No," she says, smiling. "It's good. You ready, Harry?"

Manny picks up the five and holds it out to Harry. "Take it," he says, waving the hamburger back and forth between Fay and himself. "I can understand this. Take the money."

The guy in the overalls wipes his face on the sleeve of his T-shirt, leaving a strip of coleslaw like a green worm on his shoulder. He and Harry slide off their stools at the same time, and the guy is at least half a foot taller. He looks at Fay, then plucks the bill out of Manny's hand and puts it in hers. "You heard the man," he says.

Outside, Fay goes straight for her car. They drive to the Starlight without talking. She looks determined and lovely steering with one hand, propping her head on the other. Mrs. Kiwi is on her knees in the tiny horseshoe-shaped flower bed by the office; she goes up like a squirrel in the foot-high tulips and waves as Fay and Harry go under the portico.

The bed in Harry's room has been made, and there are new towels in the bath; the air-conditioner, which he left running, has been turned off, so the room is stuffy. Fay stands in front of the open door, her legs dark against the light fabric of the skirt; she's fiddling with her pale sunglasses. Harry sits on the edge of the bed and looks at the knees of his pants. She opens her purse, looks inside, closes it again, then comes away from the door and stands in front of him.

"I don't know how to explain this," he says, smoothing the skirt at her hip with his fingers. Mrs. Kiwi is coming across the oystershell lot swinging a plastic bag full of biscuits.

Fay slips her glasses into place. "When's your birthday?" she says. "I want to get you something nice for your birthday."

—Frederick Barthelme

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Dobbs wrote a book, Follow a Wild Dolphin, about Donald, the dolphin he befriended. Donald later turned up off the Cornish coast to delight holidaymakers during three summers in the mid-Seventies. He is setting up a research project with a transatlantic yachtsman, James Wharram from Devoran, Cornwall.—*Roy East in the London Sunday Times.*

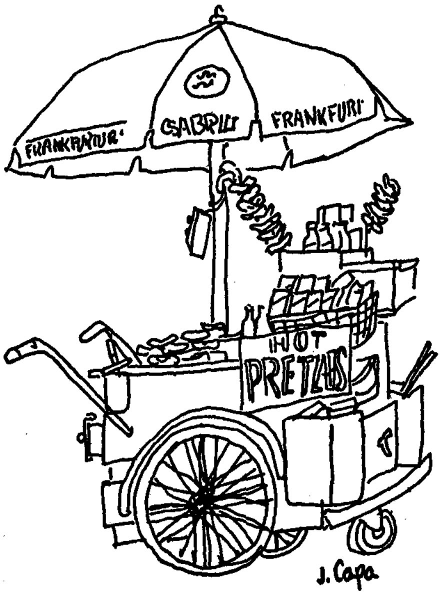
And what's Dobbs doing these days?

A POLITICAL JOURNAL

WASHINGTON, APRIL 28

THE recent political weather for the Reagan Administration has been much like this uncharacteristic spring in Washington: a few rays of sunshine and then another storm. The Administration, in fact, appears to have fallen into a pattern of gluing itself together only to fly apart once again. The agenda and the news, despite the White House's strenuous efforts to define and control them, keep slipping out of control—for which an increasingly frustrated President places a great deal of the blame on the press. Relatively good news about the economy and a Presidential speech designed to indicate flexibility on arms control tended to get washed away by less positive developments—brought about mainly by the Administration's own actions. Most Presidents get frustrated with the press, sometimes justifiably so, and all Administrations try to control the national agenda, often to no avail. All Administrations end up engaging in a certain amount of crisis management—or "damage limitation"—but the Reagan White House has been spending an unusual amount of time and energy on such exercises this spring. Like much of Washington, the White House has seemed to be suffering from a kind of overload, from too many subjects to cope with: Central America, the Middle East, arms control, the budget, the MX missile, the economy, the environment, China, race. One White House aide said to me, in a bit of understatement, "Part of the problem is that we're not in as much control of the national agenda as we'd like to be." Reagan's frustration, and even anger, stem from his own firm view of the world—a view that is often not shared by many of those around him and, increasingly, within his own party. And from the outset the Reagan White House has gone through phases of straining to present to the public a picture of internal unity only to have the tensions and the dissension come into public view. This spring, the dissension and the bad news have been all of a piece.

The President's aides feverishly study the polls, and it often seems that events—developments in Central America, or in relations with the Soviet Union or Congress, or in environmental policy or the economy—are viewed as more important for their political implications than for themselves. In April, the aides put out polls and counterpolls dealing with the political effect of the President's series of speeches having to do with arms and the Soviet Union: his speech in Orlando on March 8th, before the National Association of Evangelicals, in which he inveighed, in the name of religion, against the Soviet Union ("an evil empire") and the nuclear-freeze movement; his televised address designed to gain support for his military budget, which ended with a coda calling for the development of defensive weapons systems in outer space (and immediately became known as his "Star Wars" speech); and his speech suggesting that he would be more flexible in the talks with the Soviet Union on the deployment of intermediate-range nuclear weapons in Europe. (In Orlando, the President also attacked secularism and, in the name of religion, government regulation and "social engineers," at the same time that he defended his Administration's regulations requiring that parents be informed if their teenage daughters are receiving birth-control prescriptions from federally subsidized clinics—"the squeal rule"—and a twenty-four-hour hot line in hospitals to report failures to make efforts to keep handicapped newborn infants alive. Though these are obviously sensitive issues, on which people may disagree—both regulations have been struck down by federal judges—the President does not seem to recognize his own contradictions.) These speeches, followed by the President's approach to dealing with the Republicans on the Senate Budget Committee—who responded by handing him a major defeat—divided the President's advisers as never before. One adviser said to me, "Focussing on defense the way we did was probably the third most serious blunder we have made in the two years-plus we've been here." The two other serious blunders, he said, were the Administration's proposals, early in 1981, to revise Social Security, and its inability to extricate itself from the problem through the 1982 election; and a cluster of issues involving race, including the failure to endorse an extension of the Voting Rights Act until it was a foregone conclusion in Congress, and the move to reverse the policy forbidding tax exemptions for private schools that discriminate. That move was bad enough to begin with, and was further bungled as the Administration tried to recover. Both of these earlier mistakes, the adviser said, involved the question of "fairness"—one of the points on which the Administration is most vulnerable. An analysis done for the Reagan White House indicated that the fairness issue hurt the Republicans in the 1982 elections more than the economic issue or the arms-control issue did. Presidents often run into their most serious difficulties with the public when initial misgivings about them are reinforced. During the 1980 election, Richard Wirthlin, Reagan's pollster, advised the Reagan campaign of the importance of Reagan's coming across as "non-ideological" and "peace-oriented." Besides fairness, another issue on which Reagan has been on shaky political ground since 1980 is dealing with the Soviet Union. Questions about Reagan's instincts and his capacity in this area plagued his campaign for the Presidency, and they have plagued his Presidency, and some of his advisers feel that his recent actions have underscored them. One adviser says, "Any time you show Reagan on television talking about missiles, it doesn't help."



The very fact that the President's defense speech instantly became known as his "Star Wars" speech indicates what went wrong. The coda became the focal point, and it was quickly known in Washington that few of the President's aides were even aware of this planned excursion until shortly before it was taken, and that several of those who were thought it a poor idea, on both tactical and substantive grounds. Tactically, it diverted attention from the President's plea for his defense budget, and also made it ap-

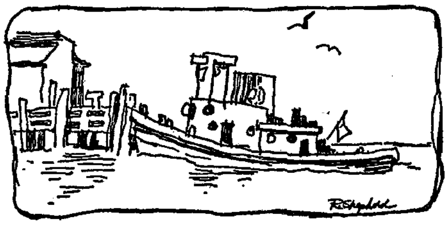
"Where do I always *go when whippoorwills call and evening is nigh? To Large Lena's Kaboom Room."*

pear that Reagan might be off on a new and different kind of arms race. Substantively, many people who have lived in the world of defense theory, where the idea of constructing a system in outer space to destroy missiles has been around for some time, simply do not find it plausible. Even some of Reagan's most hard-line defense officials tried to dissuade him from talking about it in the speech. The President offered the vision of a world in which offensive weapons would be made obsolete and unnecessary. After the logical flaw in his reasoning had been pointed out—that unless both the United States and the Soviet Union developed such defensive systems simultaneously, a destabilizing situation could ensue—Reagan, in an interview with some reporters, ventured the thought that an American President might offer to give the technology to the Soviet Union, a proposition that the Soviet Union was unlikely to accept at face value. And Caspar Weinberger, the Secretary of Defense, in various appearances, zigged and zagged on the question of whether such a defensive system could work against low-flying cruise missiles and bombers. When I asked one Administration official how thought through the President's proposal had been, he replied, "I'd put it somewhere between a cocktail napkin and a menu." (He was referring, of course, to the famous "Laffer curve," the theoretical underpinning of supply-side economics, which its author, Arthur Laffer, first drew on a cocktail napkin.) When the Presidential commission appointed to come up with a plan for the disposition of the MX missile met on the day after the speech, Alexander Haig said jokingly to his fellow commission members, a number of whom were baffled as to why the President had made the proposal, and in such dramatic terms, "Don't worry, gentlemen. It's just another of the President's fireball speeches."

People familiar with defense theory have been privy to some defensive-system proposals that they find fairly wacky. The President seemed to be going along a path laid out by Edward Teller, whose ideas are greeted with somewhat less skepticism, at least in terms of the technology. But one Presidential adviser said to me that the doctrine was absurd: Would we ever give up the offense, he asked, on the ground that the defense was sufficient? And if we would not, he said, the nuclear balance would be totally destabilized. He complained that there had been talk for a year of the President's giving *the* defense speech that would turn the country around on defense spending, "and then, within days, we got 'Star Wars' covers on *Time* and *Newsweek*. We'd changed the subject." Another Presidential adviser, with many years' experience in defense matters, said to me shortly after the speech, "I've been in defense long enough not to believe that there is any sure Maginot Line." He added that he feared that the President's proposal would complicate things for the worse both with our European allies and in START, the strategic-arms-reduction talks with the Soviet Union. And then he sighed and said, "But now we'll all have to go out and defend the President."

This defense ran along two lines. One was that there is no reason to assume that such a system is not technically feasible; after all, people said we couldn't get to the moon, either. The logic of this argument is that since some things that seemed technically impossible have turned out to be doable, *everything* that seems technically impossible is doable. But, as one defense expert (not a pejorative term) pointed out to me, the moon, unlike space satellites and missiles, was not an evasive target, and was not shooting back. About a billion dollars is going into defense research now—an amount that most people consider enough under the circumstances. And even if the technological problems were overcome there remained the policy questions. The fundamental question that Reagan posed—Wouldn't it be better to have a world in which the great powers could rely on defenses, and not point offensive weapons at each other?—has a simple appeal. It is the sort of question that makes those who raise doubts risk being labelled tired and negative thinkers. The same thing was true of supply-side economics: Wouldn't it be nice if we could cut taxes, and thus set off an economic boom and balance the budget in three years?

THE series of speeches and the setback dealt the President by the Senate Budget Committee—which, though it is controlled by Republicans, reduced his proposed increase in defense spending from ten per cent to five per cent—set off yet another round of knife-wielding within the White House and raised new questions about the Administration's competence in dealing not only with Capitol Hill but also with the Soviet Union. The questions all stemmed from a fundamental division within the Administration over how to handle these matters and, more revealing, how to try to guide the President. The way the Administration walked into its defeat in the Senate Budget Committee tells quite a bit. From conversations with White House aides and Senate Republicans, one can see just how awry things had gone—and why. There was a failure of understanding within some parts of the White House not only of the dynamics of Capitol Hill but also of the effect of the President's actions and proposals on the public. The President, encouraged in his beliefs and his analysis of the world outside by William Clark, his national-security adviser, and by Caspar Weinberger, failed to understand that the string was running out on support for the size of his defense buildup. In the President's view, the increased resistance to giving him whatever he asked for in military funds was attributable, he often told his associates, to "the drumbeat of the press." (When Larry Speakes, the White House spokesman, told reporters that the cause of the setback in the Senate Budget Committee was "a steady drumbeat of negative thought, mainly emanating from you and your colleagues in the press corps," he was simply and accurately reflecting the President's sentiments.) When Reagan spoke on arms control to the Los Angeles World Affairs Council, on March 31st, he said, "I just think that the press must recognize it, too, has a responsibility for the welfare of the nation." This proposition—which, though it is subject to varying interpretations, is unarguable—met with inevitable applause. One senior official said to me in exasperation shortly before the committee voted, "This thing has been brewing for a year. Not enough people noticed that the Republicans on the Hill weren't saying the same things as the chief spokesmen here. They really thought it was the 'drumbeat of the press,' Democrats who want to cut back defense drastically, and one or two heretics in our own party. There was no understanding of the growing disaffection. The problem within the security community is there's a fantasy-based perception of what's going



CHELSEA

I'm comfortable here, on 50 mg. of Librium,
Two hundred bucks in my pocket
And a new job just a week away.
I can walk the streets in a calm haze,
My blood pressure down to where I'm almost human,
Make countless pay-phone calls from street corners—
Buzzing, they go by in near-neon trails,
People, people like me, headed for black-bean soup,
For screams in alleyways, for the homey click
Of the front door's closing, heading home
Past all those faces you know you've seen before,
Like a rear-screen projection in an old movie,
The actors pacing a treadmill or pretending to steer,
And the same '56 Dodge weaving in the background.

It's like walking into a room
And suddenly realizing you've had sex with everyone there
At least once, watching your friends' lives
Tangling as you all grow somewhat older,
Somehow more resolute. Bookshelves grow, too,
And you notice your handwriting becoming more matter-of-fact;
It's as if all that comic smartness we glided through in youth
Were somehow desperate. And now we come to terms
With the sidewalk's coruscating glamour,
The rows of dull but neat garbage cans,
Each with its own painted number,
The poodles and patrol cars, the moon rising high,
Like aspirin, over Eighth Avenue.

I get some cigarettes on a corner,
Catch my reflection in the glass. I'm neatly tranquillized,
And strangely happy just to walk out near the traffic,
Consider the asphalt intersections where kids lean on lampposts and fire alarms,
Where a man is shutting the iron gate on his ochre divans,
Where the beautiful taxis whiz and honk,
Clanking over sewer covers and smashing beer cans.
And windows light, one by one, like comic-strip inspirations,
And me, here, on your street corner,
In my second-favorite neighborhood in the world,
My index finger in the hole marked "9,"
Ready for anything, finally, and finally ready.

—ROBERT LONG

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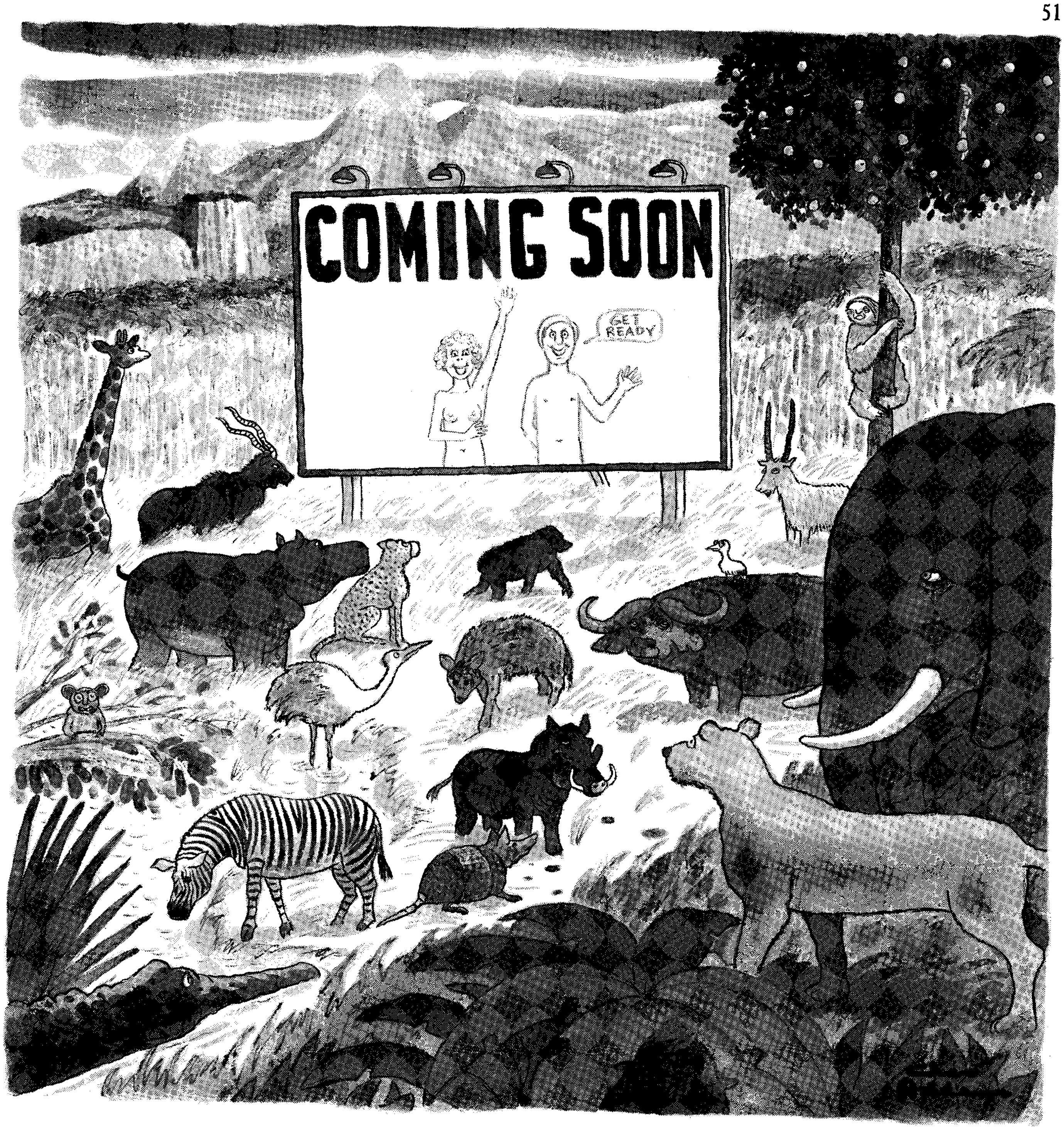

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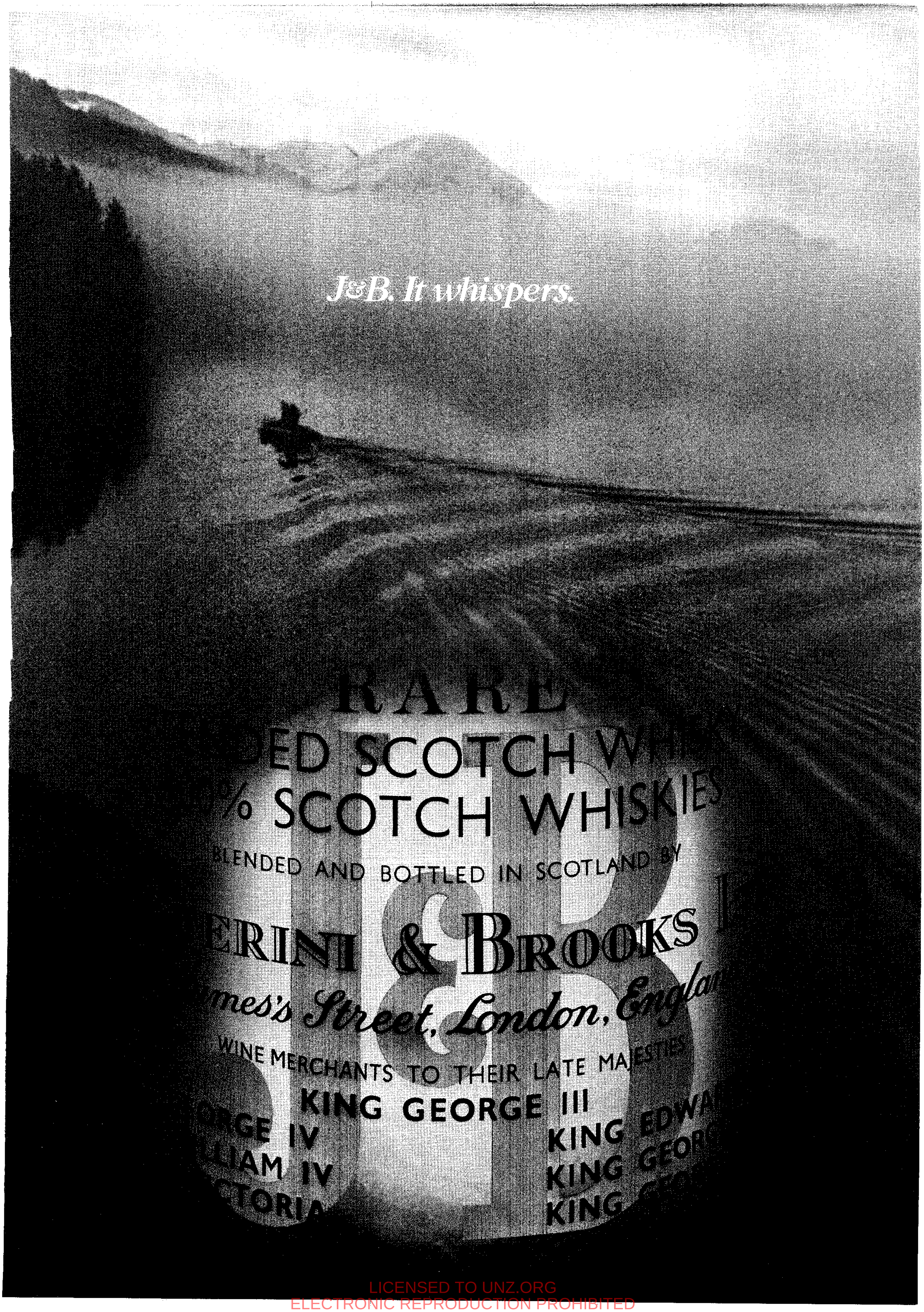
on on Capitol Hill and what's going on in the public debate. You know when you aren't viable; they don't. When you aren't viable, you figure out how to move the others—or how to move yourself."

One very interesting aspect of how the Administration has handled the defense issue is that the President is given misleading information. This goes a long way toward explaining how Reagan ended up asking for a ten-per-cent increase in defense spending this year—a higher percentage than he had ever said he would seek—and why the Administration dug in despite all the warning signs. Weinberger reinforces the President's own views by presenting the most alarmist picture of the Soviet threat. And Clark, who shares the President's predispositions and guides him to where he thinks the President wants to be, constantly reinforces him with adjurations not to bend, not give, be tough, not cave. On defense matters, Clark defers to Weinberger. The President is given a catechism that goes, "Defense expenditures aren't contributing to the deficits, because in 1963 defense expenditures constituted forty-five per cent of the budget, whereas now they constitute only twenty-nine per cent." In 1963, however, the Medicare and Medicaid programs, not to mention many others, didn't exist, and, even leaving that aside, the percentage-of-the-budget statistic doesn't prove much. But the real distortions come in what Reagan is told about what has happened to his own defense budget. It starts with the proposition that the Carter defense budget was "weak"—that it ignored the strategic threat, kept military pay too low, and allowed

"More veggies, Madam?"

military readiness to deteriorate. (The last is something that both Congress and the Pentagon chronically allow to go on; it is much more exciting to put money into new weapons than to maintain old ones. As for the strategic threat, Reagan and his allies are wont to say that during the nineteen-seventies no improvements were made on any of the three legs of the strategic triad, though in fact all three were modernized.) By the second year of its term, the Carter Administration, which had kept the defense budget even with inflation, was committed to an annual three-per-cent real growth (over inflation) in defense spending—the subject of a major fight within the Democratic Party. In 1980, in the wake of the disastrous mission to rescue the American hostages in Iran, and a change in the national mood, and in the face of a national election, Congress raised the increase in the defense budget for fiscal 1981 to about seven per cent—an increase that Carter didn't resist. Before the Carter Administration left office, in 1981, it submitted a lame-duck budget calling for an annual increase of five per cent over five years. When the Reagan Administration came in, it said that the fiscal 1981 defense budget was too low and requested a supplemental appropriation that raised it by another five per cent, for a total increase of twelve per cent. It also said that the Carter budget proposal of a five-per-cent increase for 1982 was too low, and raised that by seven per cent, for a total of another twelve per cent in real growth. Thus, the defense budget grew by nearly twenty-five per cent in real terms between 1980 and 1982, and it was on top of that that the Reagan Administration proposed to raise it by seven per cent a year for the four years following. (This figure of seven per cent offered by the Administration had no basis in policy. A key official said to me at the time, "It doesn't represent a thought-out plan.") Therefore, the base on which the Administration began was actually quite high. And, because of a drop in inflation, the Administration ended up last year having asked for more than seven per cent for fiscal 1983 (about eight and a half per cent). Congress made some cuts in that increase, and the Administration made slight cuts in its fiscal 1984 defense budget. More important, inflation collapsed, thus lowering the actual amount that would have to be spent to reach a certain percentage over inflation. (The Carter budget assumed that inflation would be a third higher than the Reagan Administration's assumptions, so the Reagan defense dollars are worth one-third more.) Therefore, while the real rates of growth in the defense budget have been at least what they were intended to be, the actual, or nominal, dollar amounts required to meet these goals are lower. Reagan's security advisers take the dollar figures and tell him that large cuts have been made in the increases he proposed over the Carter budget, and that he is being driven back to the levels of the Carter budget. In other words, the President has been persuaded by his advisers that his defense budget has been cut by more than it has been. In the President's mind, this apparently means the "weak" budget of the early Carter years, and not the five-per-cent increase that Carter proposed upon leaving office. The last thing Reagan wants to hear is that his defense budget is not much larger than Carter's. In fact, in terms of constant dollars (after inflation) the continuing increase in the Reagan defense budget is larger than the one the Reagan Administration itself first proposed for the period from 1982 through 1986. And then, this year, the Administration ended up asking for a ten-per-cent increase in its defense budget for fiscal 1984. (Actually, in the course of the Presidential campaign Reagan's advisers, desperately trying to cobble together an economic program that would support the President's rhetoric—an exercise that led to the so-called "mirrors" speech in Chicago in September of 1980—said that Reagan would propose defense increases of five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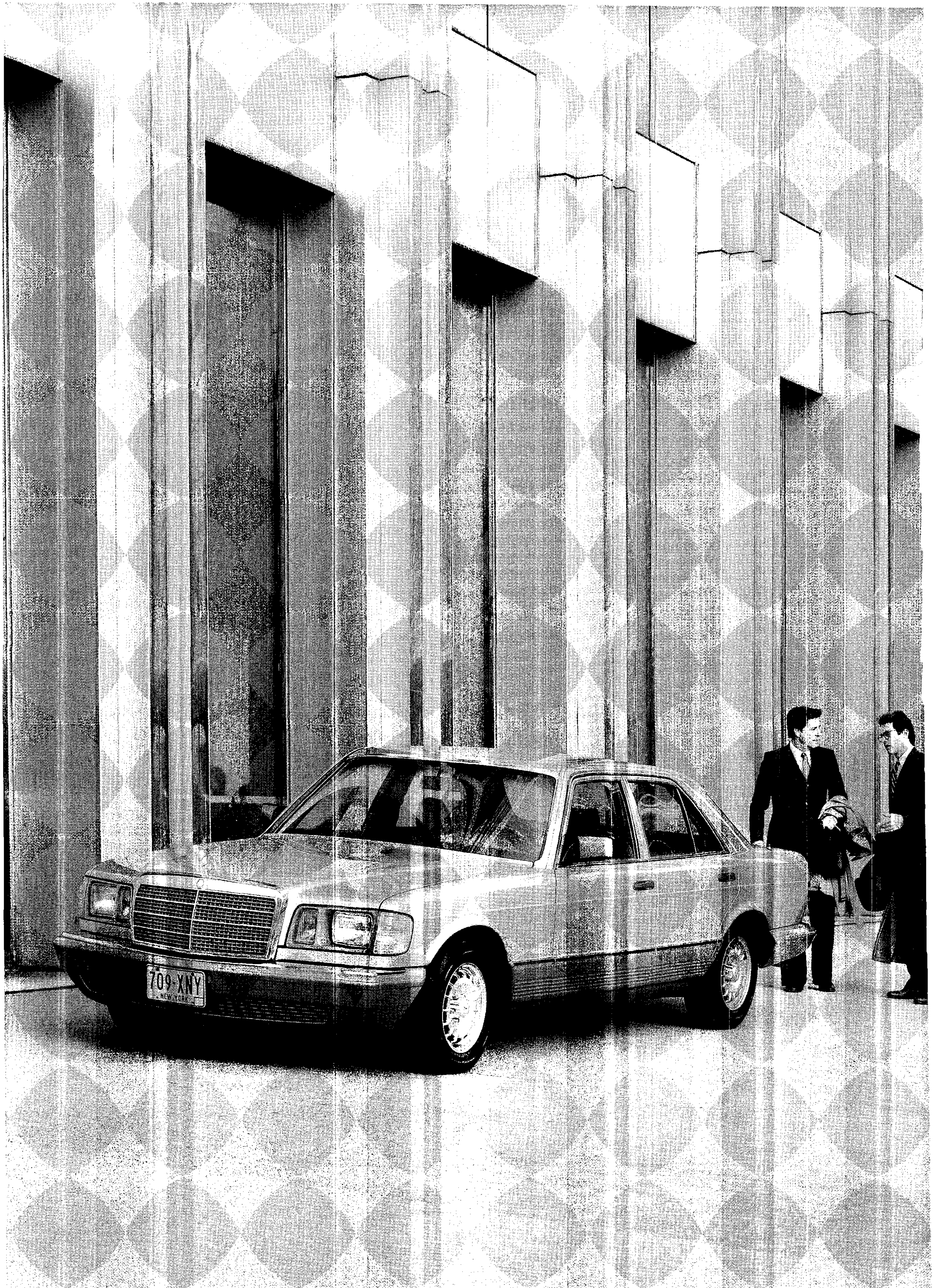
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per cent, a figure that Congress was already considering, and that ultimately increased for that year.)

Congress's restiveness about the size of the Reagan defense buildup was apparent by last year. After extensive negotiations between the White House and Republican congressional leaders, Congress lowered the defense budget for the fiscal years 1983 through 1985. Then the President enraged his own congressional leaders by announcing that he would go along with the cut for the 1983 fiscal year but not for the future years. Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker, Republican of Tennessee, said he felt "very keenly" that the Administration should stand by the agreement, and was described by his aides as "just furious." Pete Domenici, Republican of New Mexico, who is the chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, said that the Administration's position was "unjustifiable, unreasonable," and that "it makes things very difficult up here." This was a clear signal that the President and his security advisers ignored.

In proposing to restore some of the cuts made by Congress last year, the Administration ended up with its request for a ten-per-cent increase this year; the proposed increase for the following year is eleven per cent. And so Congress, including several members of the President's own party, rebelled. They do not accept the notion that there is not great waste in the Pentagon, and many of them, including Senator Barry Goldwater, Republican of Arizona, who is a defender of the military, cite examples of useless, excessively complicated, or redundant programs. A great many Republicans feel, moreover, that cuts in programs for the poor have gone about far enough, and that the Reagan proposals for further ones should be rejected; and they are reluctant to make changes in entitlement programs—programs such as Medicare, which help the middle class—without also making some reductions in defense. They are also worried about the looming deficits (currently at about two hundred billion dollars and hovering around that for two more years, even if the Reagan program were to be adopted, and threatening to reach three hundred billion by fiscal 1988 under present arrangements) and their potential effect on interest rates and economic recovery; and they don't accept the thesis that the defense budget doesn't have anything to do with those deficits.

The mishandling of Congress this year was of impressive proportions. The President's national-security advisers apparently fail to understand the extent to which Congress, for all the rough-and-tumble, proceeds according to understandings and faith that word will be kept. Thus, it was a major blunder for the President to ask Domenici to delay the Senate Budget Committee's consideration of the defense budget for three weeks (until after the Easter recess) when it appeared that the committee would vote for an increase of only five or six per cent, and to indicate that he would compromise, and then to stand firm when Congress reconvened. (Just before the recess, the House, with the Democrats now in true control, approved a budget that cut the growth in defense to only four per cent, allocated more money for jobs programs, and called for a tax increase of thirty billion dollars.) It was to influence the committee that the President gave what became the "Star Wars" speech; the theory was that over the recess members of Congress would be importuned by their constituents to support the President. Domenici agreed to the postponement with great reluctance, and over the objections of some of his Republican colleagues. Even Charles Grassley, Republican of Iowa, who is very conservative, remarked, "I think the President is wrong." Grassley may not be considered the brightest light on Capitol Hill, but he had been a firm supporter of the President, and his reaction should have been a sign of trouble. Slade Gorton, Republican of Washington, who is a moderate, said, "Every time the President has intervened in the budget process, he has been wrong." Domenici is an earnest, industrious, and respected senator who has been trying, in the face of substantial difficulties, to work things out. For the White House to saw off the limb behind him is not wise. Grassley

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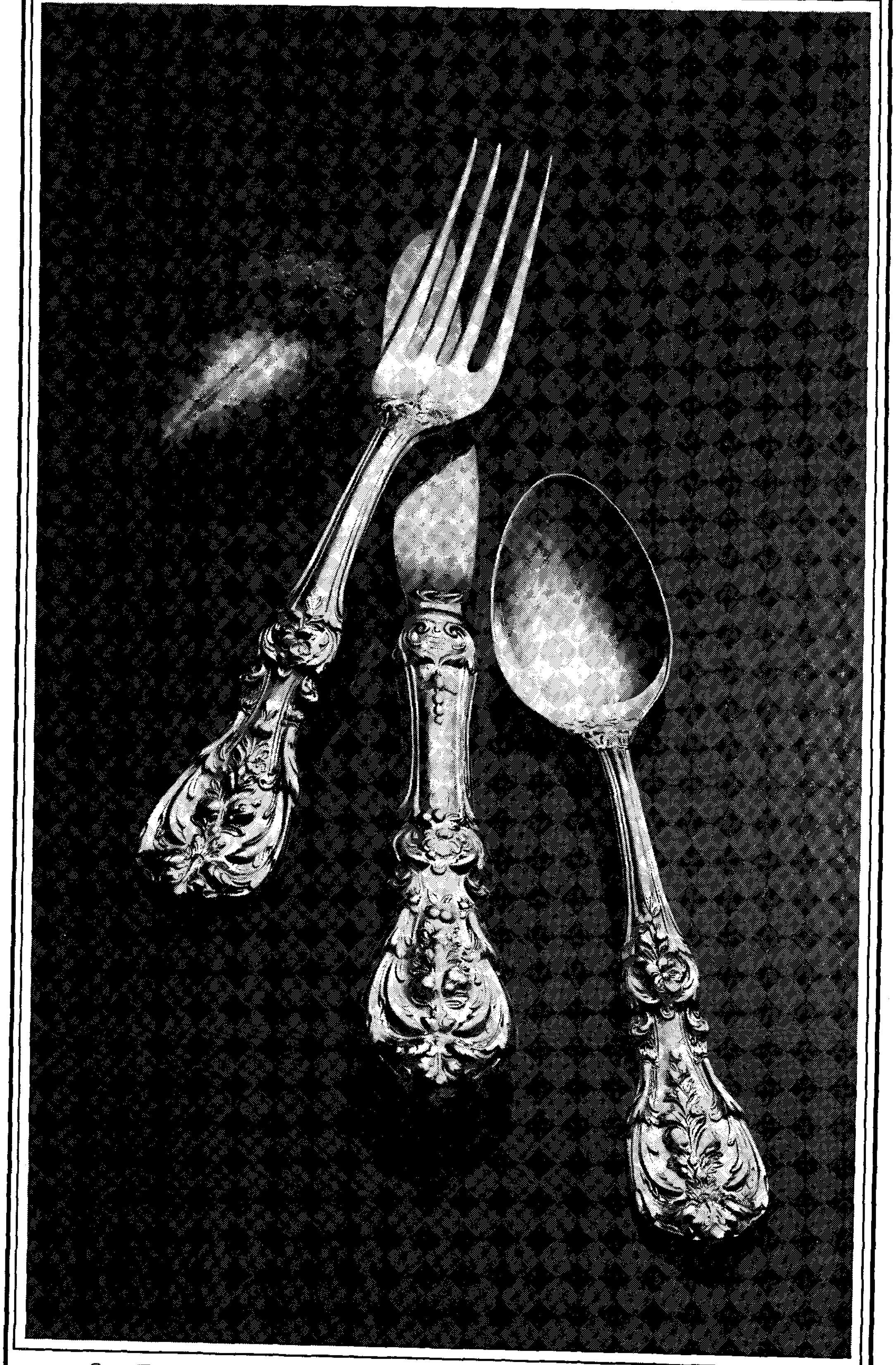

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was irritated because, among other reasons, the Pentagon would not permit a briefing of the Budget Committee by Franklin Spinney, a Pentagon cost analyst who was becoming known as a critic of the Pentagon's procurement policies and was one of several voices, including that of the superconservative Heritage Foundation, saying that the true long-run cost of the weapons buildup was being underestimated. (An increasing proportion of the defense budget is for procurement, and this makes the budget more difficult for Congress to cut: the commitment to the weapons is made, and the contracts are let, and a large number of people, including politicians representing districts and states where the contractors are, have an interest in keeping the project going.) When Grassley drove over to the Pentagon himself to see Spinney, he was prevented by Spinney's superior from doing so. Eventually, Spinney was allowed to testify before a joint meeting of the Senate Armed Services and Budget Committees.

Weinberger's response to the questions raised by Spinney and other critics—of waste in procurement practices, of the purchase of weapons systems that are needlessly, or even self-defeatingly, complicated—is that these matters had been taken care of, and that Spinney's analysis was "historical." One Republican senator said to me, "Weinberger's reply is a non-reply; it's not what responsible individuals expect from other responsible individuals." Mark Andrews, Republican of North Dakota, who sits on the Defense Subcommittee of the Senate Appropriations Committee as well as on the Budget Committee, complains, "We can't get accurate figures from the Defense Department. Maybe they need those new wings for the Air Force, but they haven't justified it, or answered our legitimate questions." When senators and their staffs do their own digging and come up with their own numbers, they are told that their numbers are wrong. One Republican on the Budget Committee says of the Administration's handling of its defense-budget request, "They didn't go through the budget and how they arrived at their program." He added, "This is not a year when you can get what the President wants." The Administration, at least in this area, also seems to fail to understand the system by which a lot of members of Congress often make up their minds on issues. Andrews says of his and his colleagues' dealings with the Administration on the defense budget, "We were saying, 'This is a lot of money to put in there on blind faith.' When those of us on the Appropriations Committee, or our staffs, can't get the information—you know how it works around here. It's 'Check with your buddy.' We go to a friend and say, 'Hey, what about these figures? Are they O.K.?' Those of us on the subcommittee can't get the information." Members feel that when they do offer specific weapons cuts they are not taken seriously. Weinberger is inclined to talk in terms of: Where would you like us to reduce our presence? In a conversation I had with him at the Pentagon on the morning that the Budget Committee was to vote, he said, "Should we give up the defense of the Caribbean? Should we give up the defense of the continental United States? Should we pull out of NATO? Should we give up Korea? Should we give up Japan? Should we give up the oil fields?"

The meeting on April 5th in the White House Cabinet Room between the President and other Administration officials and the Republicans on the Senate Budget Committee, plus Senate Majority Leader Baker, was, by several accounts, a disaster. (As a matter of fact, virtually the whole government was at the meeting, which lasted nearly two hours: the President, the Vice-President, the Secretaries of State, Defense, and the Treasury, the national-security adviser, and various other aides.) When some members of the Budget Committee, among them Grassley and Andrews, suggested that the defense request was too high, the President expressed annoyance, and Weinberger told them that they weren't informed. It has become a cliché to say that Reagan is an amiable man, but there is some evidence that this idea has been carefully cultivated. Increasingly, the impression grows that he is a man with an amiable side who understands the value of his public persona as an amiable man—that much of the time he's acting. Reagan's public charm is enormous and disarming. His persona is a powerful political weapon. But members of the House and the Senate who have had differences with him in meetings tell of another side of him. Stories emerge of a man easily moved to anger and, at times, rough language and off-color imagery. One Republican senator says, "I haven't seen that amiable side. I have felt he's a great actor—when he's standing there shaking hands he does a great stage smile." When it was suggested by some Budget Committee members that money should be saved on defense and put into domestic programs, the President said, with obvious irritation, that the press had manufactured the idea that there was waste in the Pentagon programs. He went on to talk of waste in domestic programs, and said that he knew of a case of a woman in California who had two Mercedeses and a Rolls-Royce and was receiving food stamps. (This is a variation on Reagan's often used examples of the "welfare queen" in Chicago and the man who bought orange juice with food stamps and vodka with the change.) Andrews said to me after the meeting, "I went away with the question: Who gives the President the information, and does he get the information we get, or is he getting puffery? I have the feeling that if he spent more of his time making sure he's getting the whole story he might make better decisions." He added, "I'm a hawk. I've been a hawk all my life. But you don't have to be a damn fool to be a hawk. That's what a lot of us are saying."

According to White House aides, the President, having finally become persuaded, on the day the Budget Committee voted, that defeat was at hand, was willing to compromise on an increase of seven and a half per cent if Weinberger would agree. The aides say that Weinberger was told this before noon but gave no response until late that afternoon, when he said that he might settle for seven and nine-tenths per cent. So a few minutes before the vote the President called Domenici, asked him to delay the vote for a day, and offered to settle for an increase of seven and nine-tenths per cent. But Domenici, by then thoroughly irritated, and knowing he could not muster the votes for that, replied that the offer was too little and too late. Moreover, he felt that the proposal was too vague—a hastily offered number with no explanation. I

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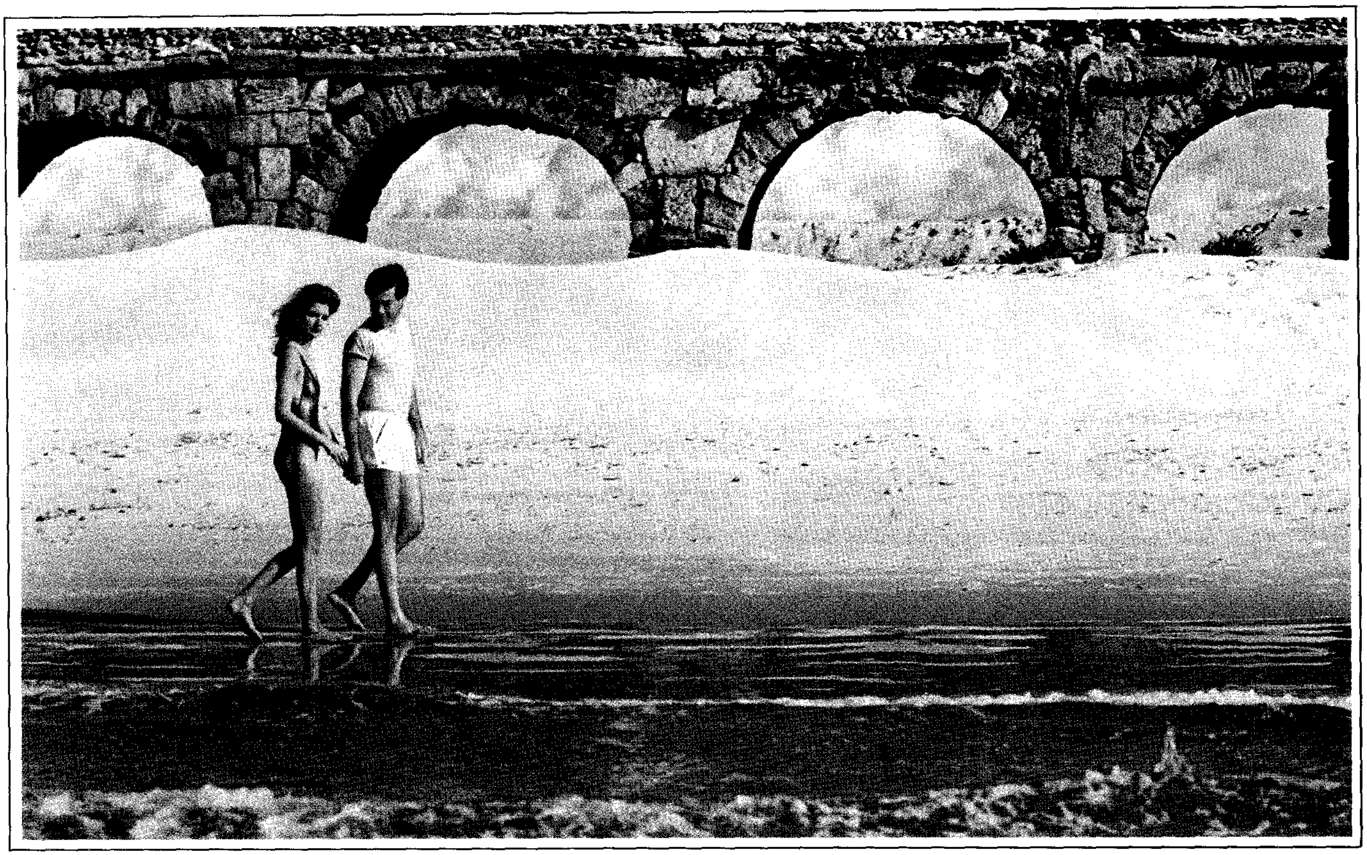

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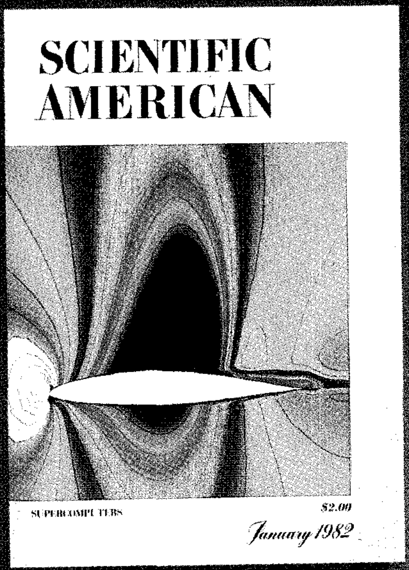
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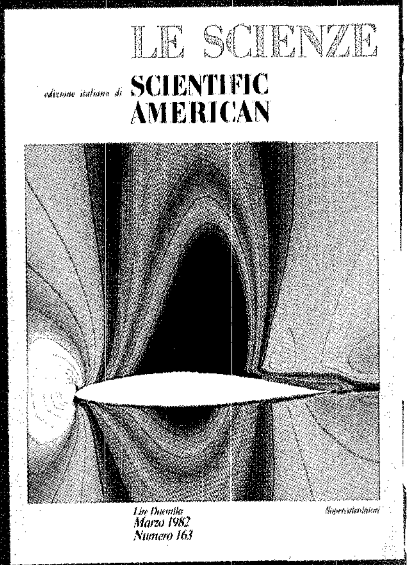
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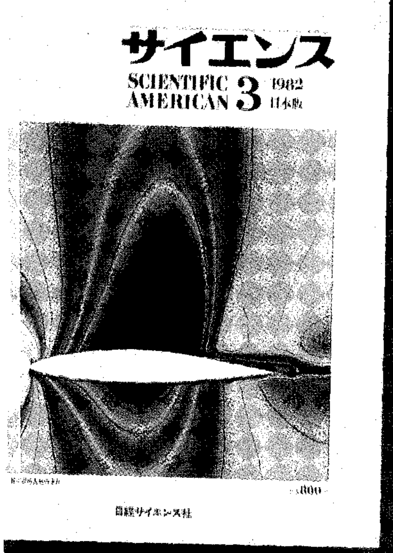
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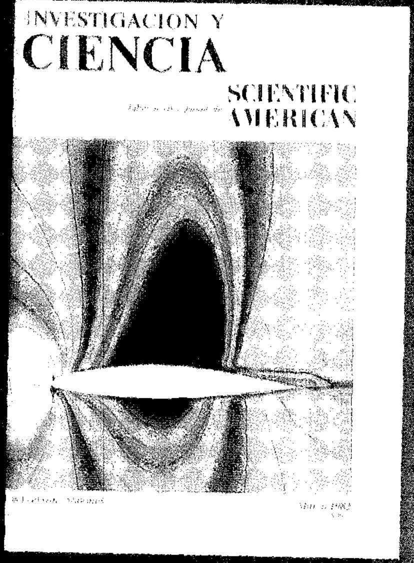
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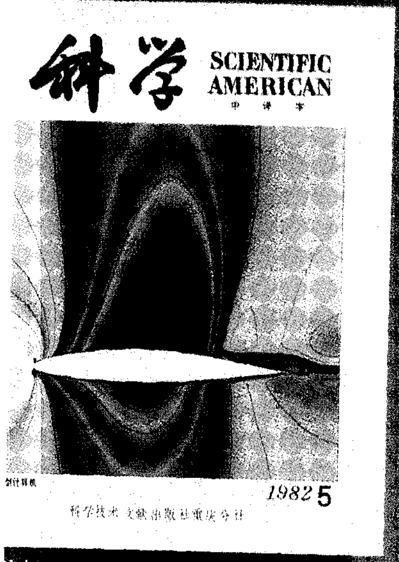
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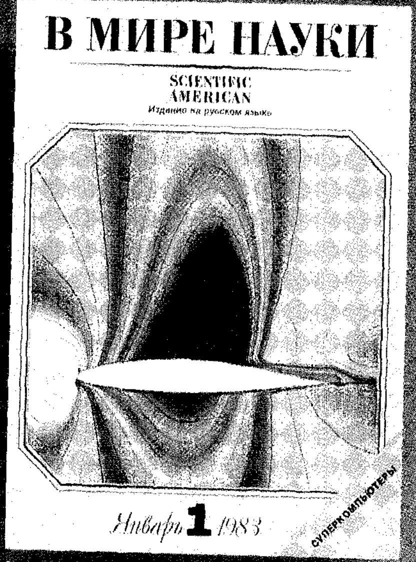
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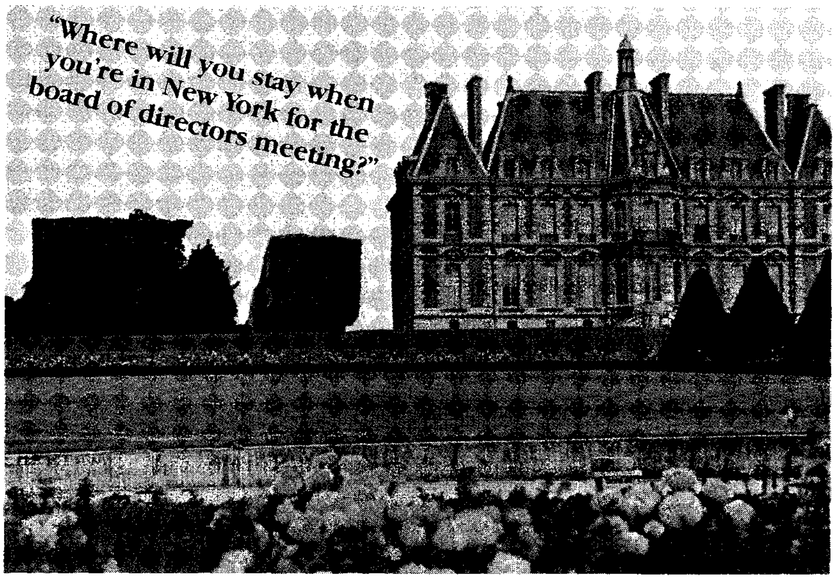
asked one Presidential assistant what had finally persuaded the President to give at all. He replied, "Five per cent." (Weinberger later suggested that the President simply ignore the budget process altogether, but an alarmed David Stockman, director of the Office of Management and Budget, succeeded in heading that off by arguing—in a document prepared for the Cabinet and quickly leaked to the newspapers—that this would produce deficits of two hundred billion dollars "as far as the eye can see.") The President's loss of influence on Capitol Hill was further demonstrated when he was unable to get a majority on the Budget Committee for his proposed "contingency" tax, to begin in fiscal 1986. Democrats, as well as some Republicans, wanted to vote to raise taxes more, and sooner, and some conservative Republicans didn't want to vote to raise them at all. (More than a little political positioning was involved here.) In order to get any budget resolution out of the committee, Domenici and some other Republicans voted with the Democrats to raise taxes by thirty billion dollars. The Administration was then faced with the perplexing problem of how to recoup on the Senate floor. Officials reasoned that Congress was unlikely to be persuaded to cut domestic programs any further (the Budget Committee had increased the Administration's figure for domestic spending by eleven billion dollars), while moves to increase the amount for defense or reduce the tax increase would raise the proposed deficit. Thus, the President was caught in the arithmetical fallacy that his program had contained from the outset.

HOW did the Administration miscalculate so badly? The legislative-strategy group, headed by James Baker, the White House Chief of Staff, is not given much of a say regarding the military budget, as opposed to other areas. One White House aide told me shortly before the committee voted, "The national-security operation under Bill Clark is a much more autonomous unit than any other around here, and, essentially, if Clark and Weinberger are determined not to move us off ten per cent I don't see how we move off ten per cent." He continued, "With any other department, I could refer to notes and tell you exactly how we got to the budget number we arrived at. Defense was handled on a different track in this budget cycle." On the day before the



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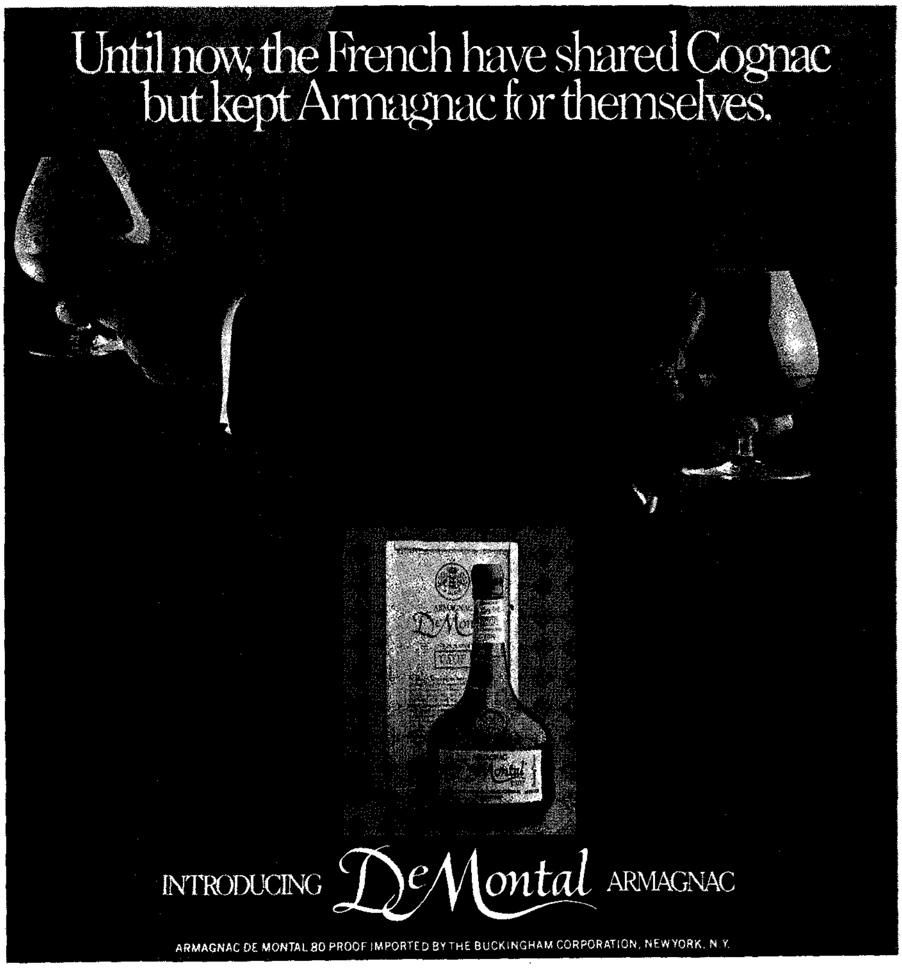

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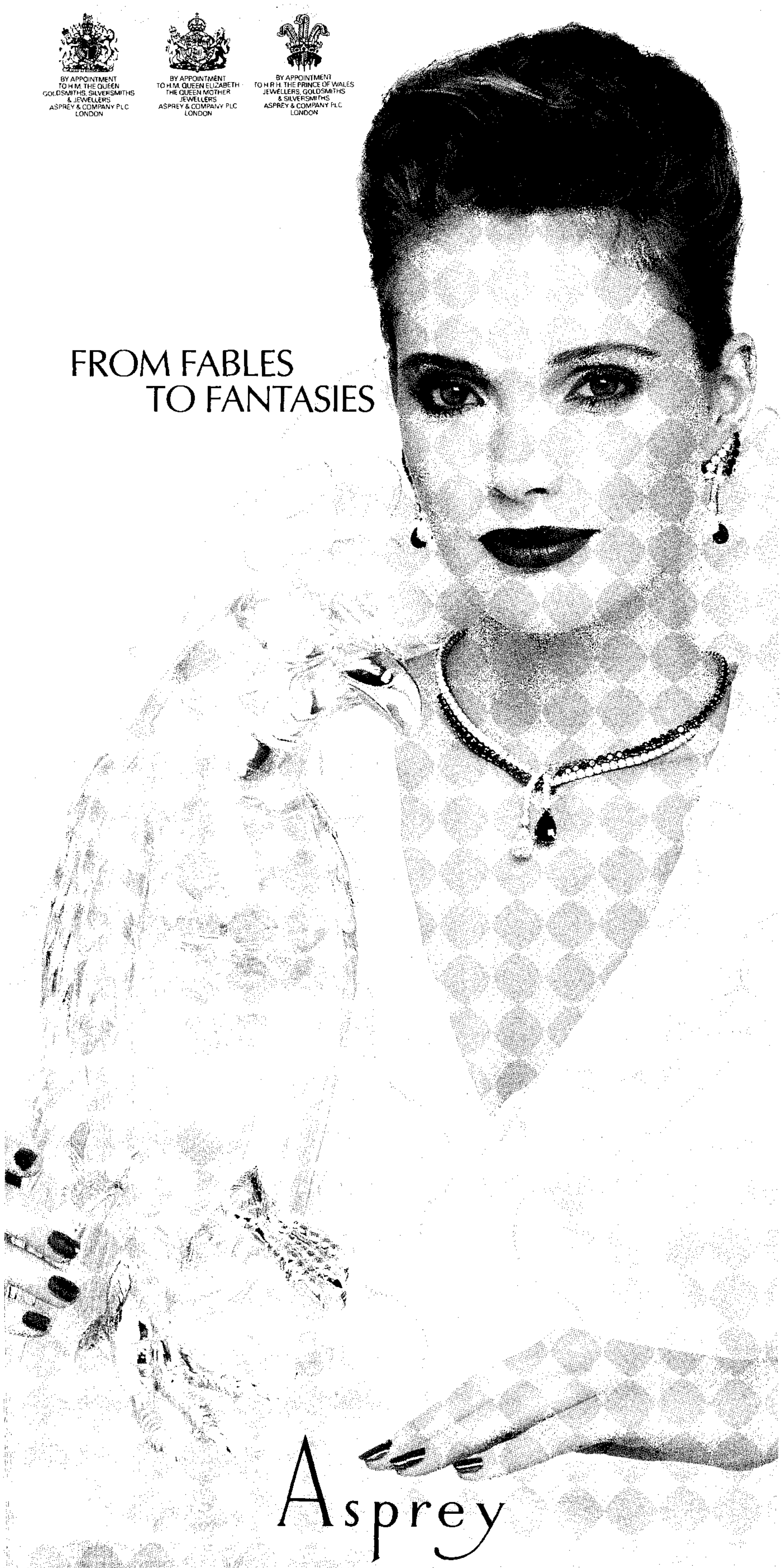
Senate Budget Committee voted, a number of White House aides were in a grim mood. "We are about to walk into a brick wall," one said to me. Another said, "The nuances of good faith aren't understood around here." One said that there was a morbid joke going around the White House to the effect that "if our intelligence about the adversary—the Senate Republican caucus—is as bad vis-à-vis the Soviets and the Chinese, we've got a big problem."

Except that it may be no joke. A number of serious people here—people who can be characterized as hard-liners and have experience in dealing with the Soviet Union—have grown increasingly worried about the Administration's approach to the Soviets. One man at a high level in the Administration said, "The rhetoric is too hot." He added that he believed the Administration should have tried to deal with Yuri Andropov soon after he succeeded Leonid Brezhnev as General Secretary of the Communist Party, in November of last year. William Hyland, a specialist on Soviet affairs who served on the National Security Council staff and in the State Department during the Nixon and Ford Administrations, says, "At bottom, I don't think Reagan has a Soviet policy. The reason there is so much confusion is that there is no policy." While these people have no illusions that Andropov is of a charitable bent, they ask what conclusions the Soviet Union is to draw from a speech like the one the President gave in Orlando, or his declaration that the United States should go all out to build a defensive system. Hyland says, "Those speeches help persuade the Soviets that Reagan's basic views are still there. When they have to make a close-call decision on arms control, they have to ask, 'Does he mean it?' And then they'll remember the Orlando speech." There are varying degrees of optimism—but in general, at this point, there is not a great deal of it—about whether the Administration will reach an arms-control agreement on either intermediate-range or strategic nuclear missiles. Some people are raising questions not only about whether the Administration has any intention of reaching an agreement—or, more precisely, can overcome those within it who do not want one—but also about whether it has the wit to do so. The idea that the Administration is taking non-negotiable positions has gained strength, and not just among those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who could be expected to be critical. Although Richard Pipes, the former top Soviet expert on the National Security Council staff, and an extreme hard-liner—he said in one interview that because of their economic problems the Russians would eventually have to face the choice of reforming their Communist system or going to war, and in another that there was a forty-per-cent chance of nuclear war—has returned to Harvard, he has left disciples behind on the N.S.C. staff.

Clark is not adjudged by anyone in the foreign-policy field I can find, or by others who deal with him at somewhat close range—except, presumably, the President—to have much grasp of foreign policy. Clark, a California rancher who had served Reagan when he was governor of California and whom Reagan had named to the California Supreme Court (though he never completed his undergraduate studies and dropped out of law school—he later attended law school at night and passed the bar exam), was brought in by Reagan in 1981 to serve as Deputy Secretary of State in order to try to keep the peace between Alexander Haig and the White House. When he was put in charge of the National Security Council, early in 1982, after Richard Allen had to resign (ostensibly over a matter of accepting watches and perhaps a check from some Japanese, but also because of the continuing feuding between State and the White House), the appointment was widely hailed. Clark's ignorance of foreign policy, which was apparent in his confirmation hearings, was forgiven for quite a while in favor of his calm presence and on the assumption that he'd learn. Clark is tall, quiet, genial, and composed. He has a youthful and benign appearance—ruddy cheeks, large brown eyes, and thick dark hair—and he speaks softly and works hard. A soothing style goes a long way in Washington—for a while, at least. A quiet demeanor is frequently—and sometimes mistakenly—taken for wisdom. And Clark managed to convey an impression that he was not particularly interested in power. Slowly, quietly, he established himself as a formidable force within the White House. But people who have known him for some time do not describe him as a man of any great depth. For some time, a few of his colleagues have been complaining privately about his lack of knowledge of his field, which is combined with his apparent confidence in

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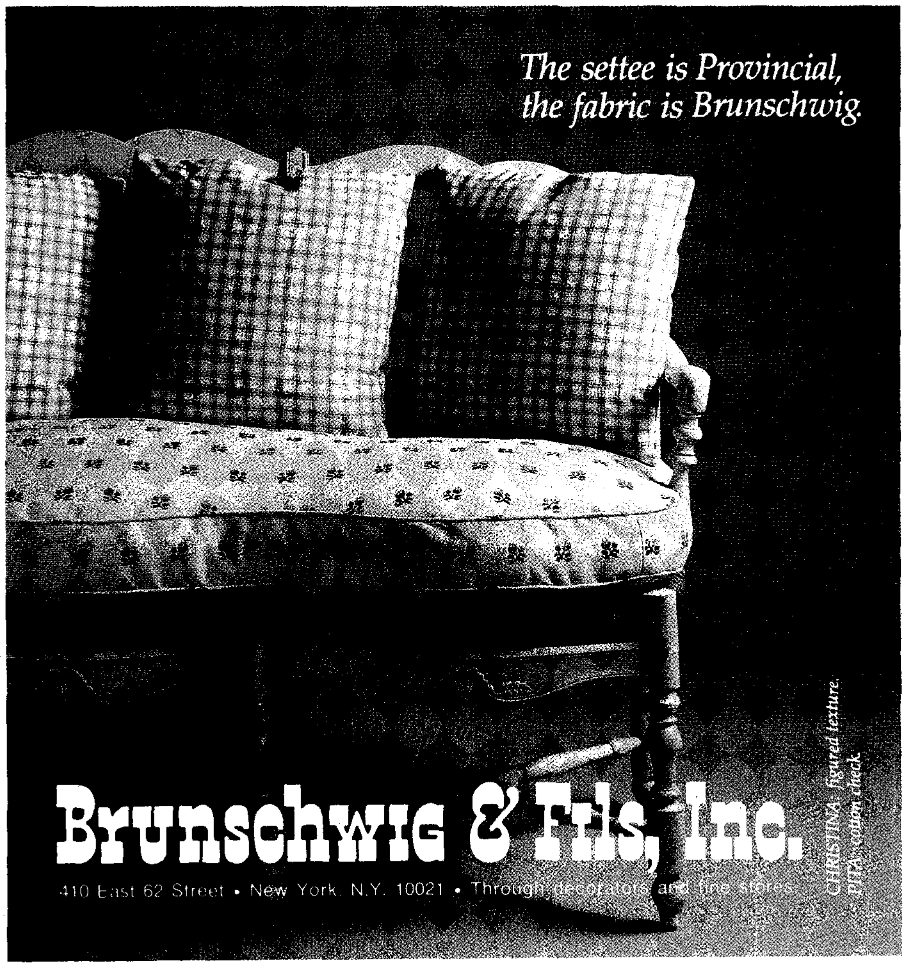

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his management skills. Sometimes, I have been told, he will make a decision for the sake of reaching a decision, without having any particular substantive basis for making it. Finally, after the "Star Wars" speech and the debacle on Capitol Hill, the frustration of other Presidential advisers began to spill over in public. And thus the Reagan White House went through yet another round of internal warfare, on which it appears to spend an inordinate amount of time, even as Administrations go. Despite the smiling façade presented to the public, the "triumvirate" of top aides—James Baker; Michael Deaver, the Deputy Chief of Staff; and Edwin Meese, the counsellor to the President—had never worked very well. Among other things, authority was too dispersed, and getting decisions made was too difficult, and much time and energy went into these people's, and their staffs', struggles with each other. The addition of Clark, who is very close to Reagan, only made things worse. One Presidential adviser says, "The only thing more unstable than a three-party system is a four-party system." But one senses from talking with people at the White House that the others fear Clark because of his relationship with Reagan and because of their concern that if it came to a showdown Clark would prevail. Thus, though Baker and Meese are said to have had misgivings about the "Star Wars" section of the President's speech, they didn't object strenuously. And thus, when the tensions did spill over, some White House aides anxiously tried to smooth things out. One White House aide said to me, smiling nervously, "We're all hiding under our desks around here—from each other." And he went on to talk—in a manner that suggested he was trying to convince himself—of how this would all blow over, and the team would be put back together. But others were still blaming Clark for encouraging Reagan in his various sallies against the Soviet Union, and for the White House's apparent political tone deafness. Both Weinberger and Clark were blamed for the fiasco on Capitol Hill. On the night the President gave his "Star Wars" speech, a group of scientists and Presidential advisers were gathered in the White House to watch the speech on television. Afterward, Clark said to the assembled group, "This thing is going to turn the country around, because the people know what's right." A couple of weeks later, when it was

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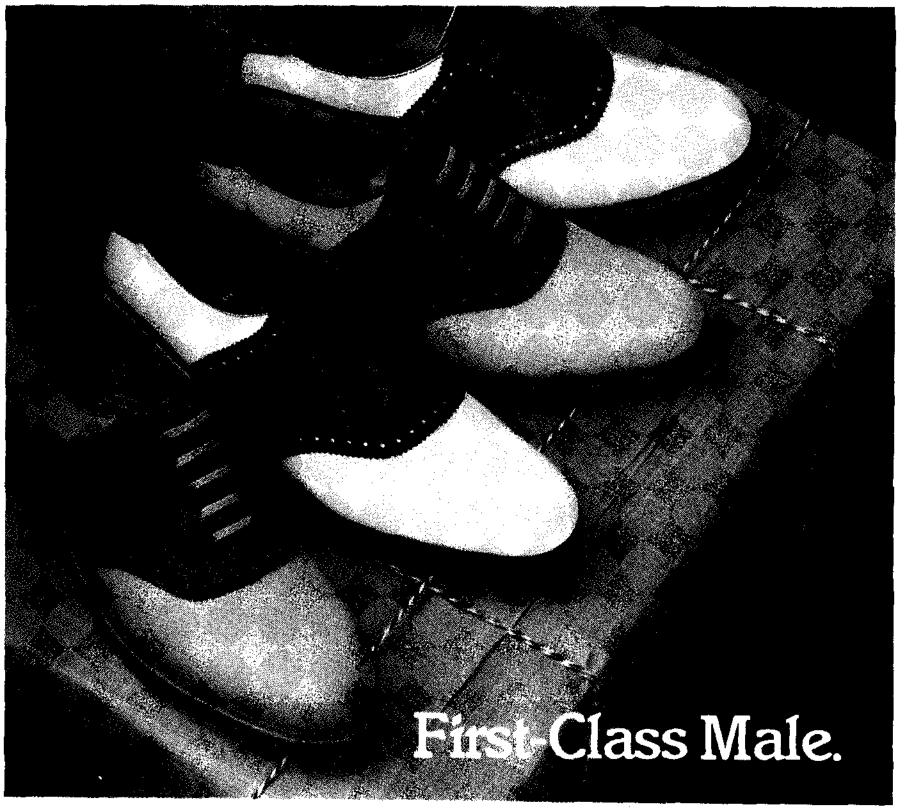

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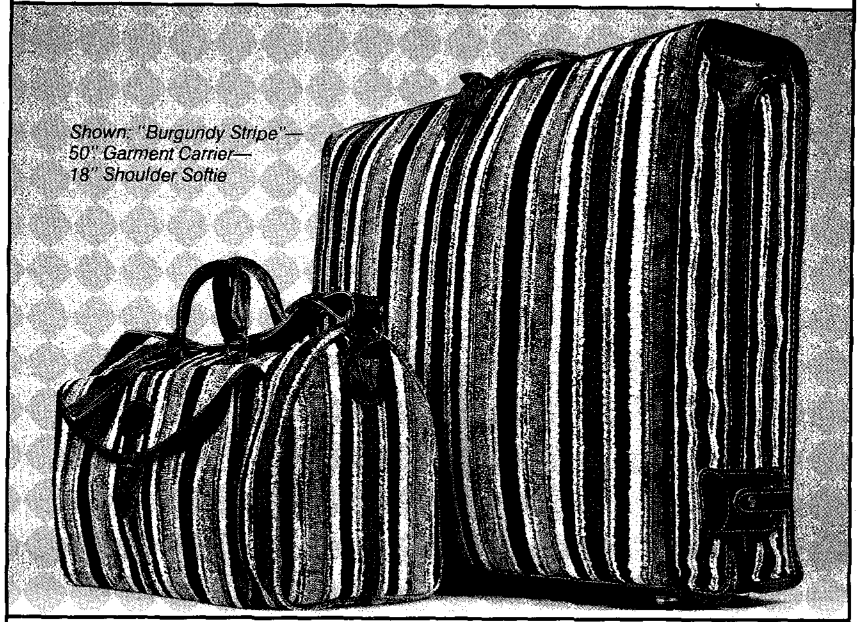

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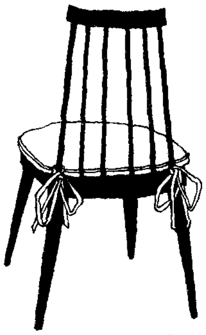
clear that the speech had not helped the President with Congress, a Presidential adviser said to me of Clark, "The funny thing is, he thinks that's what happened. I could understand the enthusiasm at the moment, but there's no basis for that now."

Perhaps the most significant thing about the renewed warfare within the Administration—it never really ceases, it just flares into view from time to time—and the recent foreign-policy developments is what they say about the President and about his Administration. Such disputes would not go on under a strong, interested President; this is one price of Reagan's passivity. Another is that there are now serious questions about the Administration's competence in handling foreign policy.

Between Clark and George Shultz, the Secretary of State, on the conduct of foreign policy Clark appears to have got the upper hand. For one thing, he has the advantage of propinquity. (George Ball once remarked, "Nothing propinques like propinquity.") Clark is also peculiarly sheltered from public scrutiny of his views or his knowledge. He shuns on-the-record interviews and, as head of the National Security Council, does not appear before Congress. But the picture of him and Reagan discussing foreign policy and national-security matters is not an entirely reassuring one.

It was perhaps inevitable that Shultz, too, having been the vessel of so many hopes, began to fall out of fashion, with questions increasingly being raised about what, exactly, he had been doing. When Shultz took the job, some of his friends wondered whether a man of his stability and instincts—he is a conservative but no ideologue—could survive in his new context. The answer seemed to be that he could survive by establishing his authority within the Administration—something he is now criticized for having failed to do but, given the constellation he is a part of, perhaps he was unable, even if willing, to do. He has been travelling the world (the Far East, Mexico, and now, despite his own misgivings, the Middle East, to try to rescue the President's Mideast plan), but he has not seemed to place himself in charge of foreign policy. And his much-advertised taking command of arms-control policy still hasn't occurred. It was considered a bit embarrassing when it came to light that Shultz had had no say in the selection of Kenneth Adelman as the new head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. This was a product of Clark. (Other top White House aides also had no role in it, and the White House failed to consult key senators.) While the Administration did manage to get Adelman confirmed by the Senate, despite the negative recommendation of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—which found him too lacking in stature and experience in the field, and also, at least at first, too disdainful of the committee's good opinion—it was a costly victory.



Weinberger's behavior is the subject of much speculation here. Weinberger is a pleasant, civilized man—the sort of man, the columnist Mary McGrory once wrote, "you would like to see coming up the front walk if you had trouble in the house." He is an intelligent man and a lawyer, and has the reputation of being a problem solver, a man with a cool and rational mind. But something has happened to him since he took over his job at the Pentagon. He has become rigid and dogmatic, and gives the appearance of being a man obsessed. A White House aide says, "I've never been in a meeting with Cap where he didn't argue and fight for every little thing; he digs in like a badger." Weinberger no longer gives what appear to be thoughtful responses but, rather, automatic ones, delivered rapid-fire in a tenor monotone. He appears locked in, trapped, beleaguered. The strain shows; of all the members of the Reagan Administration, Weinberger seems to have suffered the greatest physical toll. His face is strikingly pale and lined now; he looks shrunken. He seems preoccupied, and the pleasantness and civility seem to take more effort. One explanation, offered by an Administration source not particularly friendly to Weinberger, is that he accepted at the outset what the Joint Chiefs of Staff told him, and then could not be budged by others. Another explanation, offered by several who know him, is that he feels that he has an especially acute insight into the Soviet threat, and will not be budged. Some suggest that he associates himself with the Winston Churchill of "the wilderness years" of the nineteen-thirties, when Churchill was virtually alone in warning of Britain's need to prepare militarily for the imminent danger. He seems to see himself as alone, desperately defending the nation against the disbelievers. In the conversation at the Pentagon on the day the Budget Committee voted, Weinberger said, "So all of these discussions . . . Is the President going to lose, will it be a defeat for him if it's eight per cent instead of eight and a quarter—that not only trivializes the whole thing but it seems to me to miss the central point, which is not what percentage you get or who wins or loses. From our point of view, the country loses, the world loses, if we are not able to sustain the kind of drive we need."

The Reagan Administration's deepening role in Central America is attributed to Clark, but it is a development in which several people have had a hand. At the outset, White House aides tried to hush up Haig, who was talking of drawing lines in the dust in Central America, and of "going to the source"—Cuba—even though Haig was understood to be representing the President's general attitude. They wanted the issue off the front pages, both to keep the focus on the President's economic program and to head off fears that the United States was embarking on a military adventure. At the end of 1981, a White House aide said to me of El Salvador, "It's a problem. We've got too far out on it. We have to adjust; we can't make it work." The Reagan Administration has shown an inclination toward covert action from the outset, having apparently learned little from history. History, says Hyland—specifically, the history of the adventure in Angola, in the course of which Congress terminated funds for covert activities—should have taught future policymakers that covert actions tend not to stay covert, and that public opinion, unless a good case is made, tends not to be sympathetic. Moreover, as several people have pointed out, Central America—and particularly Nicaragua, where the United States is supplying aid to people trying to overthrow the Sandinist regime—is the area in which American intervention, given the history of American intervention, is most likely to backfire. (The sophistry that the United States is only trying to "harass" the regime and "interdict" weapons going to rebels in El Salvador is not very persuasive.) These people find it incred-

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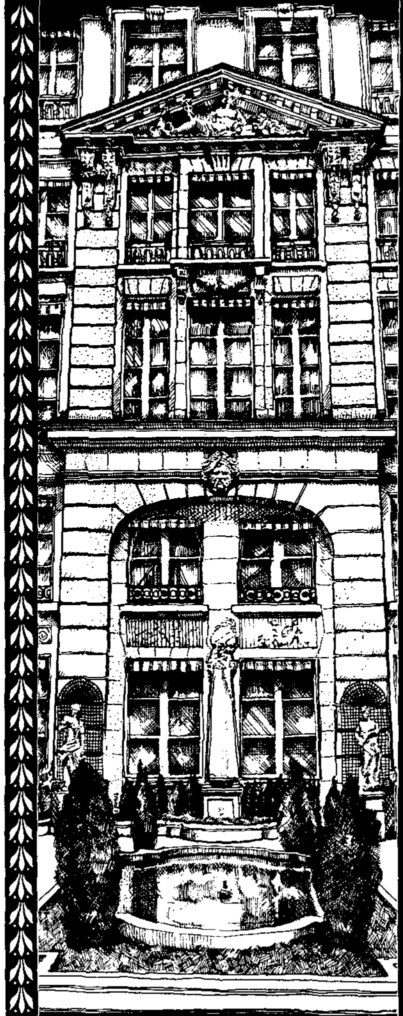

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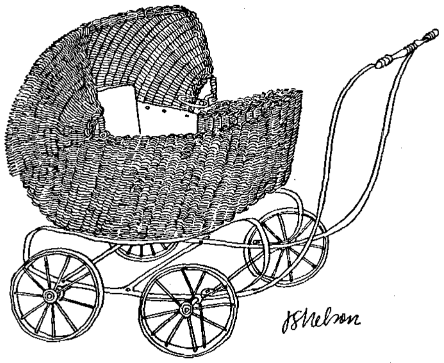
ible that the United States should be joining arms in Nicaragua with Somozists—the allies of the former dictator, Anastasio Somoza—as do many former opponents of the Somoza government who have broken with the Sandinist regime. They argue that the Reagan Administration has taken steps that have served to strengthen the grip and the militancy of the Sandinist government (named after a General Sandino, a Nicaraguan revolutionary who fought American Marines in Nicaragua in the late nineteen-twenties and early thirties). Haig is busy letting it be known that he warned against covert action at the outset. However, Weinberger opposed the kind of move that Haig wanted to make and still believes would have worked: taking some military action against Cuba. Middle-level officials in the State Department who actually have some expertise in Latin-American affairs are depressed. And at higher levels there has been internal dissension over policy. When Thomas Enders, the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, who had taken a hard line, suggested in February that there might be negotiations with the rebels in El Salvador while aid to the government continued, he was subjected to a pre-emptive strike in the newspapers by Clark and Jeane Kirkpatrick, the Ambassador to the United Nations. Mrs. Kirkpatrick went off to Central America, and her report to the President upon her return led the Administration to ask for more military aid for El Salvador. In general, the N.S.C. takes a harder line than State on how to deal with Central America. Clark is said to feel quite comfortable about his own judgments on the subject. People here who dissent from the Administration policy—including some former career officials who worked on the area under previous Administrations, as well as some Democrats—say that they share some of the Administration's fears about the area, but not its diagnosis or its proposed solution. Developments that there had long been reason to fear have been coming about —a reaction against oligarchical and repressive regimes, which others who do not wish us well were sure to take advantage of. But these dissenters have been arguing that, as Senator Christopher Dodd, Democrat of Connecticut, puts it, the Administration sees the problem too much through the prism of the Soviet Union and its clients, and too little in terms of the indigenous factors that the Russians and the Cubans are exploiting. They have been arguing for more emphasis on diplomatic solutions and negotiations and less on military solutions, and more attention to what the non-Communist governments in the area are saying—emphases to which the President paid homage in his televised address before a joint session of Congress. In fact, one senses that, despite the forcefulness with which the various arguments are put, people here are in quite a quandary about Central America, and that there is very little certainty about what will "work."

The rationale behind the President's address was not simply to help him present his case to the public and get his way with an increasingly resistant Congress but also to set Congress up in case of reverses in the region. At the time, things were seen to be going badly for the government of El Salvador. When I asked one senior White House aide, shortly before the speech, what the pluses and minuses of the exercise were, he replied that the President did run a real risk of being rebuffed on some of his requests, and there was the danger that if the speech did not strike the right tone it might add to Reagan's "warmonger"—his term—problem. (He added that he doubted whether the latter would occur, because the President wouldn't "be talking about missiles and megatonnage and throw-weight.") He said that the President would not be talking about sending troops. He continued, "the record needs to be made clear about what we think needs to be done, so that when the time comes to say who lost El Salvador, or why another Central American government went Communist, the American people will know whom to blame." He added, "It would be a shame if we lost another country to Communism on our watch." (Reagan is fond of saying that the Soviet Union has not "expanded into an extra square inch since we've been here," and the "not on our



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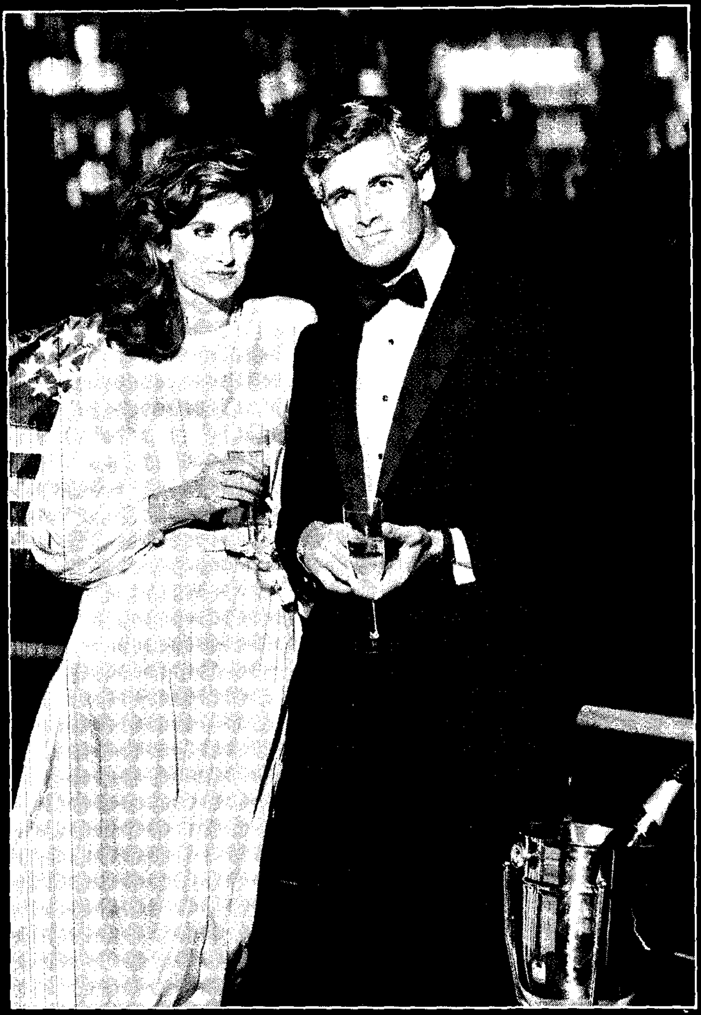

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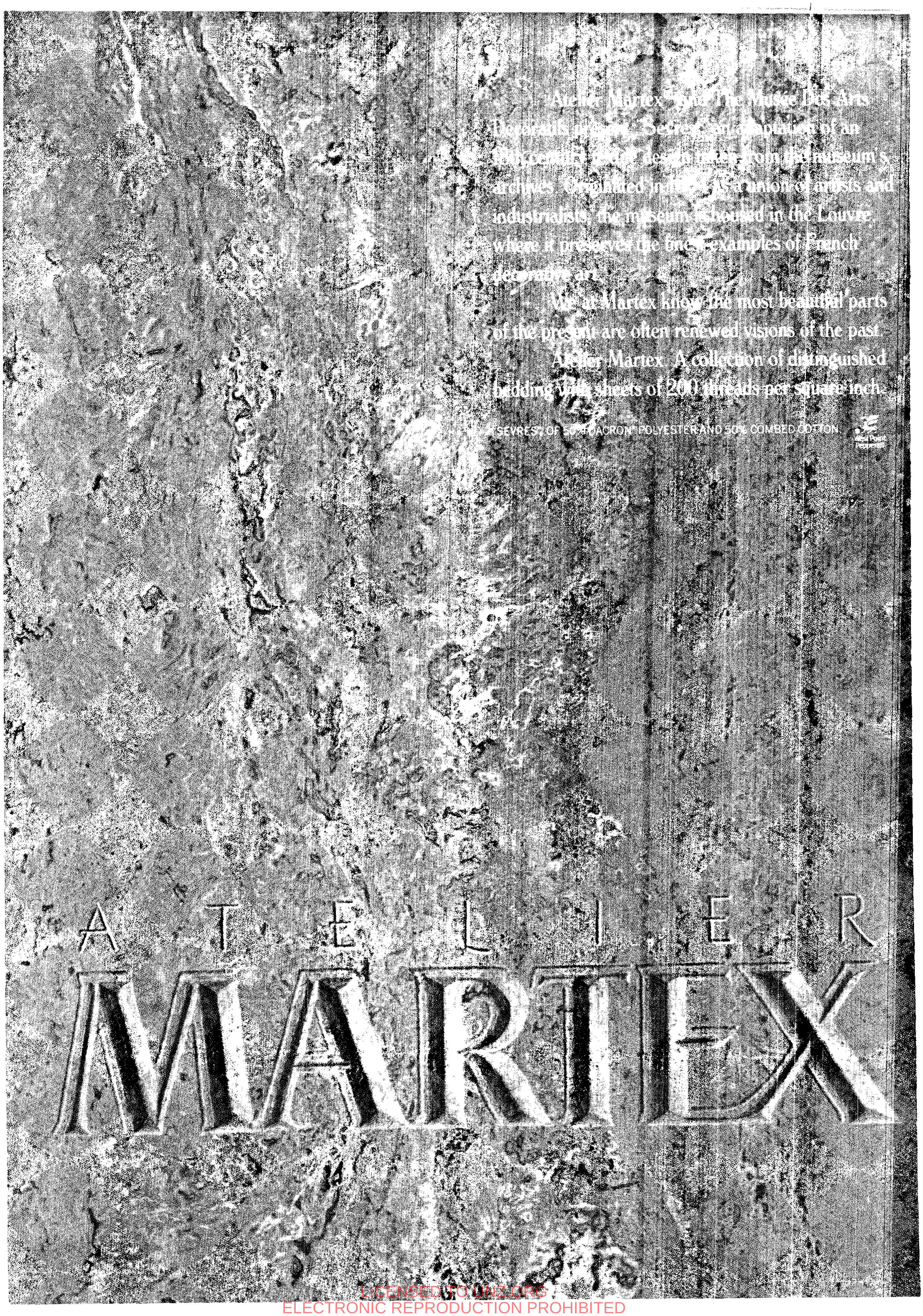

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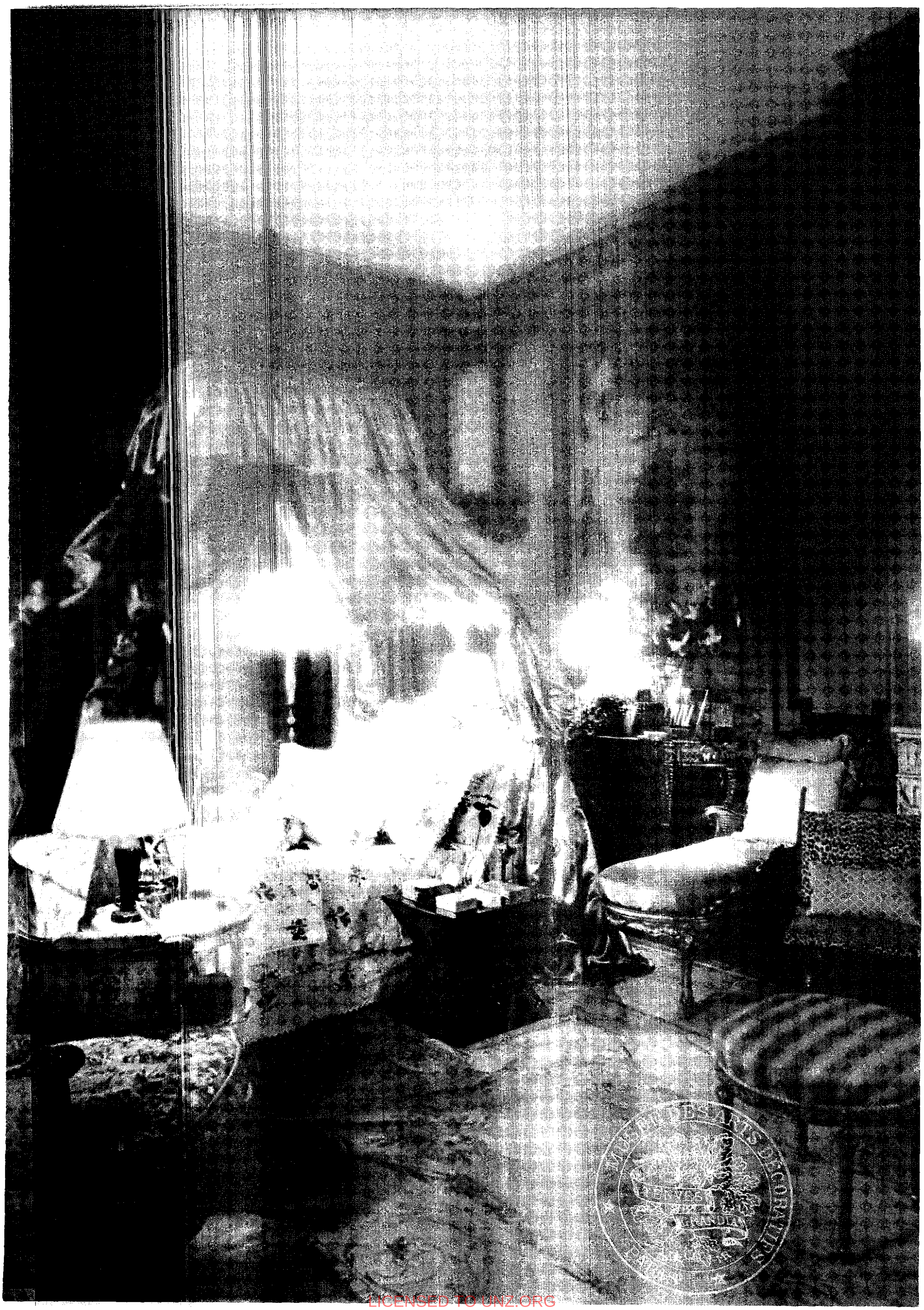

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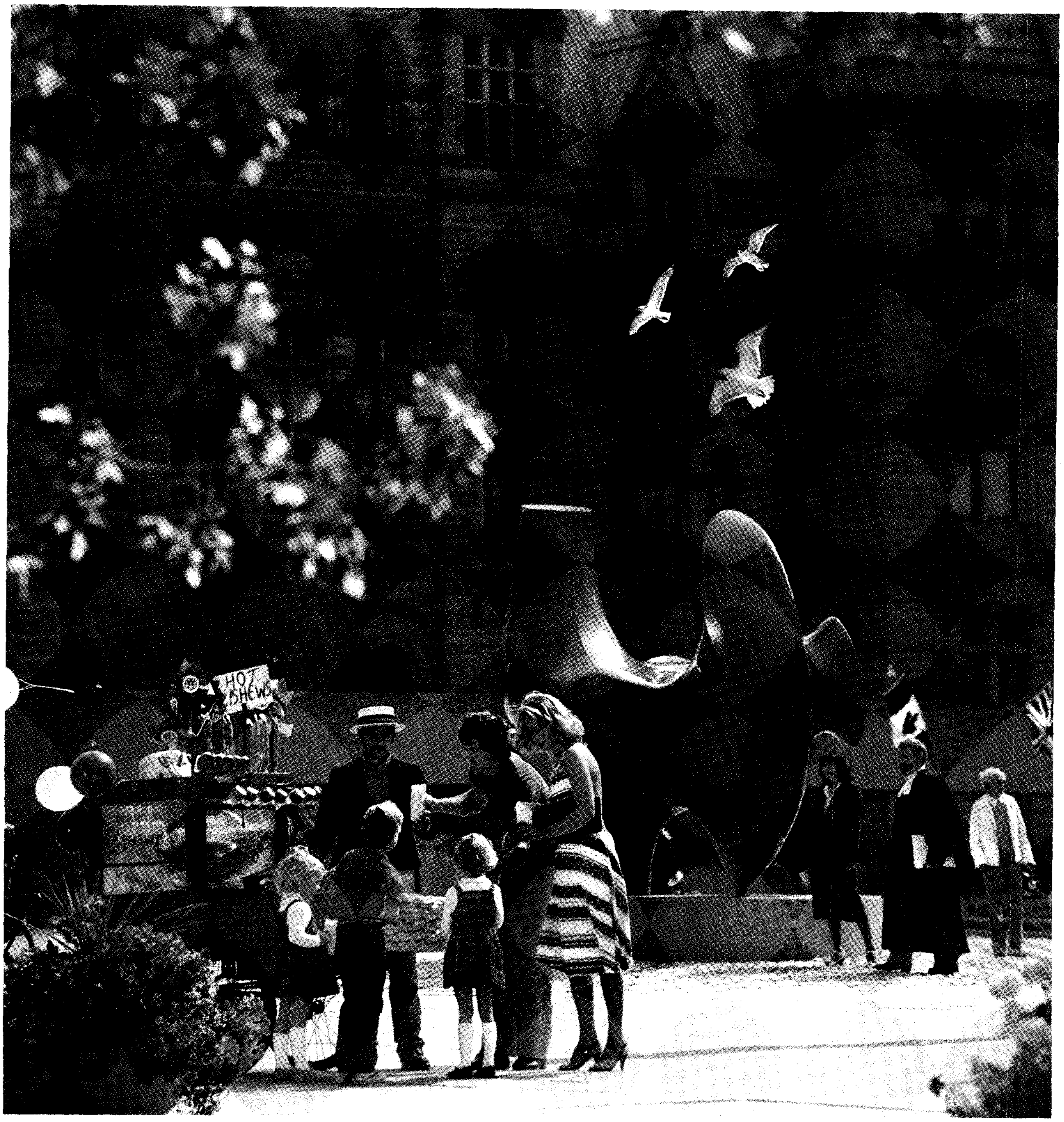

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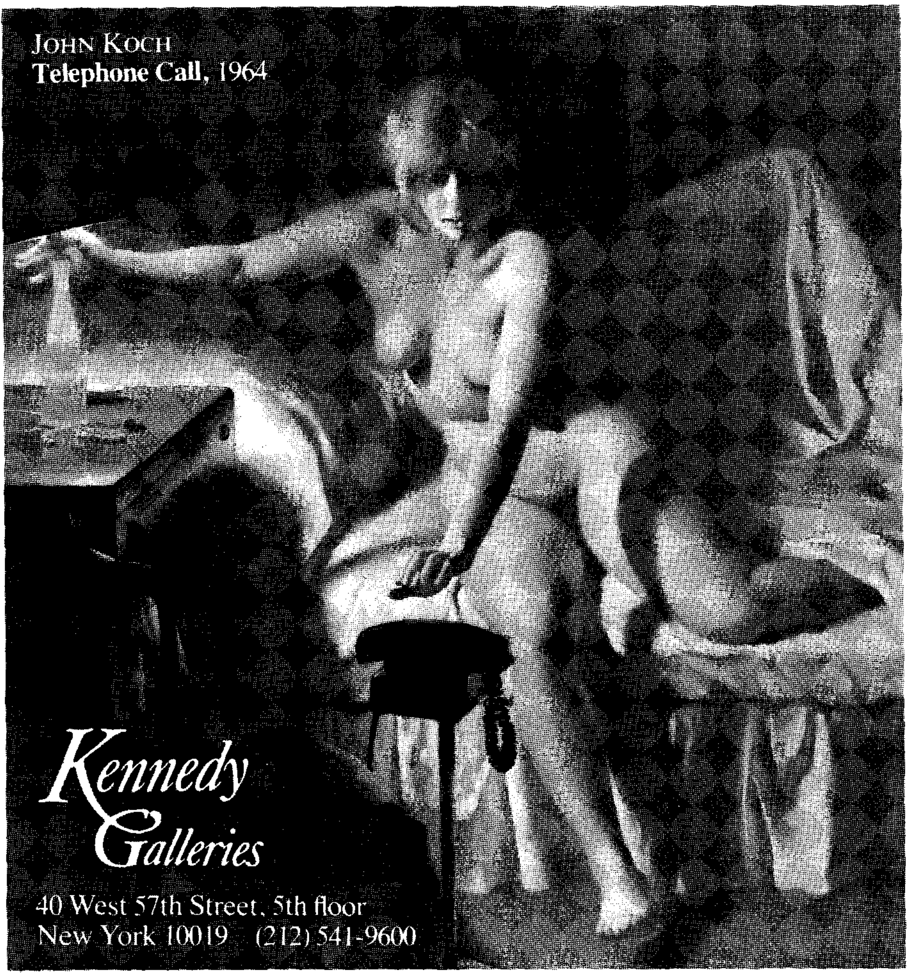
watch" syndrome is a powerful one that has affected the actions of several previous Administrations.) This aide said that people in the border states—states with a lot of electoral votes—were particularly concerned about Central America. (The Administration offers a picture of Communist governments all the way up to the border.) Democrats realized that they were being set up—that the President would define the problem his way and offer his own solution and attempt to place the blame on them if anything should go wrong. And they realize that he is good at putting the question his way.

THE report of the President's Commission on Strategic Forces, which was appointed to figure out what to do about the MX missile—a ten-warhead missile with no place to stay—was, predictably, an oddly formed beast. The strange shape of the commission's conclusions had to do with the predicament that the Administration had got itself into on the MX. Moreover, the commission itself, though bipartisan, was not the equivalent of, for example, the bipartisan commission on Social Security reforms, which represented a broad range of points of view and provided the basis for the recently enacted legislation to change the Social Security Act. The MX commission, headed by Brent Scowcroft, who had been the head of the N.S.C. under Gerald Ford, was made up largely of people who had backed the MX. The President was driven to appoint it after coming up with two proposals for basing the missile which were rejected by Congress: placing them in silos that were already deemed to be vulnerable (a plan that Reagan was embarrassingly unable to explain to the press), and placing them so close together that incoming Soviet missiles would presumably destroy one another ("Densepack"). Both schemes were considered preposterous on Capitol Hill. But Reagan had campaigned against the Carter Administration plan to put the missiles on a sort of race track, and move them from underground shelter to underground shelter, which was probably the least silly proposal, if one was to go ahead with the MX at all. Moreover, some of Reagan's staunchest allies from the Western states—in particular, Republican Senators Paul Laxalt, of Nevada, and Jake Garn, of Utah—lobbied the President against the plan. Their con-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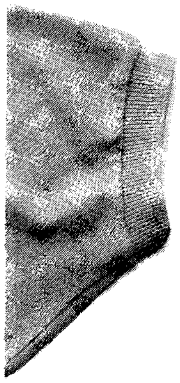

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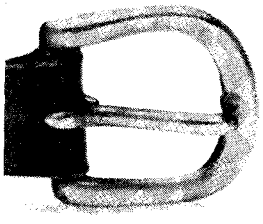

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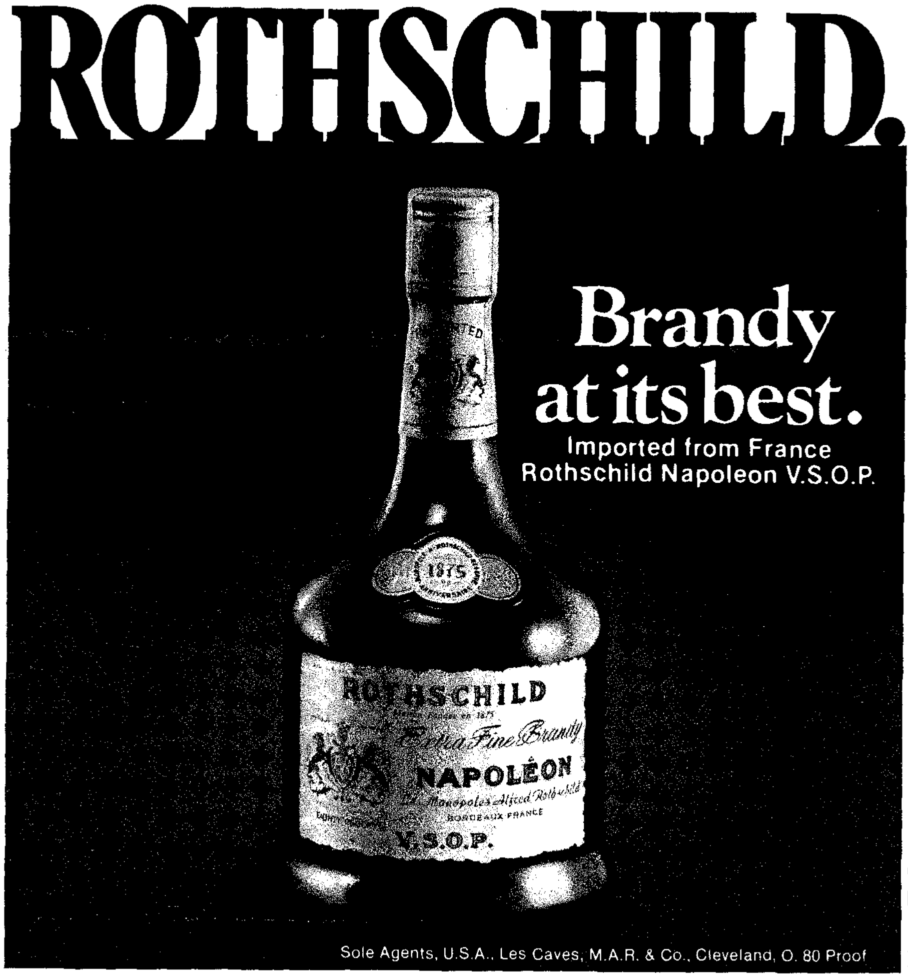
So the commission ended up recommending that the MX missiles be placed in Minuteman-missile silos—the theoretical vulnerability of which had led to the push for an MX, and the search for somewhere to put it, in the first place. At the same time, the commission debunked the so-called "window of vulnerability," of which Reagan and others had made so much in the past—the idea that the Soviet Union would be able to destroy all the United States' land-based missiles in one concerted strike. The proposition had never made much sense—it assumed perfect timing, perfect accuracy, and no American response—but it was politically useful for those (including Reagan) who wanted a new missile, or were trying to defeat the SALT II agreement, and, as often happens, the "theoretical" possibility was transmuted into a kind of actuality. The theory went that since there was a "perception" of Minuteman vulnerability—however this "perception" had come about—it had to be dealt with as if it were real. But in order to justify a proposal to place MX's in Minuteman silos the commission had to deal with the "window of vulnerability" idea. The report was a compromise, then, between those for whom the MX was absolutely necessary and those for whom the MX was acceptable as long as there were also proposals for a smaller missile and a push for arms control. The new reason for deploying the MX, according to the commission, was that the United States should not be seen to be backing down from deploying a weapon. This, the commission said, might increase Europeans' resistance to accepting United States missiles on their soil, and might deprive the United States of a "bargaining chip" in its strategic-arms-control talks. (Past "bargaining chips" have tended to become a permanent part of the American forces.) Many congressmen, including Republicans who normally support the President on defense matters, are understandably dubious about the idea of placing a ten-warhead missile in a place they had for years been told was vulnerable; and in short order they elicited from some commission members the admission that they would have gone back to the Carter plan if that had seemed politically feasible. Yet Congress is reluctant to reject a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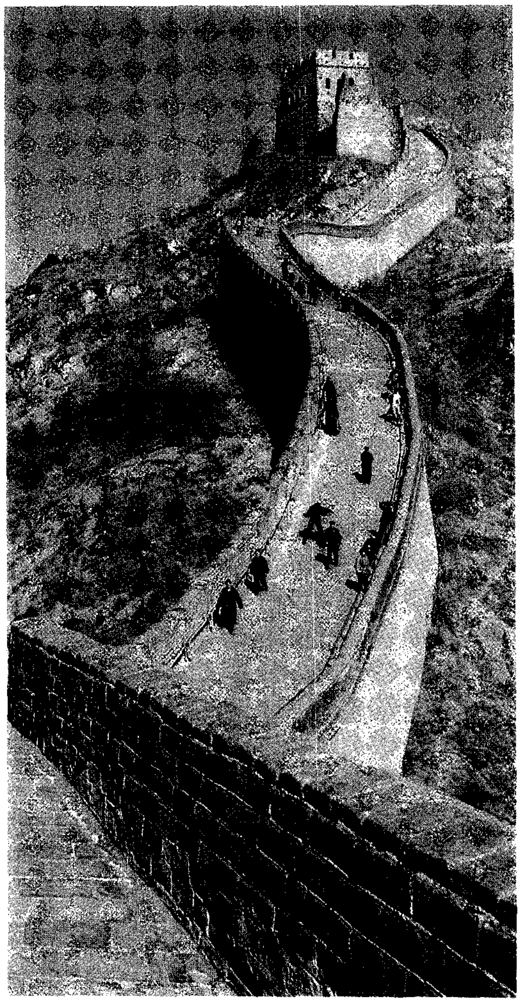

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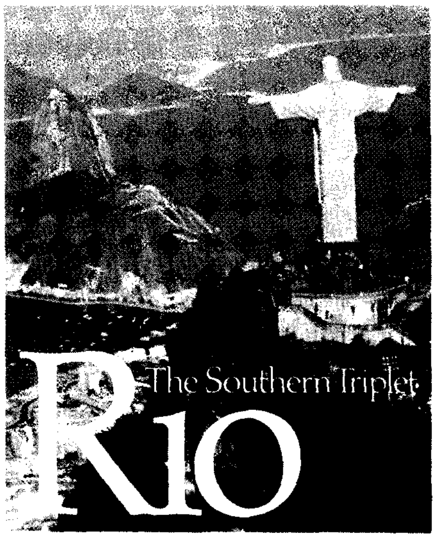

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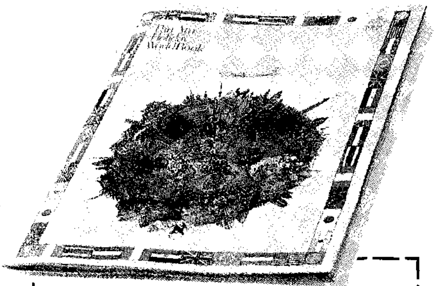

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weapons system—particularly one that has been approved by a panel of defense experts and is defended on the ground that to reject it would be to signal a lack of resolve and might make reaching an arms-control agreement more difficult. The commission's proposal that single-warhead missiles be deployed at some future time, replacing the multiple-warhead missiles, or MIRVs, will start still another round of argument over strategic doctrine. This "Midgetman" missile is now all the rage. It does have a certain appeal—if such a term can be applied to this subject—because it would be less attractive as a target and, if there were many of them, harder to destroy. The Midgetman has been blessed by arms-control liberals and by Henry Kissinger. It was Kissinger who approved the deployment, over the objections of some members of Congress, of MIRVs—in what is now recognized as one of the most destabilizing steps in the arms race—and who later got off the classic line "I wish I had thought through the implications of a MIRVed world." But the Air Force, which wants the MX, is expected by some people on Capitol Hill to slow the potential development of the Midgetman—just as it is believed to be slowing the development of the Stealth bomber so that it can obtain the B-1 bomber, which the Stealth will replace. Moreover, if both sides have a great many small missiles—assuming that the Soviet Union, whose large land-based missiles are the centerpiece of its arsenal, would go along with this strategic change—there could be a new kind of uncertainty. Each attempt to deal with an uncertainty seems to lead to another one.

SO much happened so quickly this spring that the uproar over the Environmental Protection Agency, culminating in the resignation of its administrator, Anne Gorsuch Burford, on March 9th, receded quickly into the background. But not without doing its share of damage to the Administration, which—in some quarters, at least—had all along underestimated the depth of public feeling about the environment. Mrs. Burford was really only a symptom of a deeper problem. In a way, it was an injustice to her to put her in the job. The E.P.A. has to administer one of the most complex and sensitive sets of laws of any agency in the government: laws touching on subjects that people

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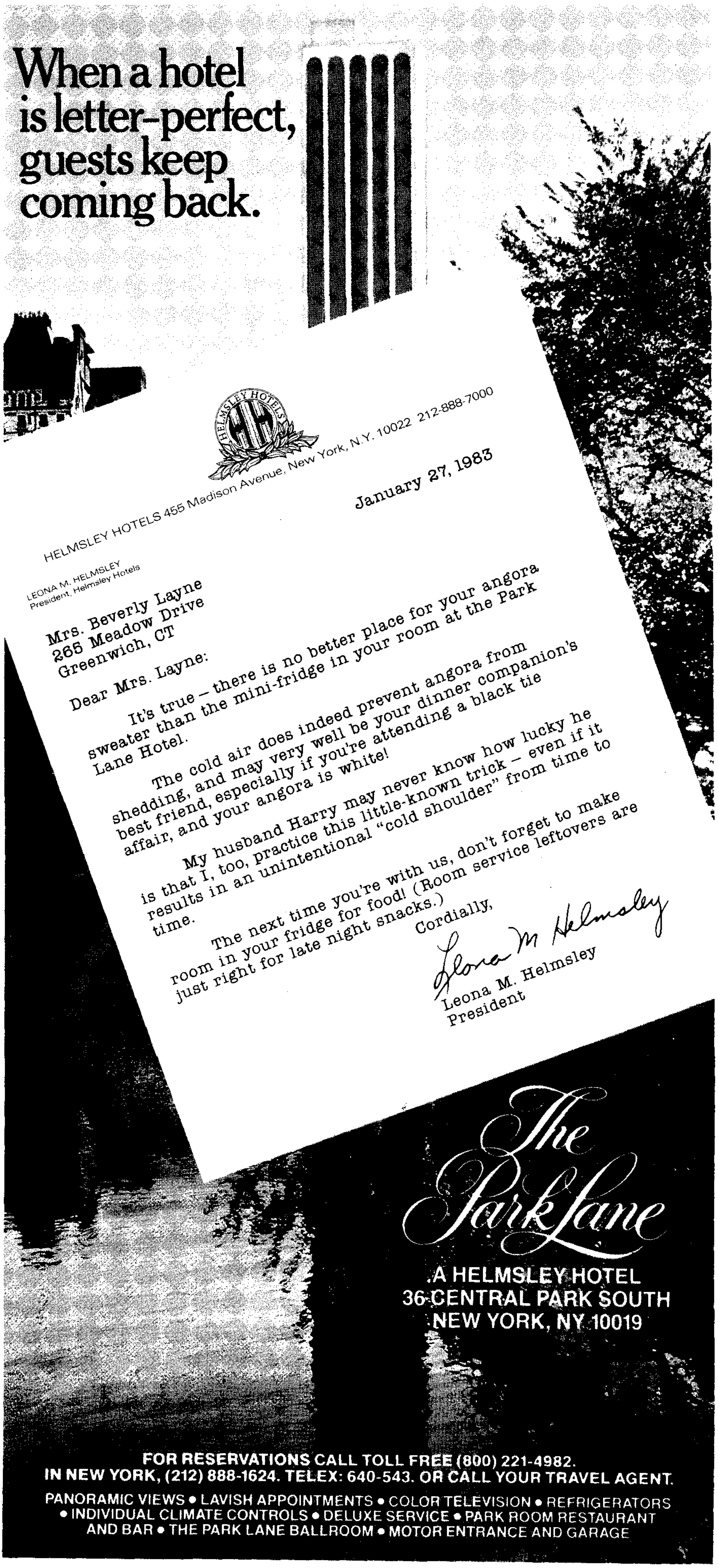
feel very strongly about—clean air, clean water, solid waste, nuclear waste, toxic-waste dumps, noise. Some of the laws the E.P.A. has to administer are poorly drafted, and almost all of them call for sophisticated, often scientifically based, and politically sensitive judgments. The agency, having been established in 1970, was relatively new and was still finding its way through this maze when the Reagan Administration put Anne Gorsuch in charge. (She later married Robert Burford, who heads the Interior Department's Bureau of Land Management.) She had been a staff attorney for the Mountain Bell Telephone Company, and, along with Burford, a member of the Colorado state legislature and part of a group so ideologically determined to overturn government regulations that it was known as "the House crazies." (Robert Burford was Speaker of the House.) In 1980, Mrs. Gorsuch helped to kill a state bill dealing with hazardous-waste dumps. Another of the "crazies" was appointed regional director of the E.P.A. in Denver. He recently resigned in the face of charges that he had reversed his staff on environmental findings and failed to pursue cleanups of toxic-waste dumps. All these people were allied with James Watt, who at that time headed the Mountain States Legal Foundation, which filed a number of suits against environmental laws—including a suit against the E.P.A. brought at the behest of the Colorado legislators. And these people were also part of a circle that was closely tied to Joseph Coors, the brewer, who backed a number of right-wing causes, including the Mountain States Legal Foundation. Coors was a major fund raiser for Reagan, and was later a member of his kitchen cabinet, helping to select the new Administration's personnel. (A former lobbyist for the Coors company against the Colorado toxic-waste-dump bill was later brought into the enforcement division of the E.P.A.) This was a group, then, that had made something of a career of railing against the federal government. So Mrs. Burford (then Gorsuch), like Watt, arrived in town blinkered by ideology, filled with hostility toward the new milieu, and combative. There was an attitude, shared in some other parts of the Administration, that laws that were not agreed with would not be enforced. Watt, at least, had served in the Interior Department before, and also on Capitol Hill, and knew a bit about his field. Mrs.



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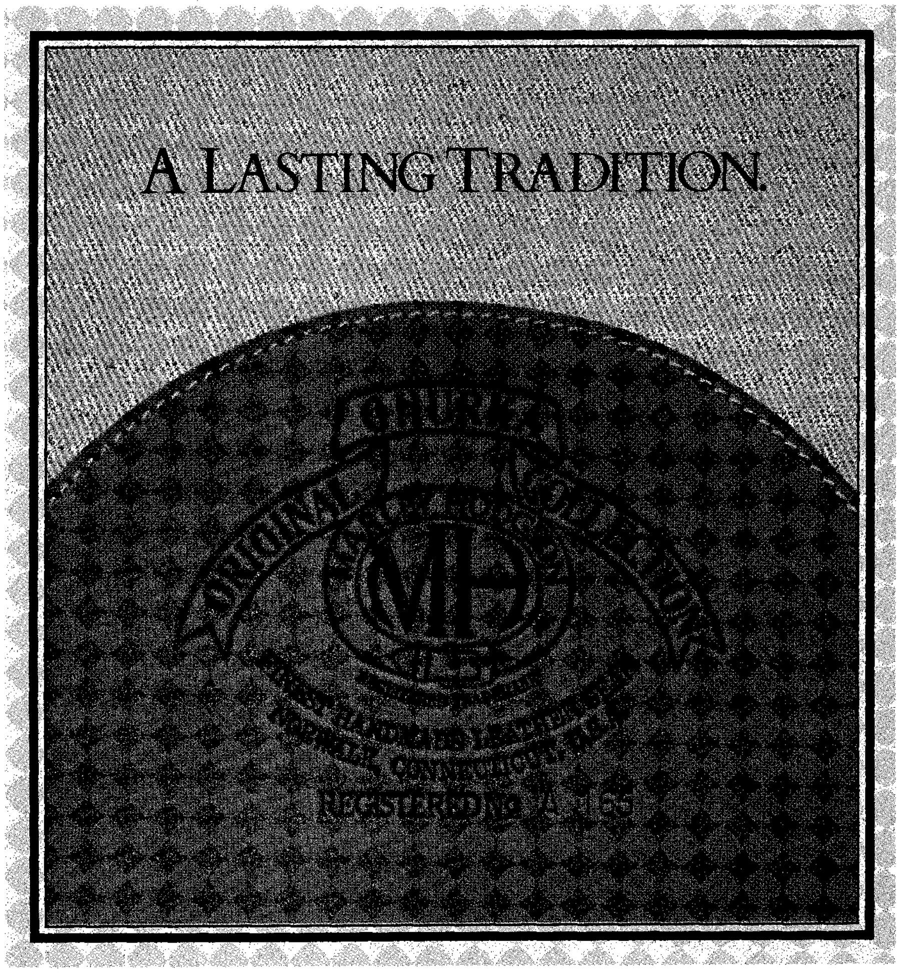

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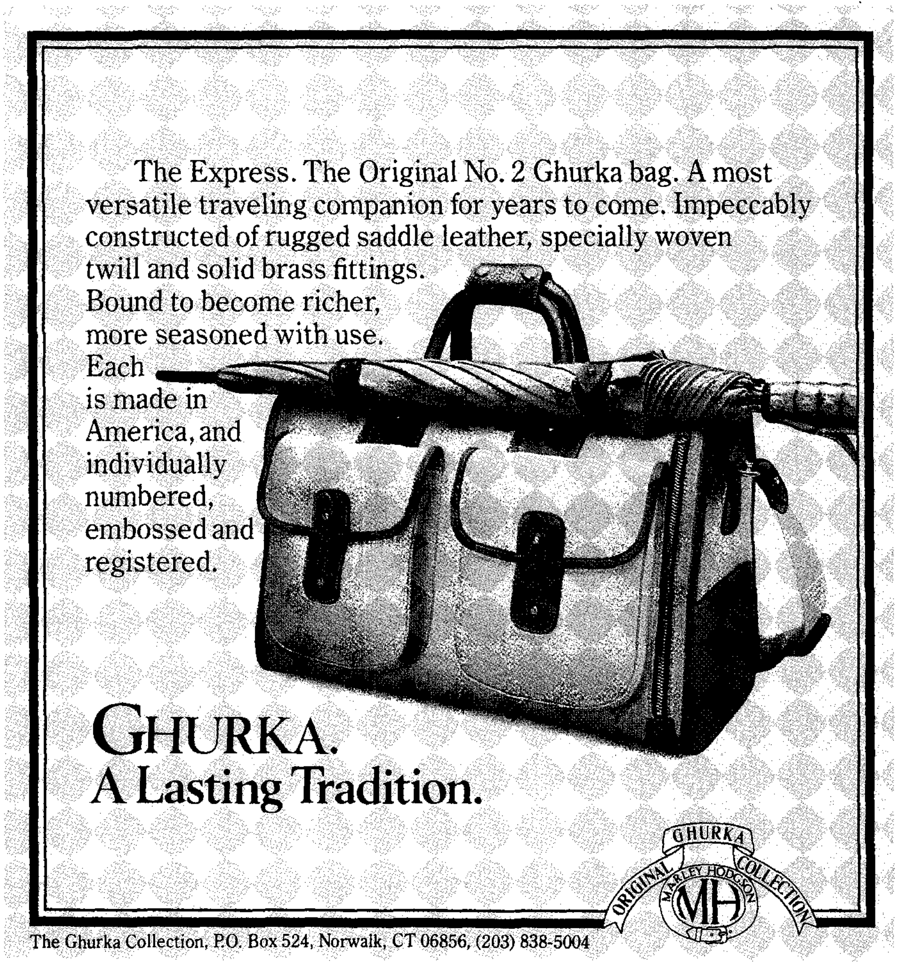
Burford was utterly unprepared for the job—in a field that was more complex, and perhaps even more controversial, than Watt's. She spurned advice from predecessors and from professional bureaucrats who would have been glad to help her. For the first several weeks she was in Washington, she quartered herself in an office in the Interior Department, down the hall from Watt's, rather than spend time among her new colleagues. She failed to establish a network of support—on Capitol Hill or in the press. "Networking" is simply one of the ingredients for functioning in Washington, and it goes on on a bipartisan basis; if one has established something of a network one has built in a bit of protection, and it is a fact that if the press likes a person that person is more likely to get a bit of a break. When Mrs. Burford got in trouble, she was virtually without allies. And her administration of the E.P.A. was characterized by lack of competence and by failure to understand the sensitivity of the subjects the agency was dealing with. It was also characterized by failure to understand the importance of even appearances of conflicts of interest. (A certain lack of understanding of ethical niceties seems to run throughout the Reagan Administration.) Reasonable people can agree that there was a need for adjustments in the way some of the E.P.A.'s laws had been written or administered in earlier years. The field is one that, by definition, must adjust according to new information, and in which there is room for various interpretations, and there must be some trial and error.

But Mrs. Burford went at her job with the apparent view that government per se is bad, and her approach was to slash away. She never gave the impression that her goal was to protect the public health and safety. The invocation of executive privilege on E.P.A. documents subpoenaed by Congress may have been ordered by the Administration—that action led her to be cited for contempt of Congress—and she did have a point in feeling that she had to deal with too many congressional committees (a problem a number of government officials face), but her collision with Congress was induced largely by the attitude she struck at the outset. The mismanagement and politicization, in which the White House participated, of the Superfund—a fund to provide for the cleanup of toxic-waste sites—represented a colossal failure to understand public reaction. It is one thing, and quite a common thing, for Administrations to allocate federal bounty—housing projects, roads, military contracts—according to political exigencies; but to fool around with the disposition of funds to clean up toxic-waste dumps, as the Reagan Administration did, is quite another. People won't fear disease and death if they don't get a new federal highway, but toxic-waste dumps—in the aftermath of Love Canal and Times Beach, Missouri—do set off public fears. (Love Canal, in upstate New York, was the site of a toxic-waste dump, and had to be evacuated; Times Beach residents were relocated after it was discovered that the community's roads had been sprayed with the poisonous dioxin.) Unlike earlier generations, we do not fear such things as typhoid fever or diphtheria; our fears have to do with the effects of chemicals, and therefore the E.P.A. is an agency whose policies touch public nerves very deeply.

The toxic-dump controversy tossed up one of those figures who temporarily absorb our attention and then disappear from sight again. Suddenly Rita Lavelle, a blond, plumpish woman who was the director of the hazardous-waste cleanup program, and whom Mrs. Burford eventually got the President to fire, became a familiar figure; we studied her calendar, filled with dates to dine at Washington's most expensive restaurants with representatives of companies accused of dumping toxic wastes. Miss Lavelle said later that she had never read the E.P.A.'s code of ethics, which forbids employees to accept meals from industry executives, because no one had ever told her there was one. There was also a question of whether she had perjured herself before congressional committees on the matter of sitting in on meetings involving the cleanup of the Stringfellow Acid Pits, in California—even the name is unnerving—which her former employer used as a dump. (A congressional committee has just voted to recommend that the House cite her for contempt for refusing to answer a subpoena to testify.) And then, just as suddenly as she had come to our attention, like Dita Beard (of I.T.T. fame), she would go away. Eventually, the President's aides decided that Mrs. Burford was an excessive liability and that the E.P.A. controversy had to be put to an end, and, through various nudges and leaks to the press, they got her to resign. The President said he believed that



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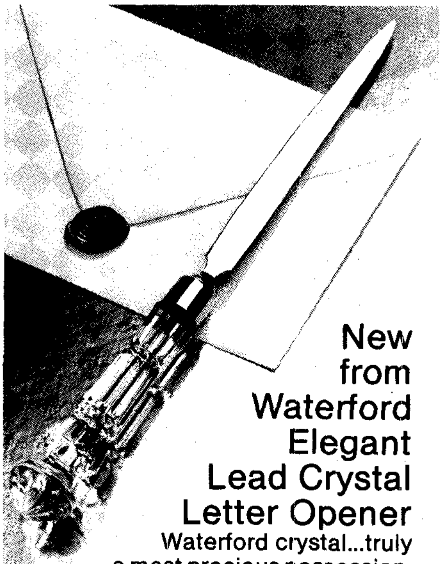
she had been the victim of environmentalists and the press.

One significant thing about the E.P.A. mess was that in order to salvage the situation the Administration turned to William Ruckelshaus, who had been the first administrator of the E.P.A., under Nixon. Ruckelshaus is the sort of mainstream Republican who would have been anathema to the Reagan Administration at the outset. (To boot, his wife, Jill, is an ardent feminist, and marched in Detroit in 1980 to protest the Republican platform on abortion and the Equal Rights Amendment.) Another significant thing was that even some White House officials were surprised by the good reaction to the Ruckelshaus appointment. But Ruckelshaus, a man with an established reputation for integrity, will have no easy time of it, because of what has gone before. Every move he makes to change the laws or the administration of them will be the more controversial because of the background against which he must proceed. If he or someone like him had been chosen at the outset, things would have been quite different, and the Administration might have achieved more changes.

For now, the attention will swing back to Watt, who provided some welcome levity when he banned the Beach Boys—a relatively middle-aged and melodic group—from the Fourth of July celebrations on the Mall, because they would attract the "wrong element," and substituted Wayne Newton, the Las Vegas entertainer, on the theory that he would be more wholesome. Watt also inadvertently helped the White House—for the first time, in the view of some Presidential advisers—by providing the President, Mrs. Reagan, and Michael Deaver with an opportunity to come out foursquare for the Beach Boys. Even George Bush spoke out for them. And the White House tried, with some success, to make a joke of it. Though a number of the President's aides believe Watt to be a serious liability because of the way he has gone about his job—and were only too happy to drop banana peels in front of him in the Beach Boys incident—it is not clear that the President has yet become attuned to the environmental sensitivities his Administration has aroused. He proclaims himself a protector of the environment; but his old instincts led him to remark recently that there are now in the United States "as much forests as there were when Washington was



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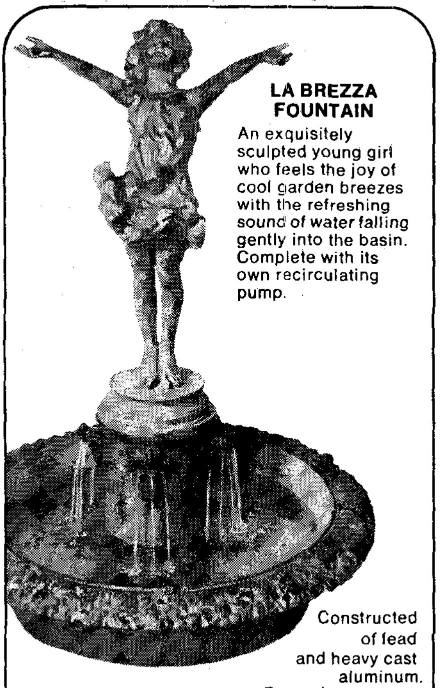

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at Valley Forge" and, two days after Mrs. Burford resigned, that he didn't think environmental activists "will be happy until the White House looks like a bird's nest."

AS April neared its close, the President's aides were aware, and began to acknowledge privately, that his authority on Capitol Hill was slipping. It is frequently suggested that Presidential authority inevitably slips in the third year of a term, but this is not necessarily true. If members of the President's own party feel that it's in their interest to go along with him, they will. The erosion of Presidential authority is often self-induced. One reason, obviously, that Republicans tended to strike out on their own more was that they received such a fright in the 1982 elections—losing twenty-six House seats and, while just holding their own in the Senate, very nearly losing five seats there. Moreover, in 1984 the mathematics work against the Republicans—more Republicans than Democrats are up for reëlection in the Senate—just as they worked against the Democrats in 1980 and 1982. Politicians are an unsentimental lot when it comes to the question of survival. But even some of the President's aides recognized that another reason for the new independence on Capitol Hill was that key Republicans, including the leadership in both Houses, had gone along with the President's economic program in the first year despite their own deep misgivings. Now they were simply less likely to follow the leader—to extend the line of credit that new Presidents usually receive. Furthermore, one White House aide suggested to me, some Republicans were starting to think that the President was a lame duck, and a few, of course, were fixing to run for President if Reagan didn't seek reëlection. Therefore, the President's top aides began to indicate publicly that they believed the President would run, and to urge him privately to make a decision known. One reason was that they were anxious to get a campaign organization under way. Another was that they were trying to push his decision into being a fait accompli. But still another was that they were seeking to shore up his strength.

At bottom, despite their worries about other subjects, the President's aides are resting their hopes for the President's reëlection on an economic recovery. The recovery that is now

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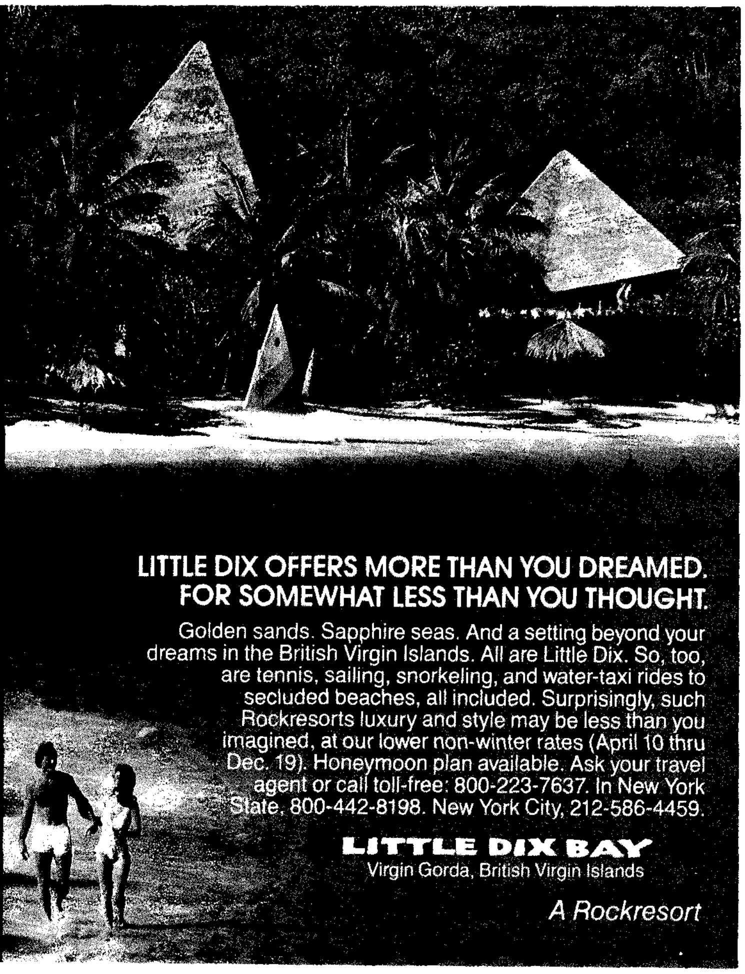

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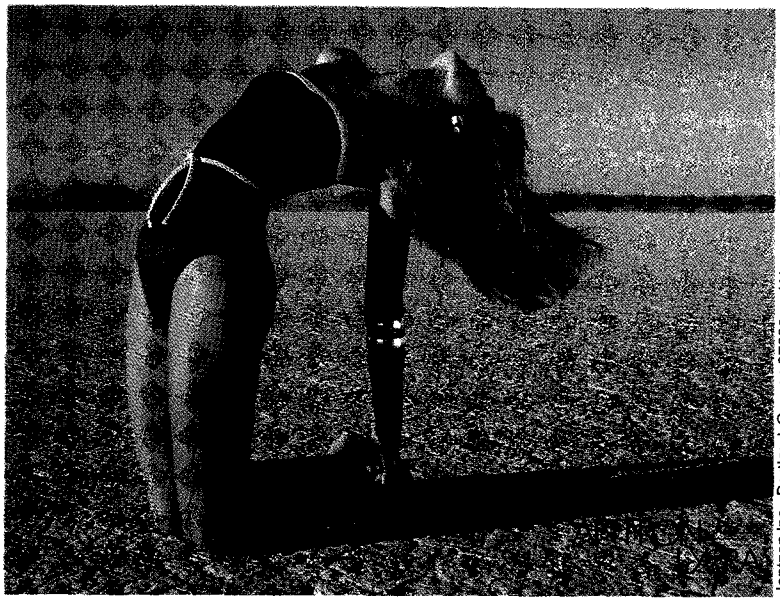

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taking place is of modest strength, and a number of people here have uncertainties about its duration. Interest rates are still high (they appear to have come down some, but, when adjusted for inflation, have done so little if at all), and at this point Congress is showing little zeal for raising taxes, whatever the budget resolution may say. (The Senate's recent caving in to the pressures stirred up by the banking industry, and reversing last year's provision to require withholding of interest and dividends, has further demoralized those members of Congress who believe that more taxes should be raised.) And even a number of liberal economists have been saying that a repeal or a reduction of the third year of the cut in income-tax rates, due to take effect on July 1st—a proposition that would have to be included in any tax measure raising as much as thirty billion dollars—might stall the recovery. In addition, this round of tax cuts would be of more help to the middle class than those of the past two years, and was therefore politically safer among many Democrats.

The Administration is a divided camp over what to say about the economy. One group wants to make cautious predictions—in order to maintain credibility, in order to keep the heat on Congress (and the President) to get the budget deficits down, and because that represents what they believe. The other, which consists of the few remaining supply-siders in the government and some officials of a political bent, wants to give cheerful prognoses, on the theory that this may be good politics and may also be self-fulfilling. So the first estimate of growth for 1983—three per cent—was deliberately low, and the second, made in late March, of four and seven-tenths per cent, was excessively high. As things turned out, the growth in the first quarter was about three per cent. Inflation, of course, is way down from what it was when Reagan came to office—a side effect of the recession. But the minor fluctuations in the percentages by which growth may occur are less significant than the nature of the recovery itself. It is, compared with past recoveries, slow; most recoveries produce growth of six to seven per cent in the first year or two. The view here is that the Administration (or part of it) is deliberately trying to keep the recovery slow, so as not to set off another round of inflation. Because of the high interest rates, and the worldwide recession, American exports continue to be low. And industrial investment is low—lower, in fact, than it was during the Carter years. So to the extent that there is a recovery from the deepest recession since the Depression—a recession deeper than the one Reagan called a "depression" during the 1980 campaign—it will be characterized by slow growth and high unemployment, and will have no resemblance to what the Reagan economic plan was supposed to bring about. This recovery now relies on consumer spending, or demand-side growth, as opposed to the supply-side theory, which premised remarkable growth on individual savings and business investment that were to be the result of tax cuts. Thus, if there is a recovery it will be, of all things, a Keynesian one. That is what the Administration is counting on.

The current weight of opinion in Washington, for what it's worth, is that Reagan will run for reëlection; but for every argument that he will there is an equally convincing argument that he won't. In any event, if he does he will define the economic recovery as he likes. At that point, his talent, which is considerable, for defining the question his way would be put to its greatest test.

—Elizabeth Drew

•

> It has always amazed me that any two persons can so strongly disagree about a work of art; but the subjective factor comes to bear upon artistic interpretation with ferocious vigor. One may think that abstract sculpture is nothing more than rubble and deception, while another may hold it as a passionate and complex expression; one will say that all Top-40 radio is calculated, commercial junk, while another finds the subtle reworking of a popular art, even in Abba and the BeeGees; one will say that Bach represents the zenith of Western harmonic development, and someone else can listen to nothing but Wagner's operas. The contrasts can go on forever, but runs along the two back walls and one side wall, is playable, and all serves must be played along the side roof past a certain line.
>
> —*Newport This Week.*

Who ever said art was easy?

•

> 1:29 p.m.—A hit-and-run accident that occurred either in Santa Fe or Los Alamos was reported. The accident involved a truck owned by Jeremy or Myrna Landt, 570 Totavi. The accident occurred Friday, Saturday or Sunday, police said. Damage is estimated at more than $100.—*Police Beat in the Los Alamos (N.M.) Monitor.*

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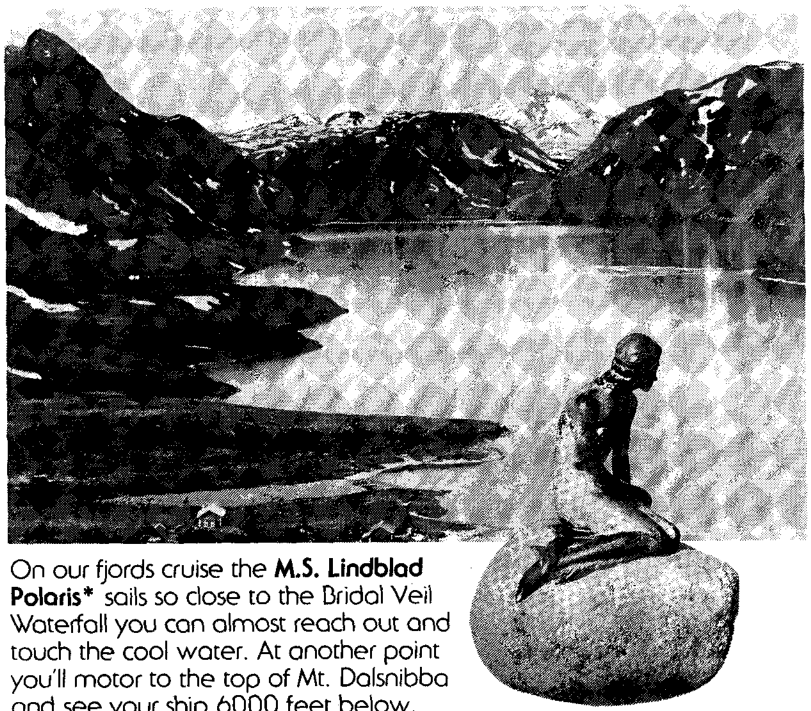

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AROUND CITY HALL

SETBACKS

OVER the last couple of months, readers of the *Times* have been treated to a series of articles that hailed this city as America's center of finance, publishing, performing arts, painting, and architecture. During the same period, not even the ceremonies that Mayor Edward Koch's staff staged, often several times a day, at City Hall—typically, such ceremonies feature the Mayor and one or more of his commissioners, with frequent assistance from props and visual aids, and demonstrate that under its present administration the city is a center of enlightened political leadership—could conceal the fact that local officials have been spending most of their time lately waiting for something to happen, or reacting to something that has happened, in other places, including Albany, Chicago, and the nation's capital. Illinois Representative Harold Washington, who was elected Chicago's first black mayor on April 12th, seven weeks after his astonishing capture of the Democratic nomination for that office, described his success as having "given a shot of adrenaline to the American body politic, especially the blacks." His victory over a white candidate was bound to jolt the New York political world, where blacks have seen their power diminish as it has grown and flourished in other large cities, and where local black leaders have complained of being treated as politically irrelevant and—fairly or not—have laid much of the blame for this on what they almost ritually describe as the "arrogance" of New York's white mayor. In the days after Washington's election, not only newly emboldened black leaders but many white politicians here gave the impression that in their minds the term "B.C." now stood for "Before Chicago."

As a consequence of an event or a series of events, people sometimes come to realize that their lives have changed, perhaps irrevocably. Sometimes the realization is a sudden one. It seems clear that in the middle days of April of this year there was a small cataclysm not only in New York politics but in the life of the city's Mayor. What was not immediately clear was what the Mayor would do to adjust to his rearranged political landscape. At the January 1st inauguration of New York's new governor, a ceremony in which Koch had been widely expected to play the starring role until his surprise loss of the Democratic gubernatorial nomination to Mario Cuomo last September, the Mayor was asked if he had any regrets. "I never look back," he said. Last month's developments might have caused a less resolutely uncontemplative man to go into a temporary retreat during which he could consider both the implications of such events for the future and the degree to which they might have been the result of his own past mistakes. The Chicago election did not inspire such reflection at the Mayor's end of City Hall. So far, no one can be sure what the ultimate effect there will be of a decision handed down ten days later by Gordon Ambach, the state's Commissioner of Education, which badly damaged Koch's reputation for political wisdom and strengthened the hands of his opponents in minority groups. However, retreat, in either sense, has never been the Mayor's style.

By coincidence, a bitter confrontation between Koch and local black leaders over the naming of a new chancellor for the city's schools had begun the same week as the Chicago mayoral primary. On February 22nd, it was announced that, at the Mayor's urging, Robert Wagner, Jr., his friend and the deputy mayor for policy in his administration, had entered the race. This announcement and Koch's subsequent strident promotion of Wagner's candidacy as if no other nominee should be regarded as even being in the running were treated by many black leaders as a political act of war. Their candidate, Thomas Minter, who is black, is currently the deputy chancellor for instruction in New York's school system, where seventy per cent of the students are either black or Hispanic. Minter's professional background, which includes a Harvard Ph.D. in education and a professional life spent in public-school work, fully qualified him for the chancellorship under state law. Brooklyn Assemblyman Albert Vann, who led the fight for Minter and against Wagner, said that Koch's message to young members of minority groups was that even if they worked hard, did all the right things, and had the credentials for a high-level post the white establishment would see to it that they lost to a white candidate, particularly if he was a crony of the mayor's. As Vann introduced Harold Washington at a fund-raiser for the Chicago politician which was held here on March 31st—under the circumstances, it was probably fortunate that one of the guests, the Mayor, was, as usual, in a hurry and did not stay

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long enough to hear Vann's remarks, or those of Washington—he said that the first item on the local black agenda was the selection of Dr. Minter as schools chancellor, and after that there was the election of a candidate for mayor in 1985 who would deal with all New Yorkers with "fairness" and "sensitivity." On April 9th, the seven-member Board of Education, which the Mayor, in effect, controls, named Wagner as chancellor by a vote of six to one. Ahead was what was generally considered to be a mere formality: the granting of a waiver by Commissioner Ambach, an indulgence that was necessary since Wagner admittedly lacked some of the qualifications for the job which were required by state law. On the evening of April 22nd, however, Ambach, who is appointed by the State Board of Regents and is therefore presumed to be above politics, issued what most news stories described as a "stunning" ruling, which held that Wagner's credentials in education were too seriously deficient to permit a waiver. It was now the Mayor's candidate who was out of the running. There was bound to be speculation over whether Ambach's decision had been in any way affected by Koch's heavy-handed advocacy of his candidate or by questions about the wisdom of the Board's failure to take a vote on Minter or on a qualified Hispanic candidate, Anthony Alvarado. The Commissioner insisted that his ruling had nothing to do with pressure from blacks or with the fact that in a January dispute over the distribution of state education funds he had been the target of one of the Mayor's celebrated tongue-lashings, during which Koch denounced him as "pigheaded" and "absurd." The usually cheery Mayor briefly struck a downbeat note when he was asked whether his defeat on the Wagner issue meant that from now on he would be politically more vulnerable to those who opposed him. "Only time will tell," he said. There was no sign, however, that he intended to waste time finding fault with his own performance in handling the chancellorship matter or the general concerns of the black community. The jubilant noises of local black leaders, often mentioning their own agenda, sounded closer to City Hall than they had in the past, and at press conferences reporters' questions, many of them dealing with Koch's record in racial matters, were suddenly more importunate. Otherwise, it appeared that it would be business as usual at City Hall, after Chicago as before.

THE usual City Hall business involves a daily schedule for the Mayor that takes full advantage of his boundless energy and obvious preference for being almost constantly in motion—and, by its nature, leaves little time for long thoughts. It is evident that Koch would be the last politician to agree with Blaise Pascal that all the bad things that happen in society are the consequence of "man's being unable to sit still in a room." Koch's daily schedules, with their heavy commitment to events at which he can take strong stands, touch as many bases as possible, and make sure of photo opportunities, often look more like those of someone in the midst of a political campaign than those of an official with the major responsibility for the long-range problems of an immense and complex city government. Possibly this is the result of habit; after all, Koch spent 1981 running for reëlection as mayor and most of 1982 running for governor. His schedule for the week of the Chicago mayoral election began, on Monday, April 11th, with a trip by car and ferry to Staten Island for an 8 A.M. ceremony inaugurating an increase in express-bus service from that borough to Manhattan. On his way over, the Mayor could read a lengthy communication, printed across the top of the *Times* letters column, in which he had responded to an editorial questioning the role he was playing in the selection of the schools chancellor and criticizing his "reputation for careless racial rhetoric." In his letter, the Mayor cited what have come to be known around City Hall as The Numbers: eighteen, twelve, ten and a half, and four and nine-tenths. Whenever a question was raised about his sensitivity toward New York's black citizens, the Mayor mentioned that of his hundred and thirty-five top appointments eighteen per cent were black. He then compared this figure with the black-employment record of his three immediate predecessors at City Hall: twelve per cent under Abraham Beame, who served from 1974 through 1977; ten and a half per cent under John Lindsay, who

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was mayor from 1966 through 1973; and four and nine-tenths per cent under Mayor Robert Wagner, the father of Koch's candidate for chancellor, whose three terms ran from 1954 through 1965. The information was never offered in response to a specific question; only a rather loony reporter would ask the Mayor to compare his affirmative-action record in the nineteen-eighties with that of Wagner in the nineteen-fifties. Still, the answer used up debating time and space, and the questioner often moved on to a less abrasive subject. When, a week or so after the Mayor's Staten Island trip, these statistics were exposed by the City Hall press corps as not very reliable—it was known at City Hall as "the week the Mayor lost The Numbers"—Koch agreed, with some conscious hyperbole, that he had used them perhaps "a thousand times." Most local reporters had so often heard them recited in the Mayor's forceful tones that they no longer really heard them; since the incumbent mayor has access to records, it was assumed that the statistics must be the straight stuff.

On the morning that began with the excursion to Staten Island, a lead story in the *Times* reported the younger Wagner's announcement that the Mayor had discovered a hundred and fifty million more dollars in funds for the city's school system than had been allotted to it in his preliminary budget, in January. Although Wagner is from a political family (when he was elected to the City Council, he said that it was "like going into the family business"), he is a straightforward sort; he said that the schools would probably have got the money anyhow, but "it may be helpful to have the person the Mayor would like as chancellor-designate." By common interpretation, the matter of the budget was not unrelated to the Board of Education's six-to-one vote for Wagner two days earlier. The Mayor appoints two of the Board members. The five others are named by the five borough presidents, who, for the most part, are in the habit of following the leader, the leader being Koch. They are especially likely to do so at budget time, and last month the Mayor's staff was hard at work preparing the budget, with its proposed appropriations for the borough presidents' offices. The single anti-Wagner vote was that of the only black member of the Board, Marjorie Lewis, who was appointed by Andrew Stein, the borough president of Man-

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hattan. Stein, who is the son of the multimillionaire publisher Jerry Finkelstein, is less preoccupied with budget appropriations than some other borough presidents. He is also considered a likely candidate to take on Koch in the 1985 mayoral election.

The Staten Island ceremony was a short one, and the Mayor was able to get back to City Hall earlier than he had expected. After a ten-thirty courtesy call on Shinichiro Asao, the consul general of Japan, the next order of business was the formal signing of a City Council bill changing the name of a block-long section of 186th Street in Manhattan to Alex Rose Place, in honor of the founder of the local Liberal Party. Immediately after the bill-signing, the Mayor met with reporters in City Hall's Blue Room to discuss two different subjects, each with its own supporting cast of characters from his administration. In the first act, he pointed out that tenants in rent-controlled and rent-stabilized apartments who did not pay city income taxes were lawbreakers and subject to eviction. In the second phase of things, he announced a crackdown on unlicensed peddlers on the city's streets, whose flouting of the law he described as "outrageous." The last such crackdown had been announced in December, but there was always a chance that this one would be more effective. That evening, Koch stopped off at a party to welcome the Gannett chain's new daily paper, *USA Today*, which was now beginning distribution in the city. The last official stop in the long day—which was shorter, in fact, than many days that the Mayor puts in—was a drop-in at a dinner honoring members of the finance team responsible for the city's recent bond sale.

There had been one mishap that day. During the press conference, a hearing was going on upstairs on a proposed state bill that would provide stronger enforcement of the laws against running red lights, with harsher sentences for violators. "Should obeying the law be up to an individual's discretion?" asked one witness, whose child had been hurt in an intersection accident. The hearing was being covered by Anemona Hartocollis, the bureau chief for the Staten Island *Advance*, a local Newhouse paper, who told the Mayor as he was leaving the Blue Room that she had had a call from a colleague reporting that there had been certain infractions of the law by the Mayor's motorcade that morning on Staten Island

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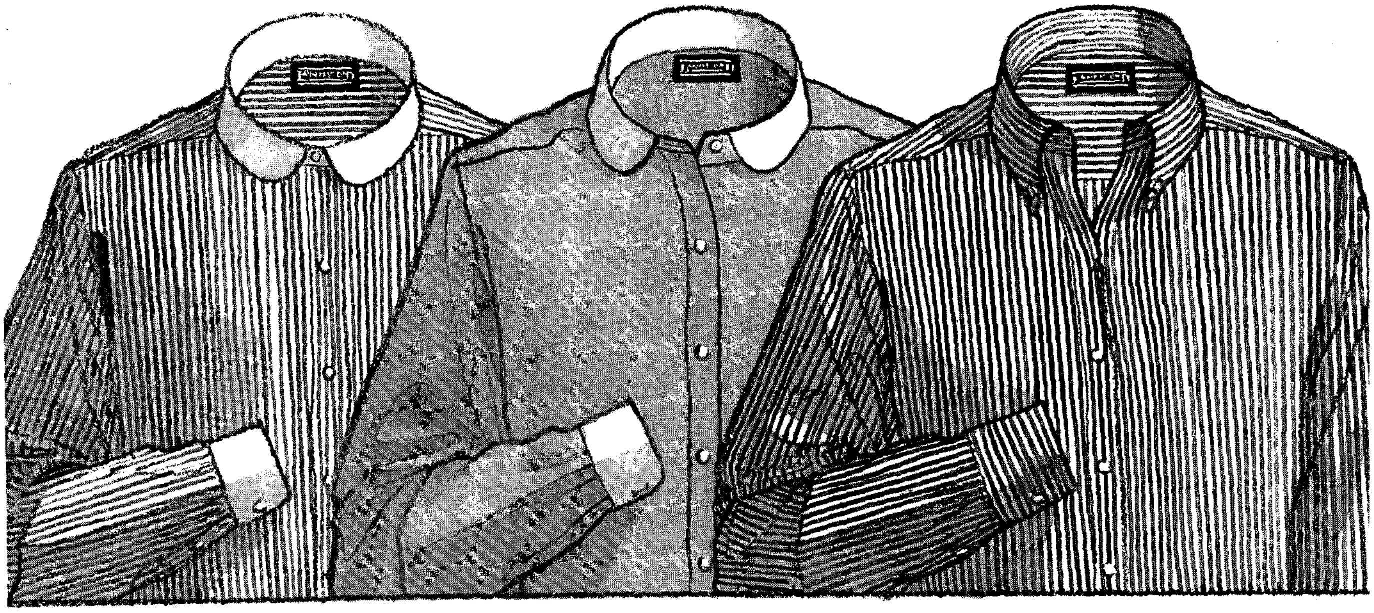

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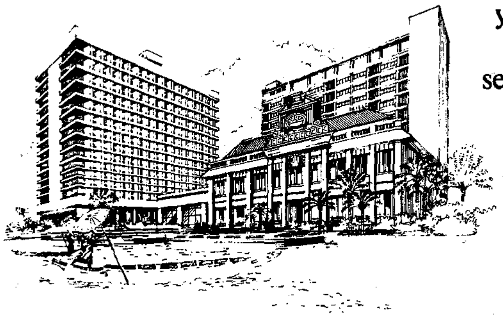

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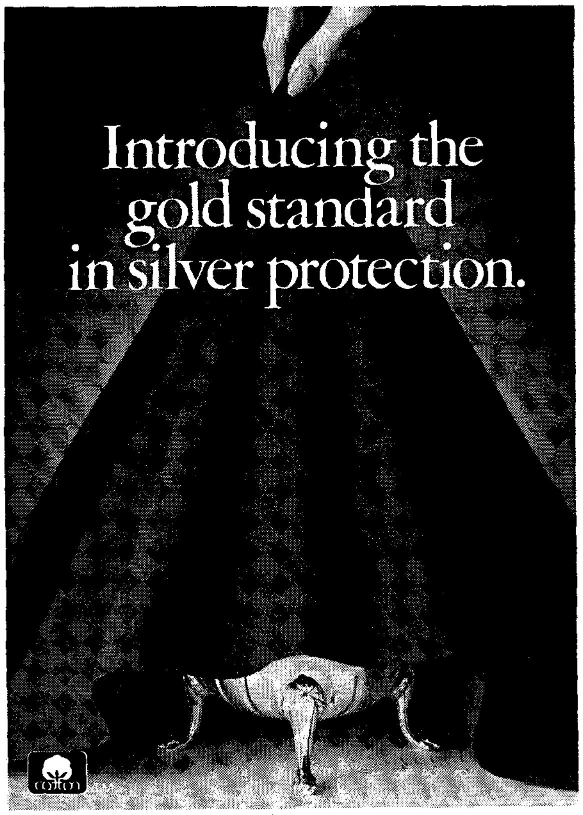

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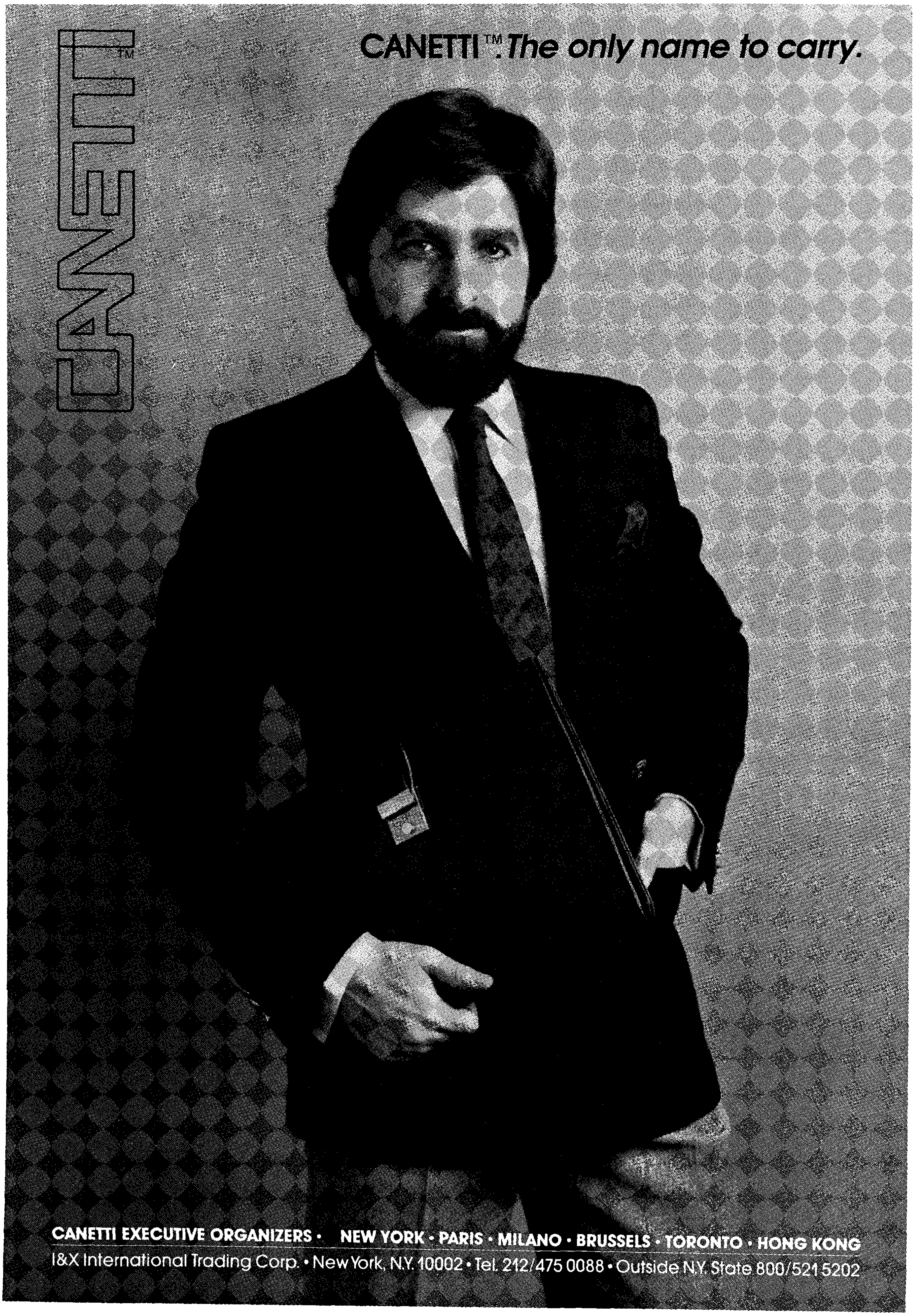
and that someone had seized a photo opportunity to prove it. The lead in a heavily illustrated story, written by Daniel Janison, in the next day's *Advance* was "Two cars carrying Mayor Edward I. Koch and his aides passed two red lights, cut into lanes going the wrong way, and reached high speeds during a trip of less than 30 minutes yesterday." The Mayor told Miss Hartocollis that he had "no independent recollection" of these events.

By the time the *Advance* story appeared, Koch was in Washington, where he testified before a congressional committee considering changes in the pension laws. The following day, he was back in Washington to speak at a gathering of Holocaust survivors. Otherwise, the rest of the week was crowded with such events as the Yankees' opening home game (the Mayor, hurrying, as usual, left after one inning), the presentation of an award to David Rockefeller as a patron of the arts, and the pinning of the *Daily News* Hero of the Month award on a courageous firefighter. He also had his blood pressure taken publicly in a tent in Federal Plaza as part of the kickoff of a week of free public-health screening services, spoke at a ceremony proclaiming Jewish Heritage Week, and sped up to the old aircraft carrier Intrepid, now permanently anchored in the Hudson, to proclaim Intrepid Day. Throughout that week and the next, there were press conferences, usually with suitable commissioners in attendance, to announce different pieces of good news about the new city budget: special Sanitation Department cleaning teams would not be abolished after all; the manning provisions of Fire Department battalions would not be reduced; the Police Department not only would not lose two thousand members of its force but would gain a thousand. The improved economy accounted for some of this gratifying revisionism, but much of it was the result of good news from Washington, from which the city would receive some fifty-eight million dollars under the new jobs bill, and from Albany, where a hundred and sixty-four million dollars that the city hadn't been sure it could count on had been allotted to it in the state budget.

INTERSPERSED among these press conferences were others, in which reporters kept seeking the Mayor's comments on another matter: As a result of the election in Chicago, where Harold Washington had said he would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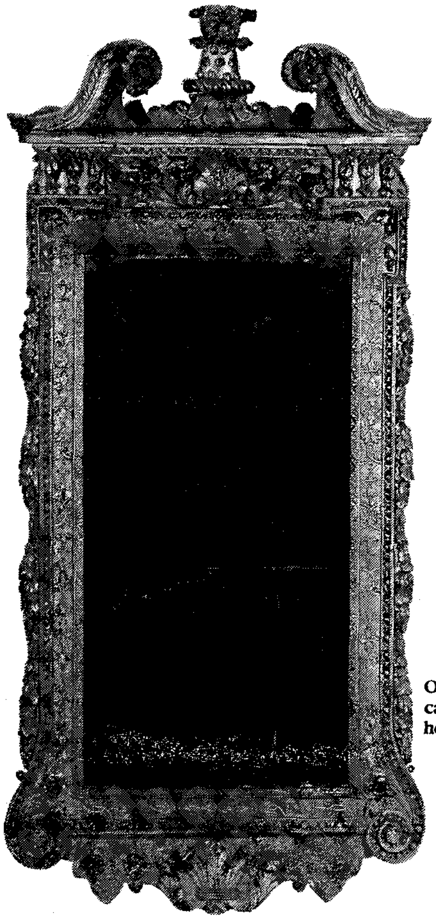
reach out to every corner to bring unity to the city, did Koch have any plans for rapprochement with blacks in this city? One reporter reminded him of the speech he had made on the night of his reëlection, by an overwhelming margin, in November, 1981. He had said then, "I believe I have an obligation to reach out and to ask those who have been dissatisfied with my record, who have opposed me in the past, to join in finding acceptable ways to end discrimination, to offer hope to the poor, to pull this city together." Afterward, he had appointed two advisory committees, one black and one Hispanic, with whom he said he would be consulting regularly about the best way to pull New York together. He was asked how many times he had met with them in the nearly eighteen months since. "Two or three," said the Mayor, and he added that he had no plans to meet with them again. He would not have anything to do with people "who engage in invective," he said. During that period, he reminded reporters several times of The Numbers. Right after the election in Chicago, he had said that the result there proved that "when the chips are down, people do what is right." However, a few days later he mentioned that the Chicago black vote had gone almost unanimously to Harold Washington, who had also got about nineteen per cent of the white vote. The Mayor told reporters that the election showed that blacks were more racist than whites—although a heavy turnout of Italian-Americans for one of their own, such as Cuomo, or of Jewish voters for Koch himself had not usually been interpreted here as a sign of prejudice.

Still, a week after the vote in Chicago its implications, along with the continuing local uproar over the chancellorship, had apparently persuaded the Mayor that some gesture of conciliation toward the black community was in order. Despite his own very good record on affirmative action, he said—quoting The Numbers—his commissioners (whom he, of course, had appointed) had done relatively poorly. "And that's a fact," he added. He issued an executive order requiring that, from then on, any post that did not come under Civil Service and that paid twenty thousand dollars a year or more not be filled for two weeks, so that he himself would have an opportunity to submit résumés of candidates who would "broaden the pool." The pool, he said, would be broadened with white as well as black and Hispanic



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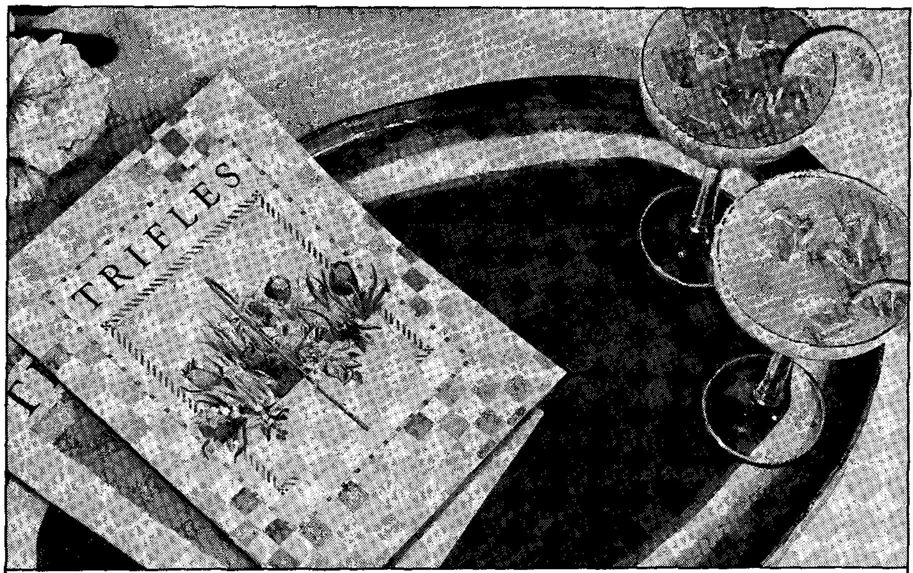

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names. The next day, when he was asked how he knew it was a fact that his commissioners' records were inferior to his own, he said it was "intuition." To prove that his intuition was right, he produced some backup figures for his top hundred and thirty-five appointments, which had not been made available to the press before. Poking about further, reporters discovered that the hundred and thirty-five did not include a large number of the most influential—and highly paid—members of his staff, which is almost entirely white, as are dozens of top-level agency officials who had also been conveniently omitted from the much-touted roster. On being asked how the hundred and thirty-five had been chosen, the Mayor said it was a "subjective" list—one that, in other words, allowed him to include a black officeholder in one department and not include a white counterpart in another, thus improving his minority percentage in The Numbers. He was asked if his predecessors might have come up with equally subjective and wholly different lists to prove that their records were other than the ones he so often cited, and he replied, "Of course." A member of Koch's staff explained later that each predecessor's record had been compiled by consulting the Green Book, the list of city personnel, for that mayor's final year in office. However, anyone consulting Koch's own Green Book for the present year could come up with quite a different list from his chosen hundred and thirty-five. One of the Mayor's arguments for the accuracy of The Numbers was that the former mayors had not complained about them, although he had used them that "thousand times." The former mayors, however, are all in private life and don't have access to city figures, new or old. Besides, as Commissioner Ambach discovered, it is not always pleasant to tangle with the current mayor. Mayor Lindsay, on being approached by reporters after the Koch figures were released, still declined to do so, saying only that he was proud of his record of appointing blacks. Beame revealed that he had got up an informal list of his own, and said, "I would say our records show close to twice what he indicated." It wasn't a propitious time for former Mayor Wagner to criticize Mayor Koch. Nevertheless, he said that although he had never kept statistics, he had appointed at least twenty blacks and Hispanics to high-level posts. Among these, he not-

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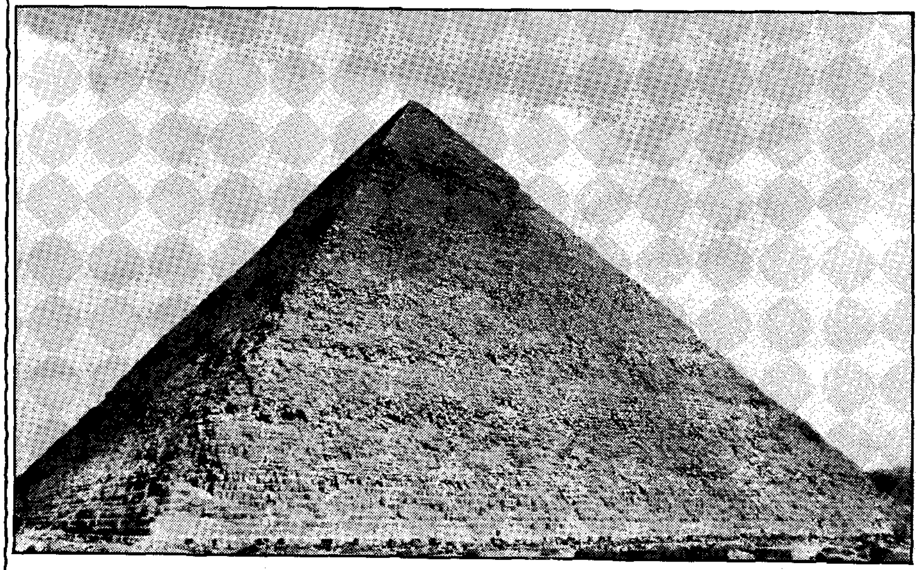

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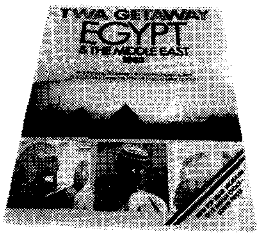

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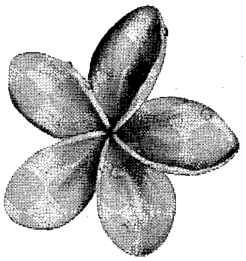

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ed, were the first black and Hispanic commissioners in the city's history. Taking a closer look at Koch's list, reporters observed that among his present twenty highest-paid appointees there was only one black, Commissioner of Corrections Benjamin Ward. And of the hundred and thirty-five officials the minority members' average salary was seven thousand dollars lower than that of the whites. Toward the end of the week, it was discovered that one reason the city commissioners' affirmative-action records looked worse than the Mayor's was that among the appointments for which the Mayor had held them responsible were many members of his own, heavily white staff. A popular quotation in the City Hall pressroom that week was Mark Twain's observation that "there are three kinds of lies: lies, damn lies, and statistics." It was, of course, not the first time this line had been heard among reporters covering government officials. By then, the affirmative-action drive was beginning to look like a rearrangement of the City Hall patronage system. The Mayor said that all Democratic county leaders had been told to submit résumés of their own people—white, black, or whatever. Did this mean that his administration would now be receptive to names submitted by the disadvantaged clubhouse bosses, whom he had previously said he kept at arm's length? "You bet," said the Mayor.

Six days after Wagner was declared out of the race for the schools chancellorship, the Board of Education again passed over Minter and—at Koch's urging—named the Hispanic candidate, Alvarado. Some Minter supporters denounced this as a Koch plot to divide local blacks and Hispanics for the Mayor's benefit in the next municipal election, but most black leaders took the position that this was no time to further polarize the city, and hailed the outcome as a victory for all minorities. Meanwhile, inspired by events in Chicago, many members of the ethnically diverse coalition that backed Cuomo last September were preparing for 1985 with a big voter-registration drive in minority communities.

WHETHER or not the abortive effort to have Wagner become schools chancellor was a severe political setback for Koch, it was a crushing blow to Wagner, a highly intelligent and able young man, who if he should try in the future to enter the family business will carry the burden of being

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seen by blacks as a willing instrument of their oppression by Mayor Koch. Now, instead of having a vast fiefdom of his own, he will be back at City Hall, trying to reclaim his former turf, which Koch had already announced would be divided between the two other deputy mayors. City Hall, in fact, is full of people, including the Mayor, who a year ago had thought they were about to shake off the dust of its relatively small confines and move on to the large challenge of running the state. It is not surprising that nowadays some of them have a trapped expression. The Mayor has not been looking trapped, exactly—just, on occasion, tired. The week of the Ambach ruling, Lindsay had told a Washington reporter, "I'm an old fogey now. I'm sixty-one. But I'm liberated. I never wish to run for anything again in my life." The thought briefly crossed the minds of a few reporters that, after his present term, Koch, who is only three years younger than Lindsay, might opt for liberation. The suspicion was reinforced by the news that the Mayor had signed with Simon & Schuster to tell all in his political memoirs, for publication next spring—not a very prudent enterprise if he expected to run for a third term. ("My desire is . . . that mine adversary had written a book." Job 31:35.) On being asked, the day after Ambach's decision, whether he thought he would ever recapture the level of popularity he had on the night of his reëlection, the Mayor did not respond with one of his usual flashy comebacks. ("Razzle Dazzle 'Em" was the number that the reporter playing Koch sang in this year's Inner Circle show, put on by the City Hall press corps.) Instead, looking almost reflective, he indicated again that time would tell. The following afternoon, however, members of Koch's staff told George Arzt, the *Post's* City Hall bureau chief, that, in view of the clamor about a black mayoral candidate and the number of elected city officials who were already circling the scene, the Mayor had been consulting with David Garth, his media adviser. The judgment was that his 1985 campaign should begin at once. At City Hall for the next two and a half years, it could be razzle-dazzle all the way. —ANDY LOGAN

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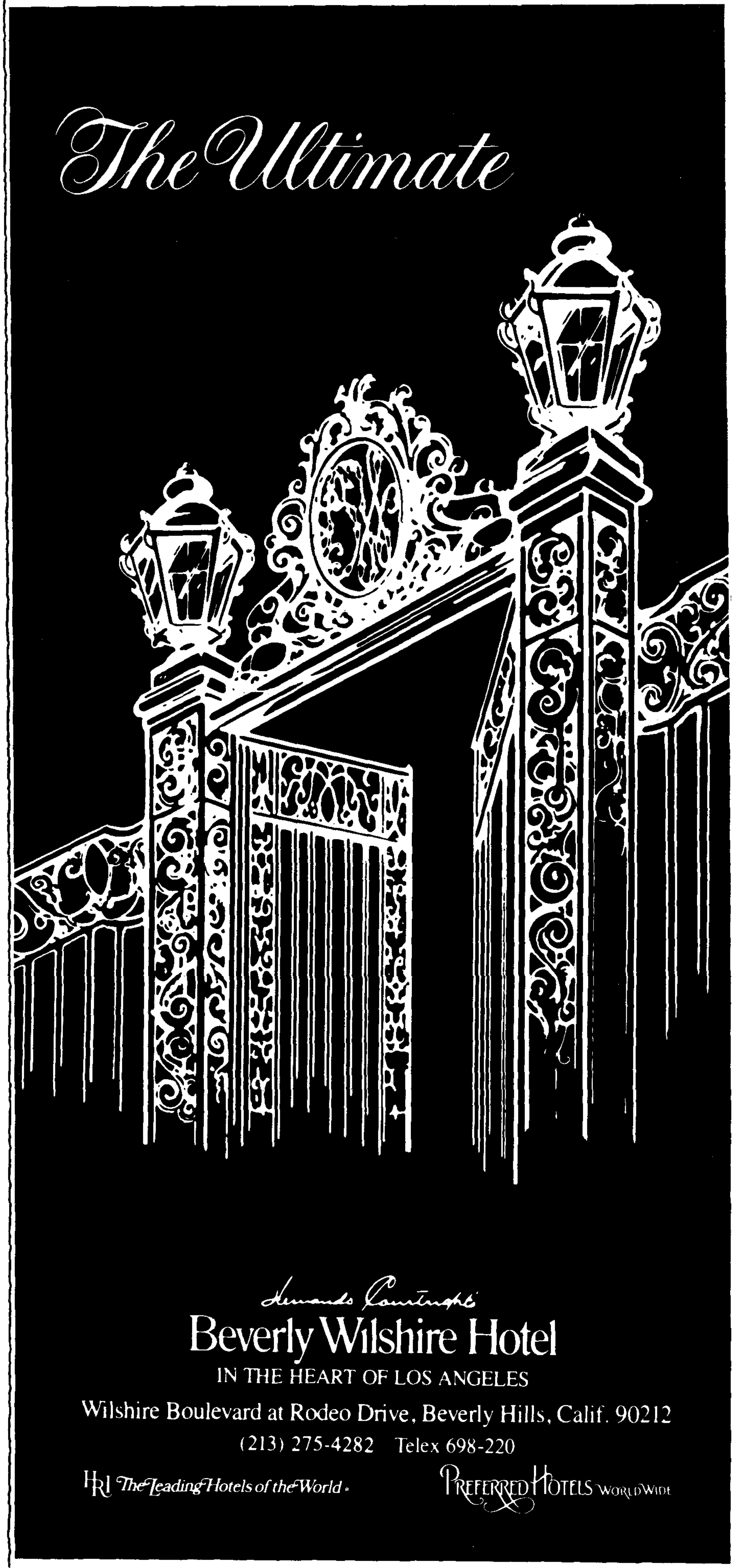

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Loyal to the Royal

THE opening program of the Royal Ballet's week at the Met may have looked like a tribute to Frederick Ashton. It actually was a tribute to New York in line with the current Britain Salutes New York exhibitions of British art around the city. "Enigma Variations," "Voices of Spring," and a world première of a new ballet—all by Ashton—saluted New York's idea of the Royal Ballet, which is that it is Ashton's company. The idea persists in spite of the fact that Ashton retired as director in 1970; the last full-scale ballet that showed him working productively in association with the company was "A Month in the Country," in 1976. That Ashton is or should be in charge is a harmless enough fantasy—fun, even, especially when Ashton is around to take curtain calls. He's right when he says he has always been appreciated in New York. This time, the ardor he commanded from his subjects—stepping up the applause with bow after bow, silencing it with a wave of his hand—was like that for a deposed king. It almost seemed as if the audience hoped to vote him back in power and have the dear old Royal we used to know restored. Ashton has become a choreographer for special occasions, the Royal's laureate. The ballet he produced on this occasion—named "Varii Capricci," after its music, by the late William Walton—played up to the audience's fantasy and at the same time dispelled any possibility of fulfilling it. Beguiling rather than captivating, outspokenly trivial, it nevertheless starred Antoinette Sibley and Anthony Dowell, who were the ruling young principals for most of Ashton's directorship (while Fonteyn and Nureyev were the ruling seniors, billed as guest artists), and its style harked back to an even earlier period. It was to be expected that as a guest choreographer Ashton would lose touch with the company sooner or later, and "Varii Capricci" bows gracefully to that inevitability. It's neither the old nor the present-day Royal that we see here—merely Sir Frederick summoning some old ghosts and setting them in motion. It's one last fling one more time: one other gaudy night.

The program was rounded off by Glen Tetley's "Dances of Albion," an American's view of the Royal Ballet—or, rather, an English view of an American's view. Tetley's career as a choreographer was established under European auspices and, in England, by Ballet Rambert under the regime of Norman Morrice, who now heads the Royal. Since Tetley's ballets have become ubiquitous, it is necessary to keep these origins in mind. The Royal management undoubtedly thought so. It only remained for the audience to discover, if it could, what Tetley had done in dances of Albion that made them any different from dances of Stuttgart or Tel Aviv or Amsterdam or New York. Not only are Tetley's products ubiquitous and interchangeable (they have probably contributed more to the homogenization of style than any other influence on world ballet), not only are they long-winded ("Dances of Albion" is stretched over *two* scores by Benjamin Britten), choppily constructed, narrow in range, and arduous in expression, but they are almost always gloomy. Is this a consequence of Tetley's oversolemn taste in music? The two Britten scores are the Serenade for Tenor, Horn, and Strings and the Sinfonia da Requiem—an elegy and a dirge. Tetley is the kind of choreographer who draws imagery rather than impetus from a piece of music. I have a feeling that if one could turn off the sound of Tetley's ballets they wouldn't be so bleak. But they'd still be relentlessly torturous and full of those images—crucifixions and the like—by which Tetley strives for emotional substance. Perhaps the very laboriousness of his style dictates the funereal tone. Though "Dances of Albion" was subtitled "Dark Night Glad Day," it was Dark Night that prevailed.

"Enigma Variations," unseen here since its début season, continues to exert its genteel charm. The fascination it once held, which lay in Ashton's attempt to deal in nonexpressionistic terms with the mental states and feelings of a range of characters, hasn't exactly faded. The ballet still "works," but now it works like a superb mechanism inside a bell jar. One responds to a preserved spontaneity rather than, as in

"Gee whizz, Dad! You hugged me this morning."

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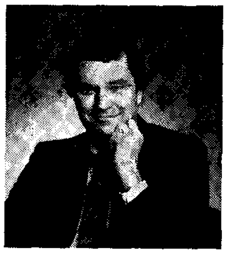

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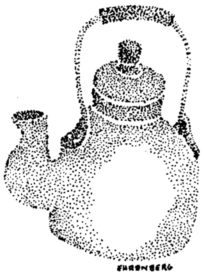
1969, to the pressure of the life that Ashton recorded. Certain performances are inevitably missed, but Derek Rencher is still there holding things together as Elgar, and the brio of the ensemble in the mime scenes is admirable. Ashton's effects are so modestly achieved it's easy to lose sight of the precision of his method and the grandeur of his intent. Paul Taylor's new work "Sunset" is like "Enigma Variations" in its meditative calm and subjective flow; it's interesting, too, that Taylor chose music by Elgar.

"Varii Capricci" is modest both in intent and in accomplishment. It fairly shrinks beneath the outsize, overheated David Hockney décor that was provided for it. Hockney has designed inventively for opera, but his colors are too vibrant and his forms too active for ballet. He flattened the "Sacre du Printemps" that Jean-Pierre Bonnefous choreographed for the Metropolitan Opera's Stravinsky triple bill; here he does a cerulean swimming pool beneath an orange-and-crimson sky, and the pool has whitecaps in it. When the dancers are in the air, they are apt to fade into the pool like a flock of shrimp. Hockney's landscape is said to have been based on the garden of the Walton villa in Ischia, which is where Ashton sets the action, and the ballet is also dedicated to Walton, whose music has furnished six Ashton ballets. The first of these, "Façade," is directly commemorated in the roles for Sibley and Dowell, which are updated versions of the Débutante and the Gigolo. She reclines on a poolside chaise, guests gambol, he crashes the party, and in an instant the two of them are together again. Sibley, who returned to the stage a couple of seasons ago after four years in retirement, looks fit and performs with no loss of edge, but the ballet is Dowell's. The exotic character he plays is called Lo Straniero and is strange indeed. He wears a black Presley pompadour, black glasses, and a black shirt with puffed sleeves, all of which seem to reflect an idea of contemporary punk chic. But when he walks he rolls his hips lazily, like a lounge lizard entering a boudoir. Even stranger is the corps of four couples, who in their Ballet Russe tatters reflect no kind of chic—neither Dowell's nor Sibley's. (She wears a thirties-style chemise overladen with pleats.) The damaging comparison with "Façade" comes in the dances Dowell does alone and with Sibley, which are straight light-classical dances with marginal links to his character. These are in their own terms deft and pleasing dances; coming from Ashton, they could hardly be less. But the ballet makes no comment. Ashton has seen his job as the reuniting of a beloved team, and he has acquitted it in an atmosphere congenial to him—the atmosphere created by Walton's music and fond memories of what that represents. Perhaps it was a mistake to put him together with Hockney, of whose world and kind he seems to have no knowledge. When Ashton is being decadent—when he decorates the stage with seated or kneeling dancers stretching their necks and ankles—he evokes a Firbankian languor. Hockney's decadence has a naïf element—it's contemporary fauvism. Dowell's punk is half in Hockney's world, half in Ashton's. One can only sympathize with the costume designer, Ossie Clark, if in his attempt to clothe this ballet he got a little confused.

The occasion for "Voices of Spring," a pas de deux set to the Strauss waltz, was the Covent Garden "Fledermaus" of 1977. It, too, is a trifle—one of Ashton's chiffon-and-rose-petals affairs—and seemingly deserving of a less earthbound performance than the one given it at the Met by Merle Park and Wayne Eagling, its original cast. It's good to see the Royal again in Ashton choreography, but what a peculiar evening! One imagined the whole loyal and loving audience going backstage afterward to meet the dancers, like the Royal Family, and murmuring, *not* like the Royal Family but like E. F. Benson's *Lucia*, "My dear, aren't we getting *vecchio*."



I sat through the Tetley tedium twice, simply because the casting and the changes in casting allowed some of the younger dancers onstage (and the length of the piece kept them there quite a while). I saw Lesley Collier and Bryony Brind in the same part, and I learned nothing from it. In an Ashton ballet, they'd be as unlike as any two dancers in the company could be. But Tetley's turned-in choreography doesn't project dancers as individuals on an opera-house scale.

The second half of the Royal's run was devoted to "Mayerling," the three-act ballet by the company's principal choreographer, Kenneth Mac-

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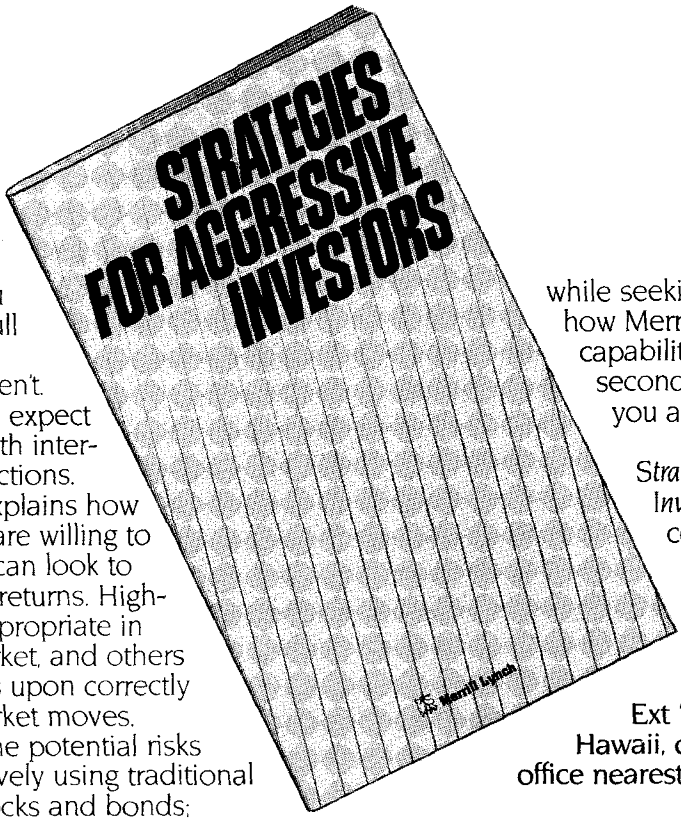

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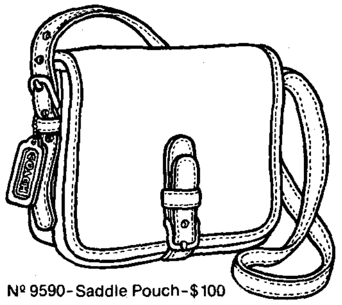

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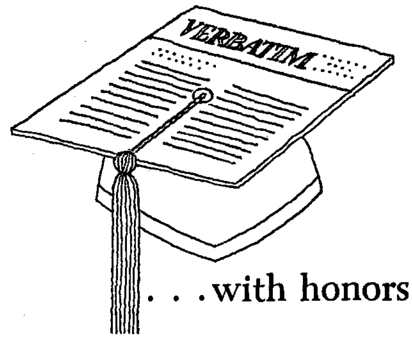

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Millan, which was being seen for the first time in New York. It is dedicated to Ashton, and now that it has passed five years in repertory and lost some of its shock value the relationship of MacMillan's style to Ashton's becomes more obvious and the dedication makes a new kind of sense. Like "Enigma Variations" and, to some extent, "A Month in the Country," "Mayerling" tries to grasp invisible meanings and put them on the stage without succumbing to the fraudulence of expressionistic gesture (in which meanings are preassigned to movements). Among MacMillan's ballets, "Mayerling" has a limpidity of progression that sets it apart; it really does explain why its two principal characters want to kill themselves. The explanation may have nothing to do with the historical characters the story is based on, and it is not something that can easily be recounted in words. MacMillan makes the Prince Rudolf–Mary Vetsera love story a kind of paroxysmic Liebestod; sex and death crystallize in a union of dance metaphors. And this poetic crystallization occurs against a background of purposeful prose continuity. At times, the very prolixity of "Mayerling"—the leisurely-paced court scenes, the obligatory set pieces for minor characters—weighs against its ever achieving its goal. MacMillan doesn't launch the fatal love affair until the end of Act II; until then, we have plenty of time to dissent from the scripted meanings he seems to be trying to impose upon the action, such as that Rudolf suffers from syphilis or that he embraces revolutionary politics. These aren't things that can be said in dance. But part of the reason to see "Mayerling" is that it's a gamble. A greatly talented choreographer is taking risks, some less calculated than others. His success is in doubt until the very last minute—until, in fact, the Act III pas de deux in which the suicide pact is sealed (and which has become known to jeerers as "a girl, a guy, and a gun"). But if you've stayed with him that long you've already taken the measure of MacMillan's courage.

The other reason to see the ballet is, of course, the performance the company gives it. Brilliant as always in mime, brilliant in the dance arias that carry the story—this was the Royal at its best. It says much for the current strength of the company that a complex role like that of Countess Larisch, Rudolf's procuress—a role in which Merle Park continues to tri-

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umph—can also be taken successfully by a younger dancer, Genesia Rosato. Nineteen-year-old Alessandra Ferri is the best Vetsera I have seen since the role's originator, Lynn Seymour, whom she resembles, not only physically—in the shape of her legs and the high arch of her points (which are emphasized in the choreography)—but in the combination of headlong impulsiveness and implacability which makes us see Vetsera as Rudolf's dark angel. Rudolf himself is a study in pathology. Wayne Eagling's miming skillfully conveys the monster that lurks inside this weak, twisted man. His dancing in the soliloquies, when he acts out his torments, is persuasive; it is less so when Rudolf is in public and must put on a princely front. Eagling's classical dancing is not his strong point (the role was made on David Wall), but the company's lapsed standard in academic classicism offers him nothing to aim for. In "Enigma Variations," the presence of Sibley and Dowell, master academicians still, pointed up this general failing. In "Mayerling," the dance diversions, which MacMillan had set with Ashtonian clarity, were spottily done. This falling off and MacMillan's increasing commitment since "Mayerling" to expressionistic forms are surely not coincidental, but which came first? MacMillan's aesthetic, it now seems clear, is both an extension and a refutation of Ashton's. Somewhere along the line, this once great classical company took a turn that has made even its casual admirers restive. Precisely where and how this turn came about I cannot say, but the road passes through "Mayerling."

—ARLENE CROCE

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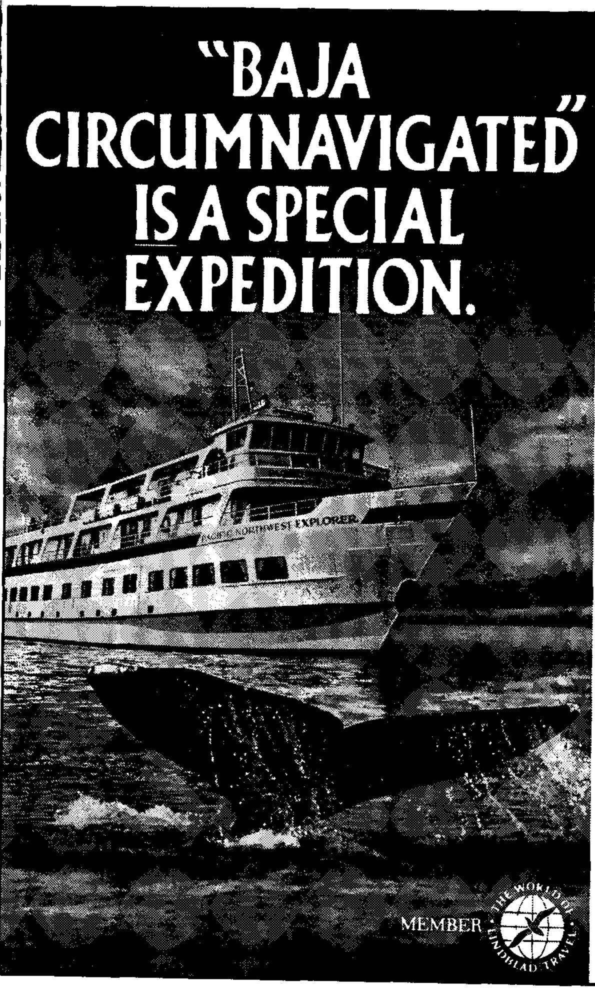

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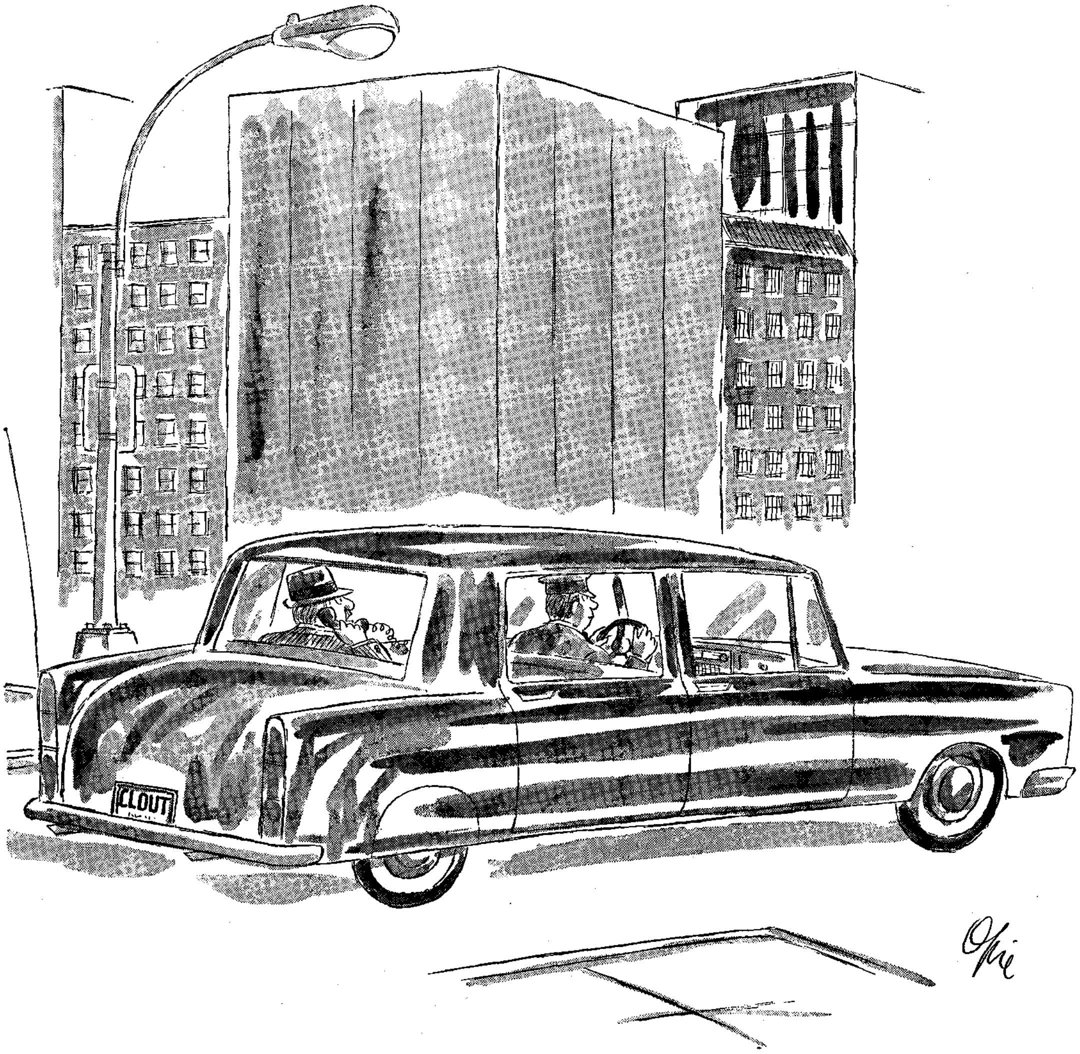
THE THEATRE

Hit

OF the many legends by means of which Broadway nourishes an optimistic image of itself in even the darkest theatrical weather, the oldest, and perhaps the most improbable, is this: A show opens out of town, is at once perceived to be in desperate trouble, is worked on and anguished over by skilled professionals for several weeks or months, is brought to New York, continues to be worked on and anguished over, and is *still* reported to be in desperate trouble; at last, after several ominous postponements, it opens on Broadway and—wonder of wonders!—proves to be a blithe and irresistible work of art, seemingly spun without effort out of purest gold. An improbable legend, yes, but not an impossible one, as has just been demonstrated by "My One and Only" (at the St. James), which is surely going to be the musical-comedy hit of the year and, I predict, of several years to come. The songs, with music by George Gershwin and lyrics by Ira Gershwin, have been drawn from half a dozen shows that the brothers wrote, and they have been cunningly accommodated to a book that is the joint product of Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer and owes none of its hilarious preposterousness to any earlier work. The stars of the show are Twiggy and Tommy Tune, who to an almost uncanny degree embody in their youth and grace the sweet freshness of the songs they sing and dance to, among them "Soon," "He Loves and She Loves," " 'S Wonderful," "Strike Up the Band," "My One and Only," "How Long Has This Been Going On?," and "Nice Work if You Can Get It."

The scene is New York and—for reasons I wouldn't dream of attempting to account for—Morocco, and the time is the twenties. A barnstorming pilot called Billy Buck Chandler (Tommy Tune) is eager to be the first man to fly non-stop from New York to Paris; he is, of course, a Lindbergh-like figure, though more gregarious and more amorously inclined than the actual Lindbergh was. Wholly unknown himself, he falls in love with a celebrity named Edith Herbert, who has gained fame by swimming the English Channel and is being featured in a sort of marine vaudeville invented and presided over by a villainous Russian impresario. Twiggy plays Edith, and Bruce McGill plays the impresario, whose hold over Edith is maintained by his knowledge of her harum-scarum sexual past. Roscoe Lee Browne is an elegant and eloquent scamp—a preacher who serves up the Gospel by day and bootleg liquor by night (a faint echo here of Father Divine?), and Charles "Honi" Coles portrays a mysterious Mr. Magix, who gives Billy much-needed advice on the art of courtship. Nor must I neglect to mention Denny Dillon, who plays Mickey, Billy's hardboiled mechanic and sidekick, with just the right air of cuckoo bravado. As for the rest of the large cast, I offer a general salute in their praise.

A major ingredient in the success of all American musicals is a vehement expenditure of energy. "My One and Only" starts at what one supposes must be its top speed and proceeds to spin faster and faster, gathering us up in its manic path and making sheer velocity an occasion for delight. What ingenious dances Mr. Tune and his fellow choreographer and director, Thommie Walsh, have prepared for us (in one of them, Tune and Twiggy dance barefoot in real water, in what purports to be the sandy edge of the Atlantic), and how justly they have divided the entire production between song and dance! Adrianne Lobel's sets are as witty and sophisticated as any that I have encountered in a long time; they are also highly mobile, thanks in part to the use of visible cables, which make it possible for backdrops to rise from the floor of the stage as well as descend from the flies. The gorgeous costumes, by Rita Ryack, appear to consist mostly of precious jewels, and they sparkle to admi-



rable effect in the adroit lighting of Marcia Madeira; the sound design, by Otts Munderloh, is unobtrusive—an adjective that, given my dislike of all amplification, amounts to what Henry James would have called gush.

THE production of "Show Boat" that is now in residence at the Uris has been playing elsewhere in the country for a considerable period, and the immitigable taints of any road-company show are to be detected in the flimsy, garish settings and costumes and in the generally coarse and self-indulgent performances given by the cast. The songs, with music by Jerome Kern and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II, are as wonderful as ever ("Only Make Believe," "Ol' Man River," "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man," and "Why Do I Love You?" are able to evoke the past for millions of Americans as surely as Proust's dipped-in-tea madeleine was able to do), but the book of "Show Boat," striving for an honesty of subject matter and a coherence of plot then almost unheard of in musical comedy, traverses more ground than it can safely stake a claim to and ends by seeming merely ramshackle. Cap'n Andy is played by Donald O'Connor, Gaylord Ravenal is played by Ron Raines, and Magnolia is played by Sheryl Woods; they are competent and undistinguished. As Julie, Lonette McKee makes an excellent impression; no doubt we will be seeing more of her, under more favorable circumstances. Avril Gentles hams it up disgracefully as Parthy Ann Hawkes, and so does Karla Burns as Queenie; the director, Michael Kahn, may well have thrown in the sponge in the course of those long months out of town. The scenery was designed by Herbert Senn and Helen Pond, the costumes were designed by Molly Maginnis, and the lighting was designed by Thomas Skelton.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

A Dessert Worth Waiting For

THE most important thing about "Win/Lose/Draw," the collective title of three dialogues, at the Provincetown, is that it gives us a chance at last to see Mary Gallagher's "Chocolate Cake," which created quite a stir when it was done at the Actors Theatre of Louisville a couple of years ago. Now we know that it was worth waiting for. Miss Gallagher and Ara Watson, singly and together,

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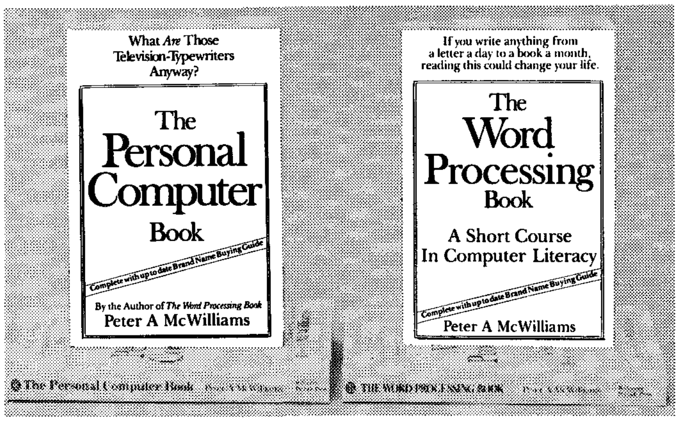
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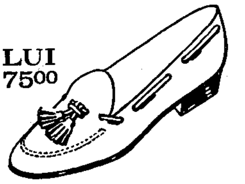

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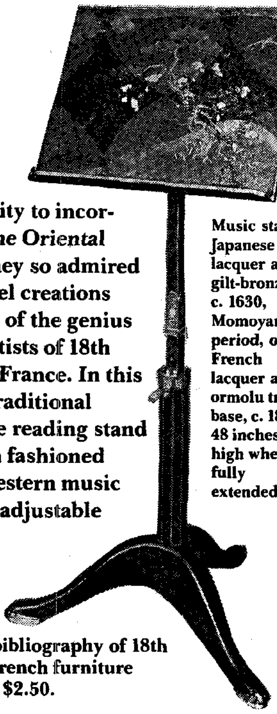
are the authors of this tripartite show, and Christine Estabrook and Lynn Milgrim are the gifted actresses who perform it. "Chocolate Cake," which closes the evening, is about two women who are secret gorgers. The setting is a motel room in a small Massachusetts town during some sort of women's conference. At the beginning, Miss Estabrook, as a rather drab local housewife, is lying on one of the beds reading a sexy paperback and whimpering. She goes to the refrigerator and removes a bowl of salad, which she regards with loathing. Climbing on a chair, she then removes a chocolate cake from the top shelf of a cupboard (where she has hidden it from herself), puts it back, removes it again, and cuts herself a slice. Before she can eat it, there is a pounding at the door. Enter Miss Milgrim, wearing a skin-tight black dress and a dazzling red wig, and bearing in a paper bag a large Chinese dinner, which (after an exchange of introductions) she proceeds to wolf down. She is a brash, talky ex-hoofer or -hooker (I couldn't figure out which), and she, too, is attending the conference. The play is a comedy with rather serious undertones, which emerge as the two women confess to their prodigious appetites for food and, at the same time, to the deprivations in their lives. As Miss Milgrim's confessions grow ever wilder and more hysterical, Miss Estabrook becomes quiet and frightened. At the end, cake uneaten, she sits alone at the end of the bed, staring ahead. Miss Gallagher here shows herself to be a true humorist, capable of writing sharp, funny dialogue and creating interesting, believable characters. Miss Estabrook and Miss Milgrim couldn't be better at portraying them.

In "Little Miss Fresno," by Miss Gallagher and Miss Watson, which opens the show, the two actresses play a couple of mothers sitting in bleacher seats and discussing their small daughters, who are rivals in a beauty contest taking place below. "Final Placement," by Miss Watson, which comes next, is set in a child-welfare office and consists of the conversation between a social worker (Miss Milgrim) and a young, pathetic mother (Miss Estabrook) whose abused child has been taken from her. They are interrupted at intervals by a tape recording that sets forth the history of the case. Both of these dialogues, while dramatically negligible, are skillfully written and acted. Amy Saltz was the capable di-

A Harmonious Blend of East and West



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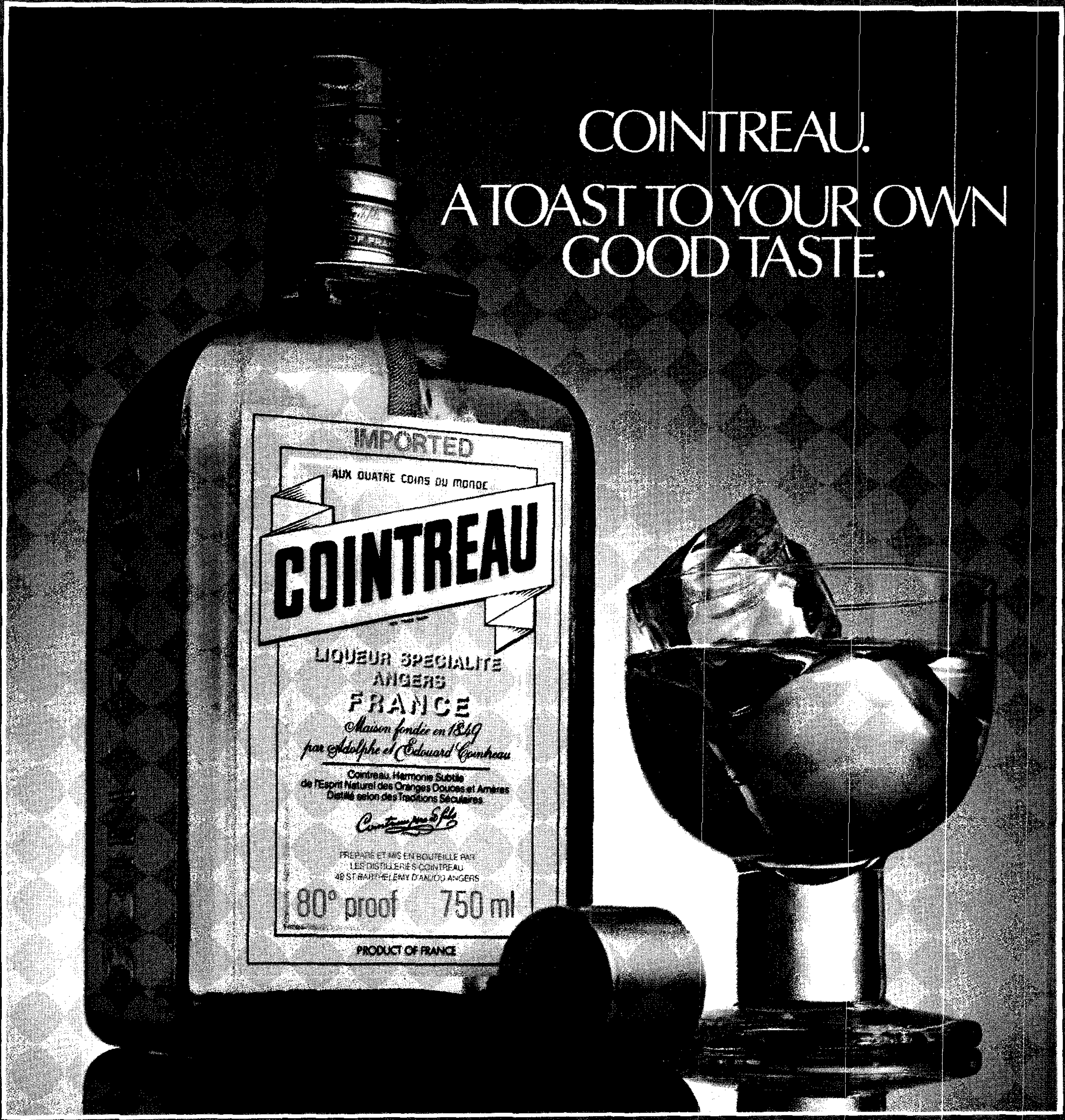
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rector. Appropriate settings, costumes, and lighting were by Louis Nelson, Ruth Morley, and David F. Segal, respectively.

THE trashy "Duet for One," revived at the Roundabout, simply will not do, even as a vehicle. It is a vehicle, though, for the charming Eva Marie Saint, who, as a concert violinist stricken with multiple sclerosis, appears in scene after scene in the office of her psychiatrist. The story was apparently suggested by the medical plight of the English cellist Jacqueline du Pré, and the opportunistic script, moving from one foregone conclusion to the next, seems more suitable for third-rate television than for the theatre. Tom Kempinski was the author of the text, and I didn't believe a word of it. Milton Selzer does all that can be done, I suppose, with the role of the psychiatrist, and he looks exactly like Ed Koch.

JOHN HOUSEMAN's Acting Company has come and gone. What a joy it was to see its admirable production of "Tartuffe," translated by Richard Wilbur, of course, and directed by Brian Murray! For the record, Philip Goodwin was Tartuffe, Margaret Reed was Mariane, Richard S. Iglewski was Orgon, and Lynn Chausow was the maid, Dorine. After heaven knows how many exposures to this marvellous play, it struck me for the first time that the scene in the second act in which Tartuffe gets his comeuppance is as deeply, permanently satisfying as the scene in "David Copperfield" in which Betsy Trotwood tells off the Murdstones. At the Wednesday matinée that I saw, most of the audience appeared to be high-school students, and their gleeful surprise and applause would have delighted Molière. —EDITH OLIVER

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From Family Weekly*]

On a recent shuttle flight between here and New York, veteran CBS newsman MIKE WALLACE and son CHRIS WALLACE, NBC's White House correspondent, sat directly behind each other but exchanged nary a word.

•

Dr. Neil Frank, director of the National Weather Service in Miami, will discuss the mechanics of hurricanes and the preparations necessary before one arrives Wednesday at the Conservancy Nature Center. —*Naples (Fla.) Daily News.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Thought-Executing Fires

THE chief musical event of the festival Britain Salutes New York 1983—in this bicentennial of the treaty by which Britain acknowledged the independence of her Thirteen Colonies—has been a set of three thronged concerts given in Symphony Space by Britain's leading chamber ensemble, the Fires of London. At the second of them, on St. George's Day, a mutual transatlantic salute was exchanged, between a great New York composer and the British group: Elliott Carter's latest composition, Triple Duo, had its first performance. It was commissioned by the BBC for the Fires and is "affectionately dedicated to that ensemble and its prime mover, Peter Maxwell Davies." It is the latest in a series of such exchanges: Carter's previous piece, "In Sleep, in Thunder," was written for the London Sinfonietta, while among recent Davies compositions his Second Symphony was written for the Boston Symphony and his Brass Quintet for the Empire Brass Quintet.

Since Carter's Brass Quintet (1974), which was first played in London, by the American Brass Quintet, his chamber music has been for voice, or voices, and instruments: the Elizabeth Bishop cycle "A Mirror on Which to Dwell" (1975), for soprano and nine players; the cantata "Syringa" (1978), Greek and John Ashbery poems set for mezzo, bass, and eleven players; and "In Sleep, in Thunder," six Robert Lowell poems set for tenor and fourteen players. Triple Duo marks his return to a pure instrumental ensemble. The Fires of London were formerly called the Pierrot Players; their instrumental forces are those of Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" (a quintet of violin/viola and cello, flute and clarinet, and piano), plus percussion. Many works have now been composed for the group, by many composers. (Eight works were played at the Symphony Space concerts, all but Triple Duo being by Davies.) Much of the Fires' repertory is dramatic and includes a singer, dancer, or mime; in fact, they call themselves a music-theatre ensemble. Triple Duo is dramatic, too, in that it is a "play" for enactment by six instruments, its score a "scenario" in which three couples—violin and cello, flute and clarinet, piano and percussion—are the characters. They leap onstage abruptly, jauntily—as sounds, I mean, not physically, but the musical gestures are graphic. Each strikes an attitude, and then they all start chattering at once. Babble swiftly clarifies into dialogue: into some twenty-two minutes of riveting discourse—a fantasy of discussions, arguments, agreements, seasoned by jests—which is high-spirited, boundlessly inventive, and beautiful in its shapeliness and its sonorities. Each "character" has many facets: flute and clarinet, for example, become almost adversaries when the flutist takes up a shrill piccolo while the clarinet drops its voice an octave, into the wise, lyrical tones of the bass instrument. In another episode, the aggressive little E-flat clarinet, shriller still, dominates the gentle flute. There is a magical, icy passage of tingling chords struck softly on crotales and high piano strings, inspiring the bowed strings to touch in high harmonics and the piccolo to essay a faint, drifting descant.

GREAT IDEAS OF WESTERN MAN
BELIEVE I'LL HOP IN THE PICKUP AND SEE IF REBECCA ANN WANTS TO GO HONKY-TONKING.
CBarsotti

The Fires are virtuosos: Philippa Davies (flutes), David Campbell (clarinets), Rosemary Furniss (violin/viola), Jonathan Williams (cello), Stephen Pruslin (piano), Gregory Knowles (percussion). They have played Carter's earlier music and were trained to tackle the lively hexalogue of the new piece. They are quick, keen, subtle artists—six distinct personalities, and a peerless ensemble. I hope they record Triple Duo soon.

AT the same concert, Davies' "Image, Reflection, Shadow" (1982) had its American première. The title comes from a poem by Charles Senior. Across a scene of stillness, a gull flies; its clear white reflection speeds on the surface of the water; along the green seafloor, passing over weed and rock, its shadow traces a dark, distorted course. At the moment of change of tide,

> mutations of light and movement
> on plant, stone and bird
> *initiate their mysterious rhythms.*

It is an idea apt for music. There are passages in "Image, Reflection, Shadow" where it finds almost literal representation—where the movement of three differing but related lines generated by one impulse can be perceived. Back in 1961, when Davies' String Quartet appeared, I fumbled with metaphors about the play of changing light on something simple, satisfying, and beautiful in order to suggest the effects of chromatic and rhythmic play around a cantus firmus. Light and landscape and the movements, the sounds—and the silence—of nature are newly important in much of what Davies has composed since he went to live in the Orkneys, a decade or so ago. "Fancifully perhaps, I often see the great cliff-bound bay before my window where the Atlantic and the North Sea meet as a huge alchemical crucible, rich in speculative connotations, and at all times a miracle of ever-changing reflected light," he wrote in a note on the chamber piece "A Mirror of Whitening Light" (1977). And in a note on his Second Symphony (1980) that it was, among other things, "a direct response to the sounds of the ocean's extreme proximity, subtly permeating all of one's existence—from the gentlest of Aeolian harp vibrations as the waves strike the cliffs on the other side of the bay in calm weather, to explosive shudders through the very fabric of the house as huge boulders grind over each other directly below the garden during the most violent westerly gales." Much dwelling on natural analogues may begin to suggest, quite wrongly, a latter-day Mendelssohn plotting a new "Fingal's Cave." It is the musical alchemy at work in "A Mirror" that makes it a beautiful and satisfying piece. In the symphony, the interaction of different wave forms which Davies observed has been transmuted into specifically musical procedures. On the other hand, much dwelling on technical matters—permutations of plainchants, the magic squares that can determine pitches and durations, the unconventional harmonic foundations on which Davies' recent works rest firmly—would begin to suggest composition by formula and system, and obscure the fact that he is one of the most expressive, communicative, and inspired of contemporary composers. His music, like Carter's, offers a rich field to the analyst. It is scrupulously, thoroughly, and intricately made. Davies is readier than Carter to let the listener take into account any extramusical stimuli. But Carter has told how the birds, animals, insects, and plants of the Arizona desert influenced the evolution of his First String Quartet, and how Hart Crane's "The Bridge" suggested musical ideas in his Symphony of Three Orchestras. Davies is readier than Carter to let musics of the past—whether in the guise of a citation, an allusion, a parody, or a large-scale formal procedure—play an audible creative part in one of his compositions. But Carter, in a public discussion before the concert at which Triple Duo was played, revealed that a close study of Schubert's Octet went into its making. Davies is prolific and is actively concerned with performance. He is a chronicler and critic of, a participant in, and, indeed, a shaper of life in his society. He is prominent in Britain in a way that Carter—working in a land where music-making is

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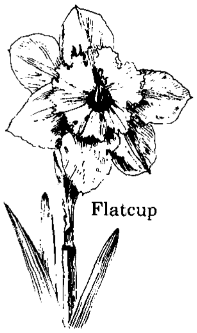

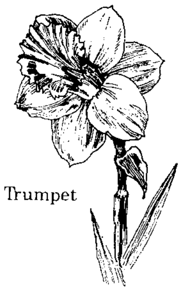

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in large part a branch of the entertainment industry, in some part a mere academic discipline, and in but small part a keeper of the public's social, political, and moral conscience—probably could not be without compromise of his adamantine integrity.

Enough of likenesses and differences. In short, both composers—though one could hardly mistake a Davies score for a Carter score, so different are they in sound and facture—are among the creators who make a listener glad to be living when they are, eager to discover each new work as it appears, excited to explore the new imaginative realms that each one offers. In that note to "A Mirror of Whitening Light," Davies said, "Over the last few years I have tried to evolve a musical language simple and strong enough to make the complex forms with which I became involved meaningful and audible—particularly with regard to functional harmony operating over and relating large spans of time." Carter might say something similar, but at the discussion he preferred to suggest that increasing familiarity with his earlier music has made his later works seem—as a colleague wrote of "In Sleep, in Thunder"—"so openly expressive, so directly approachable." A glance at either man's score will quickly dispel any notion that "accessibility" implies any of the Simple Simon banalities, staleness, or old-clothes parade sometimes hailed as a return to romanticism. In a note that accompanies Paul Jacobs' brilliant new recording of Carter's Piano Sonata and "Night Fantasies" (Nonesuch 79047), the composer scorns the "musical journeyman, who employs easily worn-out routines developed by others or even himself," and writes of "the wish not to repeat oneself but to constantly explore more vivid ways of presenting the musical vision in all its freshness, to be always setting out on a new adventure."

"Image, Reflection, Shadow" is in three movements—the first a long, quiet unfolding, the second an extended scherzo, the third a slow passacaglia that accelerates into a brilliant dance. There are images of stillness—and of small, delicate movement within stillness—so beautiful that listeners catch their breath. There is exuberant, joyful energy that sets their pulses racing. The forty-minute piece is in some ways a serene-hearted companion and sequel to the poignant "Ave Maris Stella" (1975). In "Ave

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Maris Stella," the percussionist plays a marimba, with its pure, mellow, "enchanted" sound. In "Image," he plays a cimbalom, whose dusky twangle gives the new work its special color. (Mr. Knowles became fascinated by the instrument during a Fires tour of Hungary, acquired one, and mastered it.) It stamps out slow mid-range melodies as if in notes of ancient, dirty gold, a fuzz around their shine. With a buzz and a flurry, it can work itself up into a fine frenzy. There is a short cimbalom cadenza in the second movement and a long, expressive one in the third.

THE Carter and Davies premières were framed by two of the arrangements of old music—clear, clean, and exquisite—that Davies has made for the Fires: "Kinloche His Fantassie" (from a seventeenth-century Scottish keyboard piece) and a set of Renaissance Scottish Dances. The two other concerts, conducted by John Carewe, were devoted to music theatre. At the first, "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" (1978) had its American première. In Davies' setting of the old story, the abbot sings; a juggler juggles and mimes; the seated instrumentalists (cello and piano/celesta), on one side, provide a continuo; clarinettist, flutist, and percussionist play monks but "speak" their lines—questioning, scolding, clucking away like so many Melitones—on their instruments (Mr. Knowles taps and jingles an eloquent tambourine); and the Virgin signifies her approval of the juggler's act in a violin solo. A children's band (coming on this occasion from J.H.S. 143) plays a buoyant intrada and recessional, in 7/8. The monks' gifts to Our Lady take the form of virtuoso solos. (There is a marimba handy for Brother Gregory; devising an extended tambourine solo might overtax even Davies' and Mr. Knowles' powers of invention.) "Le Jongleur" is a fine-grained, intimate piece, containing episodes in old dance movements and permeated by a plainchant for the Nativity of the Virgin. I would like to hear it in a small, resonant church; both in Edinburgh Cathedral (where I first heard it) and in Symphony Space it sounded exquisite but slight.

The other music-theatre pieces—"Eight Songs for a Mad King" (1969), "Miss Donnithorne's Maggot" (1974), and "Vesalii Icones" (1969)—date from Davies' Expressionist years, when much of his music was violent, frequently painful, ex-

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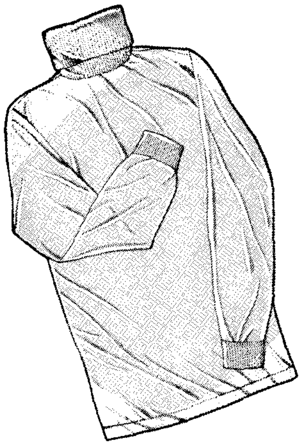

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travagantly adventurous in its means (the mad king is asked to span more than four octaves), promiscuous in its allusions, searing, shocking, and boundlessly exciting. The pieces have not lost their power to sear, shock, and excite—not in such performances as the Fires gave. Michael Rippon, a rather grossly jocular abbot in "Le Jongleur," was memorable as George III, and through all his screaming, wheezing, mumbling—and singing—in all registers managed to make just about every word clear. Mary Thomas was a spectacular Miss Donnithorne (the possible model for Dickens' Miss Havisham), but I prefer the earlier production of the "Maggot," in which the unfortunate lady burst from the moldy wreck of her giant wedding cake and had the players around her, to the current one, in which she keeps to one side of the stage and they keep to the other. These are ensemble pieces, chamber music, not solos with accompaniment: every player participates as an individual in the dramas. Other things being equal, I prefer sanity to madness, but the subject matter and Davies' fierce parody and distortion techniques are matched. Ideas are challenged; assumptions are tested.

In the final performance, of "Vesalii Icones," for dancer and six players, the Fires' execution attained an intensity that—how can one put it?—somehow could make a listener feel that all he had ever heard, felt, suffered had been leading to this moment. Davies has likened the "levels" in the piece to the effect of disparate imagery on three parallel panes of glass: while the eye focusses on one, images from the others modify and distract its perceptions. The musical levels are plainchant (the Good Friday proper), cheap popular music (a blowsy Victorian hymn tune, a foxtrot), and "my 'own' music derived from the other two." Visually, there are also three levels: the Vesalius anatomical engravings, the Stations of the Cross, with their traditional iconography, and the dancer's own body. But musical and visual elements are fused, too—more closely in this performance, with choreography by Ian Spink, and Tom Yang its dedicated and electric dancer, than in any other I have seen. The cellist, seated apart, becomes in the dancer's eyes now Pilate, now a scourger, now Veronica. Musical gestures and physical actions are barely distinguished as with every nerve alert one lives through the Passion.

—Andrew Porter

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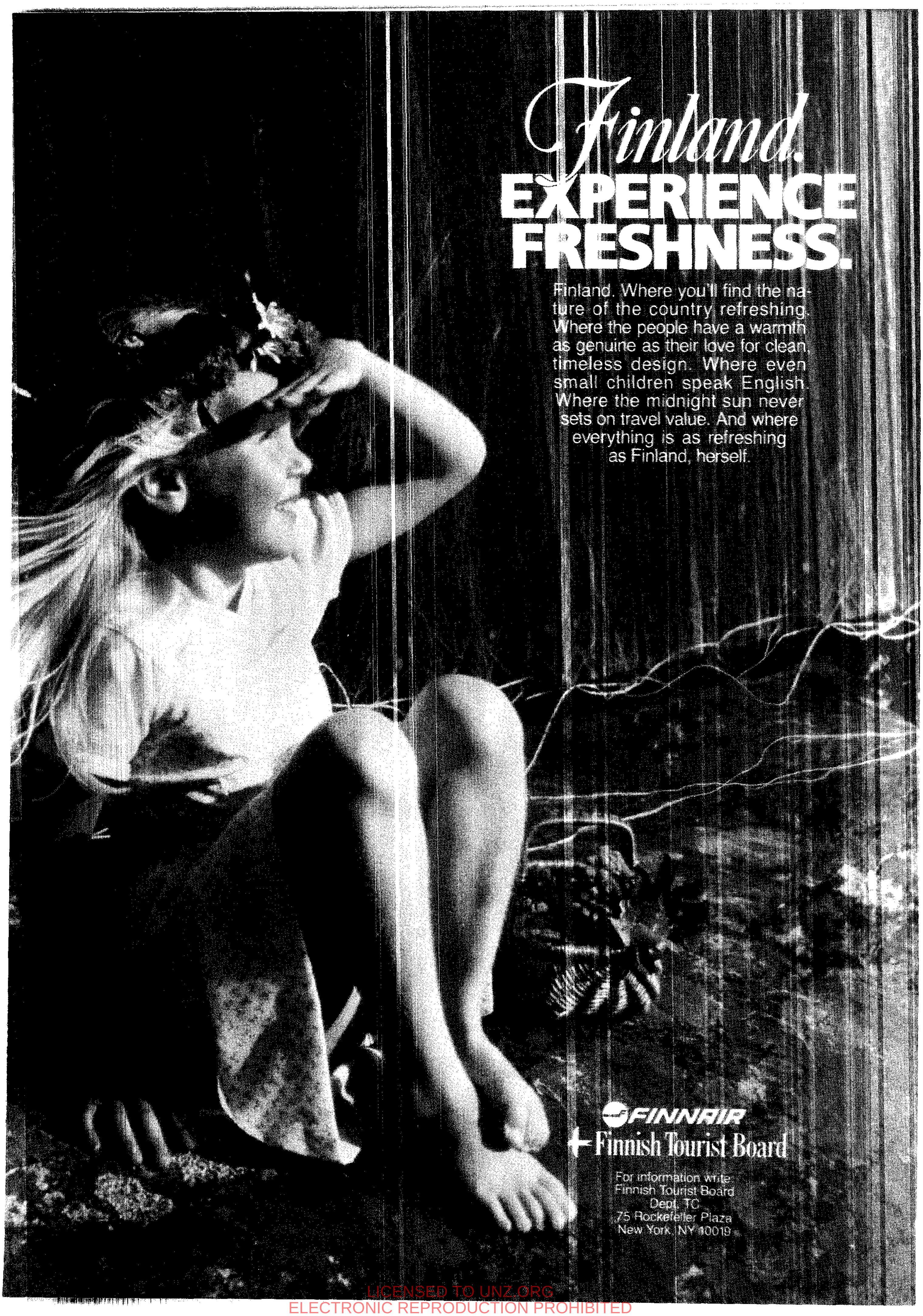

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REFLECTIONS

KAFKA'S SHORT STORIES

All that he does seems to him, it is true, extraordinarily new, but also, because of the incredible spate of new things, extraordinarily amateurish, indeed scarcely tolerable, incapable of becoming history, breaking short the chain of the generations, cutting off for the first time at its most profound source the music of the world, which before him could at least be divined. Sometimes in his arrogance he has more anxiety for the world than for himself.

—*Kafka, "He"* (*Aphorisms*).

THE century since Franz Kafka was born has been marked by the idea of "modernism"—a self-consciousness new among centuries, a consciousness of being new. Sixty years after his death, Kafka epitomizes one aspect of this modern mind-set: a sensation of anxiety and shame whose center cannot be located and therefore cannot be placated; a sense of an infinite difficulty within things, impeding every step; a sensitivity acute beyond usefulness, as if the nervous system, flayed of its old hide of social usage and religious belief, must record every touch as pain. In Kafka's peculiar and highly original case, this dreadful quality is mixed with immense tenderness, oddly good humor, and a certain severe and reassuring formality. The combination makes him an artist; but rarely can an artist have struggled against greater inner resistance and more sincere diffidence as to the worth of his art.

Of his fiction, Kafka committed to publication during his lifetime only a slender sheaf of mostly very short stories—the longest of them, "The Metamorphosis," a mere fifty pages, and a handful of the others as much as five thousand words. He published six slim volumes, four of them single stories, from 1913 to 1919, and was working on the proofs of a seventh in the sanatorium where he died, on June 3, 1924, of tuberculosis, exactly one month short of his forty-first birthday. Among his papers after his death were found several notes addressed to his closest friend and most faithful admirer, Max Brod. One of them stated:

> Of all my writings the only books that can stand are these: "The Judgment," "The Stoker," "Metamorphosis," "Penal Colony," "Country Doctor," and the short story: "Hunger-Artist." . . . When I say that those five books and the short story can stand, I do not mean that I wish them to be reprinted and handed down to posterity. On the contrary, should they disappear altogether that would please me best. Only, since they do exist, I do not wish to hinder anyone who may want to, from keeping them.

The little canon that Kafka reluctantly granted posterity would indeed stand; "The Metamorphosis" alone would assure him a place in world literature, though undoubtedly a less prominent place than he enjoys thanks to the mass of his posthumously published novels, tales, parables, aphorisms, and letters. The letter quoted above went on to direct Brod to burn all of Kafka's manuscripts, "without exception and preferably unread." Another note reiterated the command even more emphatically; and Dora Dymant, the young woman with whom Kafka shared the last year of his life, obediently did destroy those portions of the Kafka hoard within her keeping. But Brod disobeyed. Predictably: while Kafka was alive Brod had often elicited manuscripts from his excessively scrupulous friend and was instrumental in the publication of some few of them. In Brod's words, "He knew with what fanatical veneration I listened to his every word. . . . During the whole twenty-two years of our unclouded friendship, I never once threw away the smallest scrap of paper that came from him, no, not even a post-

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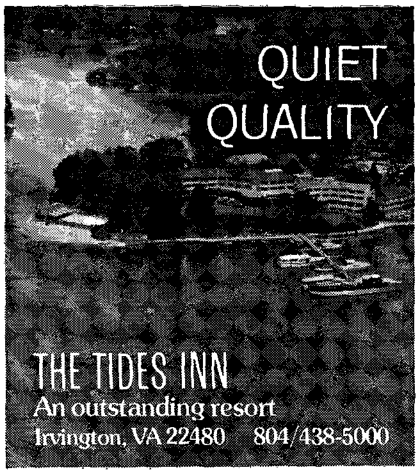

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card." In a conversation of 1921 he warned Kafka that he would burn nothing. And so with good conscience the reverent executor issued to the world "The Trial" and "The Castle" —both novels unfinished and somewhat problematical in their texts but nevertheless magnificently realized— and a host of lesser but still priceless fragments, painstakingly deciphered and edited. Kafka and Shakespeare have this in common: their reputations rest principally on texts they never approved or proofread.

Many of the stories, then, are in various states of incompletion. Some, like "The Village Schoolmaster" and "Blumfeld, an Elderly Bachelor," seem fatally truncated, their full intentions and final design destined to remain mysterious. In some others, notably "Investigations of a Dog," the author appears to have played out his inspiration without rounding out the story; Kafka's need to explore this conceit of philosophical speculation in a canine world where human beings are somehow unseen ("a sort of canine atheism" one commentator has called the phenomenon) has been happily exhausted before an end is reached. The failure is purely mechanical, and we do not feel cheated, since the story's burden of private meaning has been unloaded—there are scarcely any pages in Kafka more sweetly and winningly autobiographical than these. In still other of these uncompleted stories, such as "The Great Wall of China" and "The Burrow," the end is even nearer, and we do not wish for any more. According to Dora Dymant, "The Burrow" had been concluded, in a version she destroyed, with a "scene describing the hero taking up a tense fighting position in expectation of the beast, and the decisive struggle in which the hero succumbs;" though there is poignance in this—"the beast" was Kafka's nickname for his disease, to which he was to succumb within a few months—we are glad to leave the burrowing hero, fussily timorous and blithely carnivorous, where he is, apprehensively posed amid menaces more cosmic and comic than anything his claws could grapple with. "The Burrow" and "The Great Wall of China" belong at the summit of Kafka's oeuvre; their fantastic images are developed with supreme elegance and resonance. The titles of both contain the word "*Bau*." Kafka was obsessed with building, with work that is never done, that can never be done, that must always fall short of perfec-

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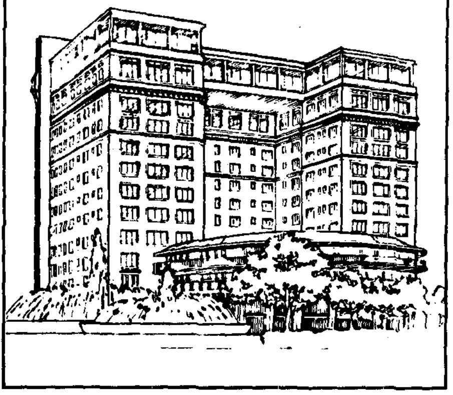

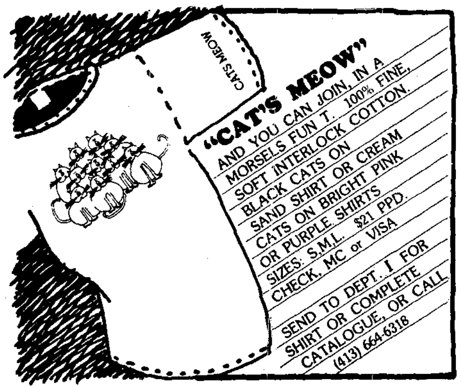

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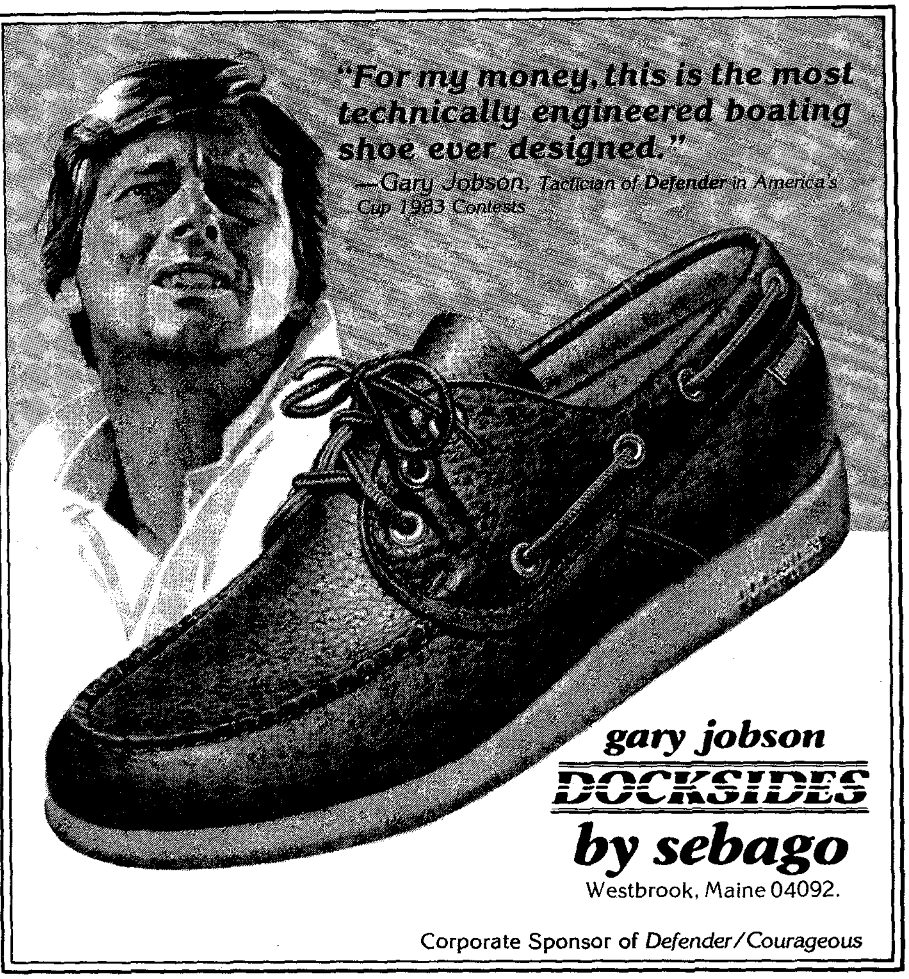
tion. His manuscripts show him to have been a fervent worker, "scribbling" (as he called his writing) with a stately steadiness across the page, revising rather little, but ceasing when authenticity no longer seemed to be present, often laying down parallel or even contradictory tracks in search of his prey, and content to leave his works in an "open" state like that of his Great Wall—their segments uncertainly linked, strange gaps left, the ultimate objective shied from as if too blindingly grand. Not to write for money or the coarser forms of glory is common enough among modern avant-gardists; but to abjure aesthetic "finish" itself carries asceticism a step farther, into a realm of protest where such disparate modernists as Eliot and Pound (in the intrinsically fragmentary nature of their poetry) and Rilke and Salinger (in their capacities for silence) keep Kafka company. Incompletion is a quality of his work, a facet of its nobility. His briefest paragraphs and riddles sufficiently possess the adamancy of art.

HEARING Kafka read aloud from his youthful works "Description of a Struggle" and "Wedding Preparations in the Country" instantly convinced Max Brod that his friend was a genius: "I got the impression immediately that here was no ordinary talent speaking, but a genius." Repeated readings of these grouped fragments have left them, for me, not merely opaque but repellent. "Description" was composed no later than 1904-05, when Kafka was in his early twenties. It is full of contortions both psychological ("I had to restrain myself from putting my arm around his shoulders and kissing him on the eyes as a reward for having absolutely no use for me") and physical ("This thought . . . tormented me so much that while walking I bent my back until my hands reached my knees;" "I screwed up my mouth . . . and supported myself by standing on my right leg while resting the left one on its toes"). There is something of adolescent posturing here, or of those rigid bodily states attendant upon epilepsy and demonic possession. The conversation seems hectic, and the hero and his companions pass a mysterious leg injury back and forth like the ancient Graeae sharing one eye. Self-loathing and self-distrust lurk within all this somatic unease; the "supplicant" prays in church at the top of his voice "in order to be looked at and acquire a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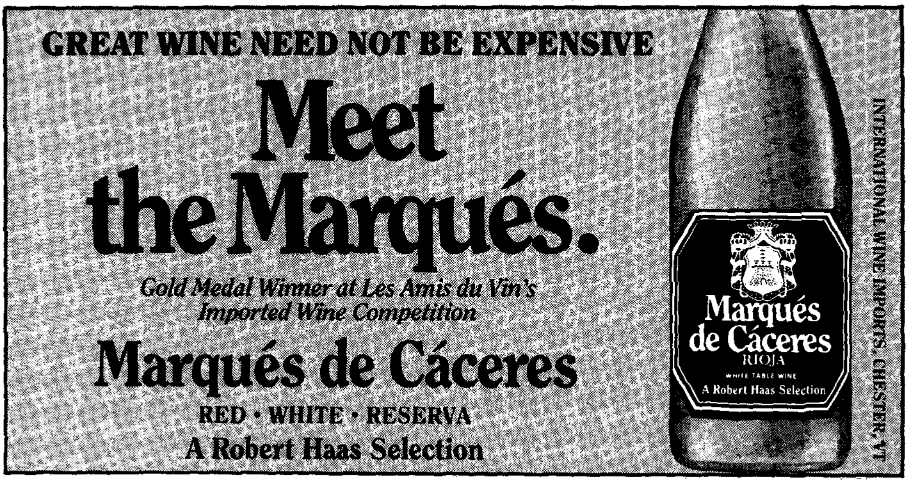
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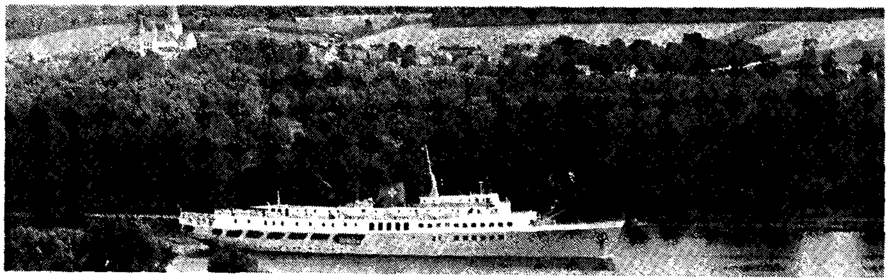
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body." A certain erotic undercurrent is present also, and in "Wedding Preparations" the hero, Eduard Raban, is proceeding toward his wedding in the country. This narrative at least boasts a discernible direction; but we strongly feel that Raban, for all his dutiful determination, will never get there. The typical Kafkaesque process of non-arrival is under way. And, in truth, Kafka, though heterosexual, charming, and several times engaged, and furthermore professing that "marrying, founding a family, accepting all the children that come [is] the utmost a human being can succeed in doing at all," never did manage to get married.

The charm that these disquieting, abortive early pieces exerted upon Brod and other auditors (for Kafka used to read his work aloud to friends, sometimes laughing so hard he could *not continue reading*) must have largely derived from the quality of their German prose. "Writing is a form of prayer," Kafka wrote in his diary. Thomas Mann paid tribute to Kafka's "conscientious, curiously explicit, objective, clear, and correct style, [with] its precise, almost official conservatism." Brod likened it to J. P. Hebel's and Kleist's, and claimed that "its unique charm is heightened by the presence of Prague and generally speaking Austrian elements in the run of the sentence." To the racial and religious minority status of the German-speaking Jews of Prague was added a certain linguistic isolation as well, *for Czech was the language of the countryside and of Bohemian nationalism.* It is interesting that of the last two women in Kafka's life—two who abetted the "reaching out" of his later, happier years—Milena Jesenská-Polak was his Czech translator and helped perfect his Czech, and Dora Dymant confirmed him in his explorations of Judaism, including the study of Hebrew. He wrote to Brod of the problems of German, "Only the dialects are really alive, and except for them, only the most individual High German, while all the rest, the linguistic middle ground, is nothing but embers which can only be brought to a semblance of life when excessively lively Jewish hands rummage through them." Though fascinated by the liveliness of Yiddish theatre, he opted for what Philip Rahv has called an "ironically conservative" style; what else, indeed, could hold together such leaps of symbolism, such a trembling abundance of feeling and dread?

Kafka dated his own maturity as a

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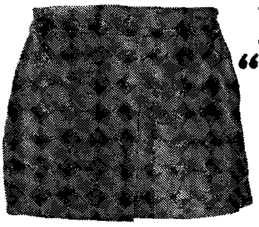

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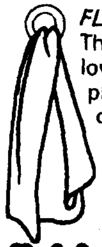

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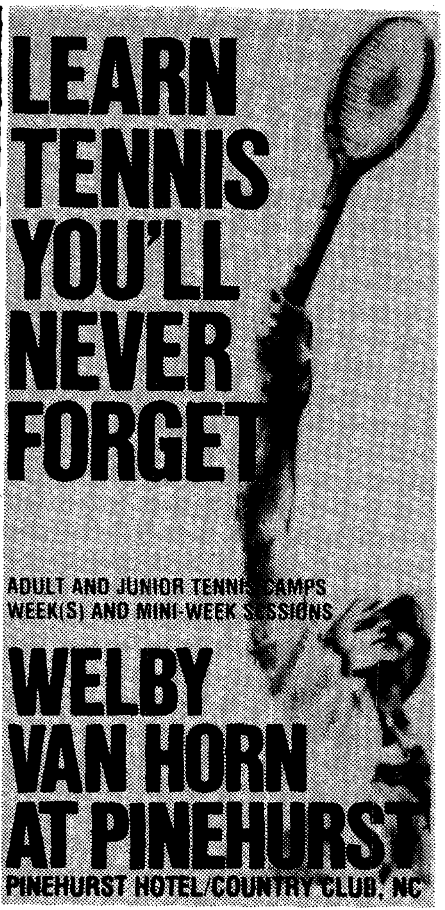
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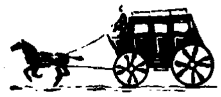

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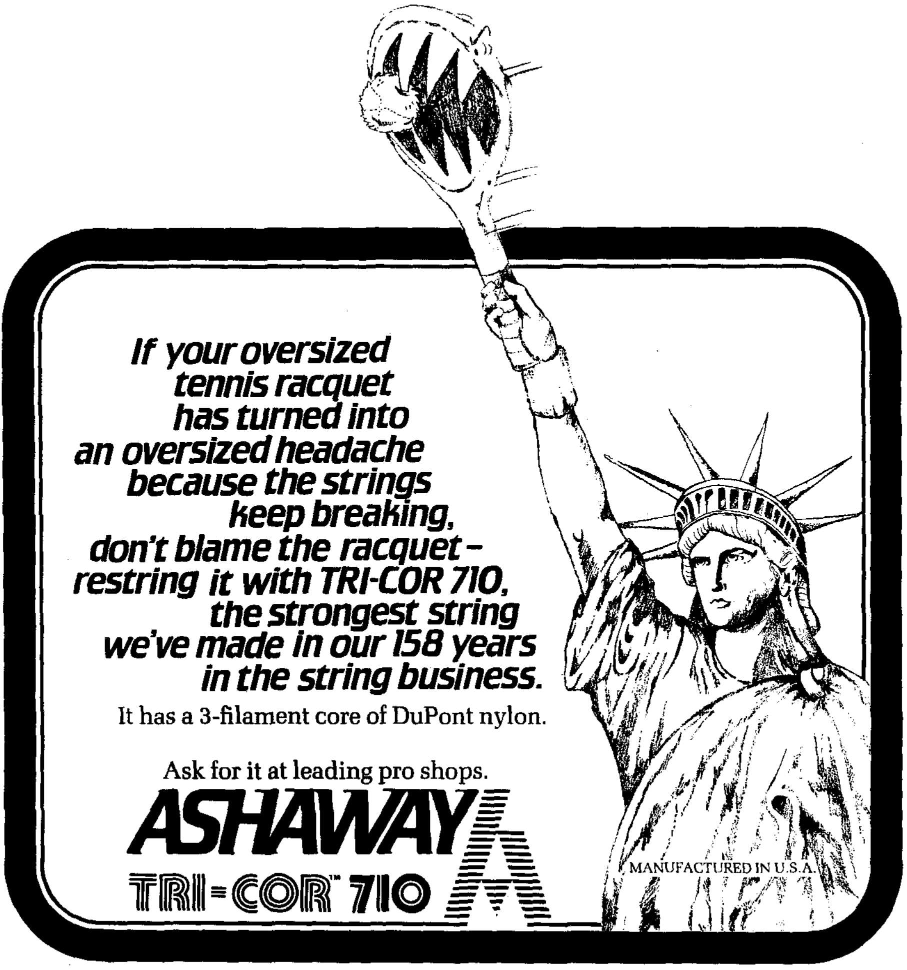
writer from the long night of September 22-23, 1912, in which he wrote "The Judgment" at a single, eight-hour sitting. He confided to his diary that morning, "Only *in this way* can writing be done, only with such coherence, with such a complete opening out of the body and the soul." Yet the story is not quite free of the undeclared neurotic elements that twist the earlier work; the connection between the engagement and the father seems obscure, and the old man's fury illogical. But in staring at, with his hero Georg, "the bogey conjured up by his father," Kafka broke through to a great cavern of stored emotion. He loved this story, and among friends praised—he who deprecated almost everything from his own pen—its *Zweifellosigkeit*, its "indubitability." Soon after its composition, he wrote, in a few weeks, "The Metamorphosis," an indubitable masterpiece. It begins with a fantastic premise, whereas in "The Judgment" events become fantastic. Its monstrous premise—that Gregor Samsa has been turned overnight into a gigantic insect—established in the first sentence, "The Metamorphosis" unfolds with a beautiful naturalness and a classic economy. It takes place in three acts: three times the metamorphosed hero ventures out of his room, with tumultuous results. The members of his family—rather simpler than Kafka's own, which had three sisters—dispose themselves around the central horror with a touching as well as an amusing plausibility. The father's fury, roused in defense of the fragile mother, stems directly from the action and inflicts a psychic wound gruesomely objectified in the rotting apple Gregor carries in his back; the evolutions of the sister, Grete, from shock to distasteful ministration to a certain sulky possessiveness and finally to exasperated indifference are beautifully sketched, with not a stroke too much. The terrible but terribly human tale ends with Grete's own metamorphosis, into a comely young woman. In a strange way, this great story resembles a great story of the nineteenth century, Tolstoy's "The Death of Ivan Ilyich;" in both a hitherto normal man lies hideously, suddenly stricken in the midst of a family whose irritated banal daily existence flows around him. The abyss within life is revealed, but also life itself.

What kind of insect is Gregor? Considerable paper has been wasted on this question. Popular belief calls him a cockroach, which would be appro-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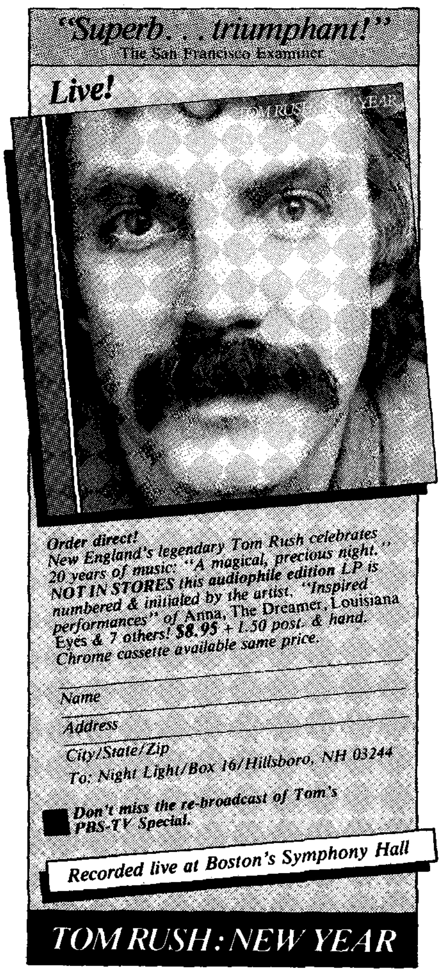
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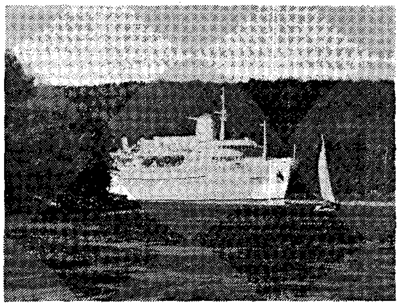
priate for a city apartment; and the creature's retiring nature and sleazy dietary preferences would seem to fit. But, as Vladimir Nabokov, who knew his entomology, pointed out in his lectures upon "The Metamorphosis" at Cornell, Gregor is too broad and convex to be a cockroach. The charwoman calls him a "dung beetle" (*Mistkäfer*), but, Nabokov said, "it is obvious that the good woman is adding the epithet only to be friendly." Interestingly, Eduard Raban of "Wedding Preparations" daydreams, walking along, "As I lie in bed I assume the shape of a big beetle, a stag beetle or a cockchafer, I think." Gregor Samsa, awaking, sees "numerous legs, which were pitifully thin compared to the rest of his bulk." If "numerous" is more than six, he must be a centipede—not a member of the Insecta class at all. From evidence in the story, he is brown in color and about as long as the distance between a doorknob and the floor; he is broader than half a door. He has a voice at first, "but with a persistent horrible twittering squeak behind it like an undertone," which disappears as the story progresses. His jaws don't work as ours do, but he has eyelids, nostrils, and a neck. He is, in short, impossible to picture except when the author wants to evoke him, to bump the reader up against some astounding, poignant new aspect of Gregor's embodiment. The strange physical discomfort noted in the earlier work is here given its perfect allegorical envelope. A wonderful moment comes when Gregor, having been painfully striving to achieve human postures, drops to his feet:

> Hardly was he down when he experienced for the first time this morning a sense of physical comfort; his legs had firm ground under them; they were completely obedient, as he noted with joy; they even strove to carry him forward in whatever direction he chose; and he was inclined to believe that a final relief from all his sufferings was at hand.

When "The Metamorphosis" was to be published as a book, in 1915, Kafka, fearful that the cover illustrator "might be proposing to draw the insect itself," wrote the publisher, "Not that, please not that! . . . The insect itself cannot be depicted. It cannot even be shown from a distance." He suggested instead a scene of the family in the apartment with a locked door, or a door open and giving on darkness. Any theatrical or cinematic version of the story must founder on this point of external representation: a



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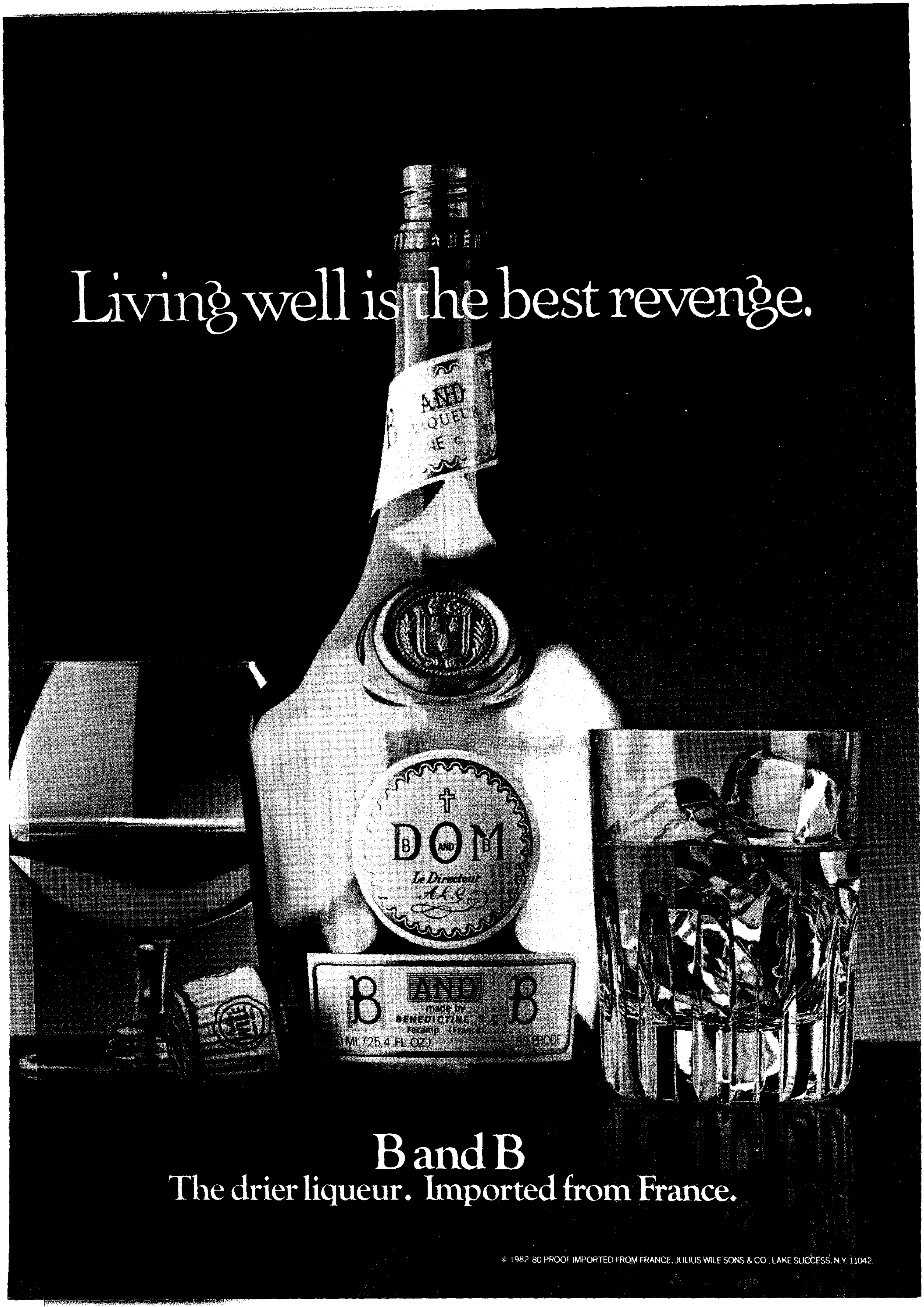

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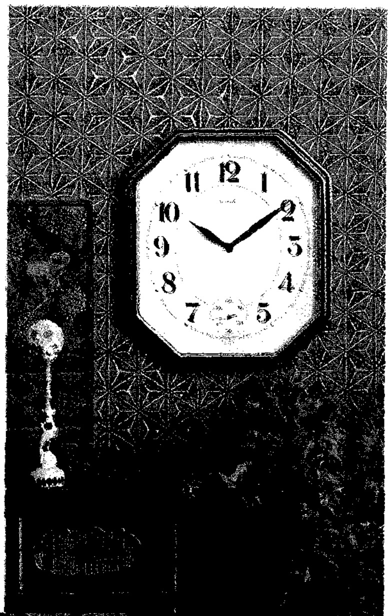

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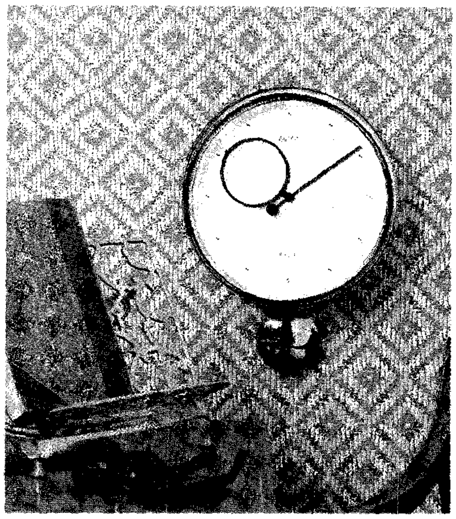

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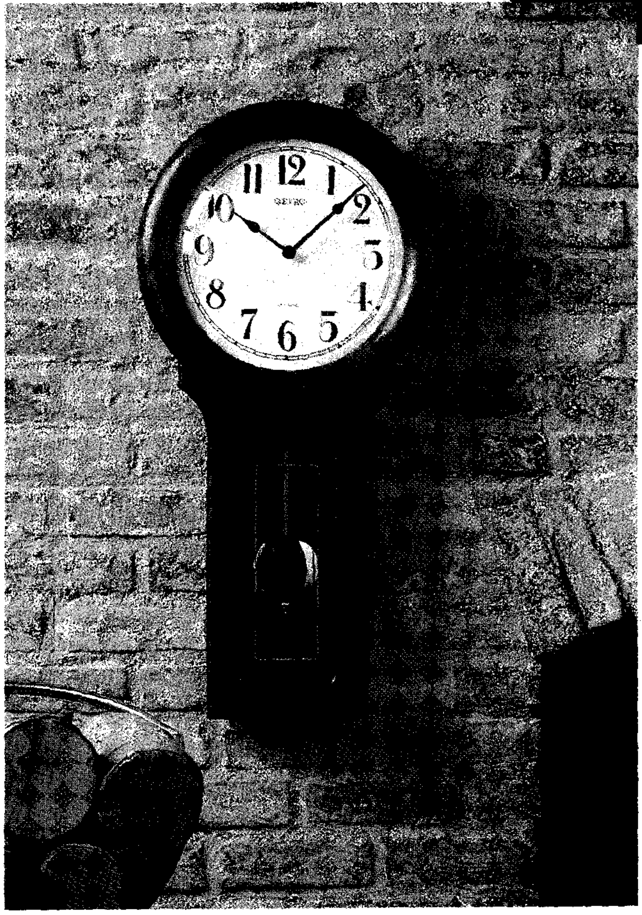

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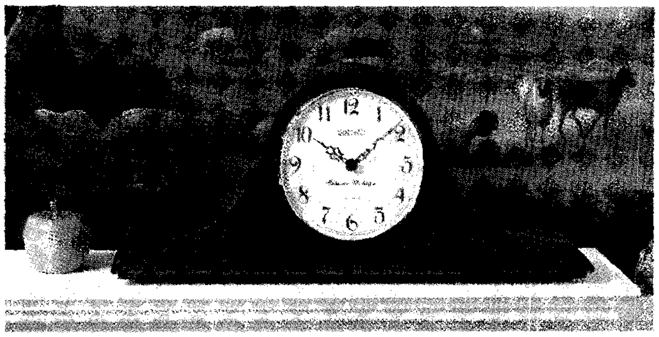

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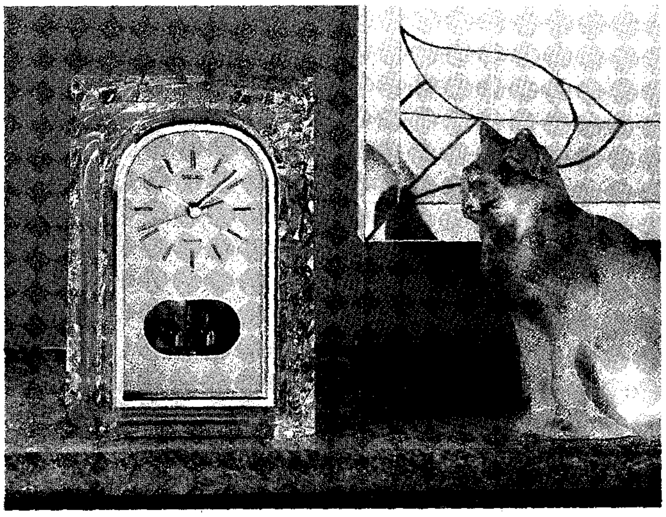

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concrete image of the insect would be too distracting and shut off sympathy; such a version would lack the very heart of comedy and pathos which beats in the unsteady area between objective and subjective, where Gregor's insect and human selves swayingly struggle. Still half asleep, he notes his extraordinary condition yet persists in remembering and trying to fulfill his duties as a travelling salesman and the mainstay of this household. Later, relegated by the family to the shadows of a room turned storage closet, he responds to violin music and creeps forward, covered with dust and trailing remnants of food, to claim his sister's love. Such scenes could not be done except with words. In this age that lives and dies by the visual, "The Metamorphosis" stands as a narrative absolutely literary, able to exist only where language and the mind's hazy wealth of imagery intersect.

"The Metamorphosis" stands also as a gateway to the world Kafka created after it. His themes and manner were now all in place. His mastery of official pomposity—the dialect of documents and men talking business—shows itself here for the first time, in the speeches of the chief clerk. Music will again be felt, by mice and dogs, as an overwhelming emanation in Kafka's later fables—a theme whose other side is the extreme sensitivity to noise, and the longing for unblemished silence, that Kafka shared with his hero in "The Burrow." Gregor's death scene, and Kafka's death wish, return in "A Hunger Artist"—the saddest, I think, of Kafka's stories, written by a dying man who was increasingly less sanguine (his correspondence reveals) about dying. The sweeping nature of the hunger artist's abstention is made plain by the opposing symbol of the panther who replaces him in his cage: "The joy of life streamed with such ardent passion from his throat that for the onlookers it was not easy to stand the shock of it." In 1920, Milena Jesenská-Polak wrote to Brod, "Frank cannot live. Frank does not have the capacity for living. . . . He is absolutely incapable of lying, just as he is incapable of getting drunk. He possesses not the slightest refuge. For that reason he is exposed to all those things against which we are protected. He is like a naked man among a multitude who are dressed." After Gregor Samsa's incarnation, Kafka showed a fondness for naked heroes—animals who have complicated and even pedantic confessions

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to make but who also are distinguished by some keenly observed bestial traits: the ape of "A Report to an Academy" befouls himself, and his fur jumps with fleas; the dog of "Investigations" recalls his young days when, very puppylike, "I believed that great things were going on around me of which I was the leader and to which I must lend my voice, things which must be wretchedly thrown aside if I did not run for them and wag my tail for them;" the mouse folk of "Josephine the Singer" pipe and multiply and are pervaded by an "unexpended, ineradicable childishness;" and the untaxonomic inhabitant of "The Burrow" is the animal in all of us, his cheerful consumption of "small fry" existentially yoked to a terror of being consumed himself. An uncanny empathy broods above these zoomorphs, and invests them with more of their creator's soul than all but a few human characters receive. So a child, cowed and bored by the world of human adults, makes companions of pets and toy animals.

KAFKA, in the long "Letter to His Father" that he poured out in November, 1919, but that his mother prudently declined to deliver, left a vivid picture of himself as a child, "a little skeleton," undressing with his father in a bathing hut. "There was I, skinny, weakly, slight; you strong, tall, broad. Even inside the hut I felt a miserable specimen, and what's more, not only in your eyes but in the eyes of the whole world, for you were for me the measure of all things." Hermann Kafka—"the huge man, my father, the ultimate authority"—was a butcher's son from a village in southern Bohemia; he came to Prague and founded a successful business, a clothing and notions warehouse selling wholesale to retailers in country towns. He was physically big, as were all the Kafkas (Franz himself grew to be nearly six feet), and a photograph of 1910 shows more than a touch of arrogance in his heavy features. No doubt he was sometimes brusque with his sensitive only son, and indifferent to the boy's literary aspirations. But Hermann Kafka cannot be blamed for having become in his son's mind and art a myth, a core of overwhelming vitality and of unappeasable authority in relation to which one is hopelessly and forever in the wrong. It is Franz Kafka's extrapolations from his experience of paternal authority and naysaying, above all in his novels "The Trial"

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and "The Castle," that define the word "Kafkaesque." Like "Orwellian," the adjective describes not the author but an atmosphere within a portion of his work. Kafka's reputation has been immeasurably enhanced by his seeming prophecy, in works so private and eccentric, of the atrocious regimes of Hitler and Stalin, with their mad assignments of guilt and farcical trials and institutionalized paranoia. But the seeds of such vast evil were present in the worlds of the Emperor Franz Josef and Kaiser Wilhelm II, and Kafka was, we should not forget, a man of the world, for all his debilities. He attended the harsh German schools of Prague; he earned the degree of Doctor of Law; he had the experience of merchandising through his father's business. He worked thirteen years for the Workers' Accident Insurance Institute for the Kingdom of Bohemia—his specialty was factory safety, and his reports were admired, trusted, and published. He retired as Senior Secretary, and a medal of honor "commemorating his contribution to the establishment and management of hospitals and rest homes for mentally ill veterans" was on its way to him as the Austro-Hungarian monarchy collapsed in 1918. Out of his experience of paternal tyranny and decadent bureaucracy he projected nightmares that proved prophetic. A youthful disciple, Gustav Janouch, who composed the hagiographic "Conversations with Kafka," once raised with him the possibility that his work was "a mirror of tomorrow." Kafka reportedly covered his eyes with his hands and rocked back and forth, saying, "You are right. You are certainly right. Probably that's why I can't finish anything. I am afraid of the truth. . . . One must be silent, if one can't give any help. . . . For that reason, all my scribbling is to be destroyed."

Janouch also alleges that Kafka, as they were passing the Old-New Synagogue in Prague (the very synagogue Hitler intended to preserve as a mocking memorial to a vanished people), announced that men "will try to grind the synagogue to dust by destroying the Jews themselves." His ancestors had worn the yellow patch, been forbidden to own land or practice medicine, and suffered onerous residence restrictions under the emperors. Kafka lived and died in a relatively golden interim for European Jewry; but all three of his sisters were to perish in the concentration camps. The Kafka household had been perfunctorily ob-

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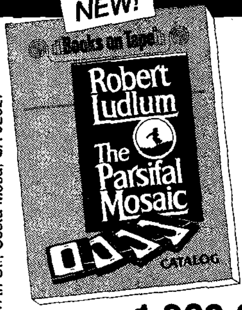

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servant; Hermann Kafka had been proud of the degree of assimilation he had achieved, and the Judaism he had brought from his village was, his son accused him, too little: "It all dribbled away while you were passing it on." Kafka's mother, Julie Loewy, came from an Orthodox family and remembered her grandfather as "a very pious and learned man, with a long white beard." As if to assert himself against his father, Franz took a decided interest in Jewishness. His diary of 1911 records:

> Today, eagerly and happily began to read the "History of the Jews" by Graetz. Because my desire for it had far outrun the reading, it was at first stranger to me than I had thought, and I had to stop here and there in order by resting to allow my Jewishness to collect itself.

He studied Hebrew and, with Dora Dymant, dreamed of moving to Palestine. Yet churches loom larger than synagogues in Kafka's landscapes, and he also read Kierkegaard. His diary of 1913 notes:

> Today I got Kierkegaard's "Buch des Richters" ["Book of the Judge," a selection from *his* diaries]. As I suspected, his case, despite essential differences, is very similar to mine. At least he is on the same side of the world. He bears me out like a friend.

Kierkegaard's lacerating absolutism of faith would seem to lie behind the torture machine of "In the Penal Colony" and the cruel estrangements of "The Trial," and to have offered Kafka a certain purchase on his spiritual pain. But in 1917 he wrote Oskar Baum, a fellow-writer in Prague, "Kierkegaard is a star, although he shines over territory that is almost inaccessible to me." Kafka came to resign himself to inaccessibility; of his theology it might be said in sum that though he did not find God, he did not blame Him. The authority masked by phenomena remained unindicted. In his shorter tales an affinity may be felt with the parables of Chassidism, that pietist movement within Judaism which emphasized, over against the law of Orthodoxy, mystic joy and divine immanence. Certain of the parables share Kafka's relish in the enigmatic, his sublime shrug:

> A man who was afflicted with a terrible disease complained to Rabbi Israel that his suffering interfered with his learning and praying. The rabbi put his hand on his shoulder and said: "How do you know, friend, what is more pleasing to God, your studying or your suffering?"
> (Martin Buber, "Tales of the Hasidim")

But there is little in the Chassidic literature of Kafka's varied texture, of

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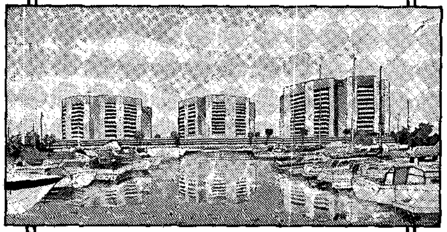

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his brightly colored foreign settings and the theatrical comedy that adorns the grimmest circumstances—the comedy, for instance, of the prisoner and his guard in the penal colony, or of the three bearded boarders in "The Metamorphosis." The Samsas, one should notice, are Christian, crossing themselves in moments of crisis and pinning their year to Christmas; Kafka, however unmistakable the ethnic source of his "liveliness" and alienation, avoided Jewish parochialism, and his allegories of pained awareness take upon themselves the entire European—that is to say, predominantly Christian—malaise.

It is the shorter stories, too, that sparkle most with country glimpses, with a savor of folktale and a medieval innocence. They remind us that Kafka wrote in a Europe where islands of urban wealth, culture, and discontent were surrounded by a countryside still, in its simplicity, apparently in possession of the secret of happiness, of harmony with the powers of earth and sky. Modernity has proceeded far enough, and spread wide enough, to make us doubt whether anyone really has this secret. Part of Kafka's strangeness, and part of his enduring appeal, was to suspect that everyone except him had the secret. He received from his father an impression of helpless singularity: "I, the slave, lived under laws that had been invented only for me." A shame literally unspeakable attached itself to this impression. Fantasy, for Kafka even more than for most writers of fiction, was the way out of his skin, so he could get back in. He felt, as it were, abashed before the fact of his own existence, "amateurish" in that this had never been quite expressed before. So singular, he spoke for millions in their new unease; a century after his birth, he seems the last holy writer, and the supreme fabulist of modern man's cosmic predicament. —JOHN UPDIKE

•

A perceptual dualism underlies the production style of this *Susannah*. In the first place, the *mise-en-scene* is not an environment in the naturalistic sense, but a conceptually-defined space intended as a spatial correlative to the elemental action of the opera. Indications of "real" time and place in scenery and costumes point away from abstractionism, rather than toward realism. By the same token, characters are pinned down to a specific historical period, yet their essential *Gestus* is timeless and universal.—*Program note for a Kansas State University opera production.*

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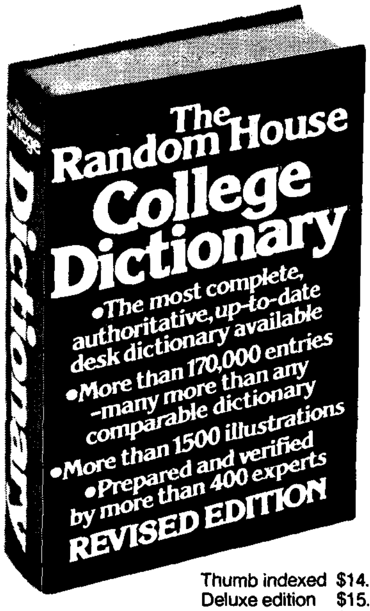
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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NATURAL VICTIMS, by Isabel Eberstadt (Knopf; $15.95). This exciting and serious novel, set in Paris, opens with a rendezvous that looks like the finale of a kidnapping—as a bedraggled young woman, staring into space, stands alone on a street corner her elegant mother rushes up to embrace her—but is only one more unhappy episode in a painful family history. The family is American and unspeakably rich, and the young woman has run off to Europe but has failed to shake off her memories of a fragile brother, a calculating suitor, and a callous, cynical father. The story of those three people—two of whom have died violent deaths—begins in a series of conversations between the distraught mother and her expatriate sister (who has other bones to pick); the rest of it emerges over the next several weeks, as a band of clean-cut zealots and a charismatic sculptor (with a sideline in spiritual healing) battle for the young woman's soul, or at least for her trust fund. The author is the daughter of Ogden Nash; much of his light verse was laced with dark and difficult ideas, and these aspects of his genius dominate in this novel.

KEPLER, by John Banville (Godine; $13.95). The life and work of Johannes Kepler are an unlikely subject for a novel, but the young Irish novelist John Banville has managed to evoke both the essence of Kepler's very complex and lovable character and the sixteenth- and early-seventeenth-century Middle European atmosphere in which Kepler made his great astronomical discoveries. His age was an especially cruel and unsettled one; he was beset on all sides by forces of disintegration but somehow managed to steer his course through. The irony, which Mr. Banville captures, is that the fools and knaves who surrounded Kepler have in large part vanished except as historical footnotes, while Kepler's creations still inspire us.

THE BIRTH OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF ANTARCTICA, by John Calvin Batchelor (Dial; $16.95). "Both bad and good, and much of both, must be borne in a lifetime spent on this earth in these anxious days." This pensée from "Beowulf" serves here as an epigraph; with a few alterations, it could serve as a critique of this ambitious, and anxious, fantasy, which begins in Stockholm in 1973, nine months before the birth of the hero-narrator (to a Norse sibyl and an American draft dodger), and ends at the other end of the world in 2037, twenty-nine years after the birth of the eponymous republic. Mr. Batchelor forecasts an imminent Age of Exile, in which plagues and paranoia realign the political order of a reduced population. At the center of the story is one band of stalwart exiles (they sail, from Stockholm, about as far as they can sail), whose alliances with other exiles (along the way and once they arrive) are even less stable than the icescape around them. At its best moments, this story recalls "Beowulf" and the medieval Icelandic sagas, with their frozen feuds and their smoldering heroes. (There are no spaceships, or even word processors; the narrator writes with squid ink.) It is at its worst when the author indulges in philosophical speculation, and does not guard (to borrow from the Old English) his word-hoard well.

GENERAL

WALTER REUTHER AND THE RISE OF THE AUTO WORKERS, by John Barnard (Little, Brown; $13.50). Reuther (1907-70) learned unionism and Socialism from his father (who campaigned for Eugene Debs), and worked as a diemaker at Ford while he was in high school and college. Laid off in 1932—perhaps because of the Depression, perhaps because he had campaigned for Norman Thomas—he went to Europe, with his brother. In Germany, they observed the triumph of Nazism; in the Soviet Union, where they worked for two years in an automobile factory, they observed the drawbacks of Communism. On their return, Walter plunged into organizing for the United Automobile Workers, an industrial union that became affiliated with the C.I.O. in 1936 and gained its early successes through sitdown strikes. Mr. Barnard's portrait of the union and its early officers suggests the diversity of its membership but emphasizes that all workers resented the arbitrary ways of management; the drive for unionism meant acquiring dignity as well as gaining money. Within the union, there were conflicts over power and politics, but Reuther survived these battles because of his effectiveness as an organizer and a negotiator: he became a vice-president in 1943 and president in 1946. In this excellent concise study, Mr. Barnard recalls Reuther's technical resourcefulness —he was the first to propose converting the automobile industry to aircraft production during the Second World War—and presents him as an example of the socially responsible trade unionist.

Hen's Teeth and Horse's Toes, by Stephen Jay Gould (Norton; $15.50). This is another fine collection of essays on natural history—of all sorts and kinds—by the Harvard paleontologist. Not much seems to escape Mr. Gould's attention—not even the Hershey bar, whose diminution of size and increase in price he finds lamentable. All the essays are, in their own way, deeply serious; the ones on the struggle to teach real evolutionary biology in this country are particularly moving.

Coffee Houses of Europe, photographs by Manfred Hamm, with an introduction by George Mikes (Thames & Hudson; $29.95). Mr. Mikes, a Hungarian journalist long resident in England, writes of this celebration that "the Central European coffee house is not merely a place; it is a way of life . . . a *Weltanschauung*, a way of looking at the world, by those who do not want to look at the world at all." He also tells us of its origins (in Vienna, by way of Turkey, in 1683), its proliferation in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and its present uncertain state. But the substance here, of course, is the pictures. Mr. Hamm is a German—a Berliner—of international reputation, and his work is superb: ninety-nine full-page, full-color, exquisitely detailed and composed studies of such institutions as Café Florian (Venice), A Brasileira (Lisbon), Café Comercial (Madrid), Aux Deux Magots (Paris), Café Hennigsmeier (Hamburg),

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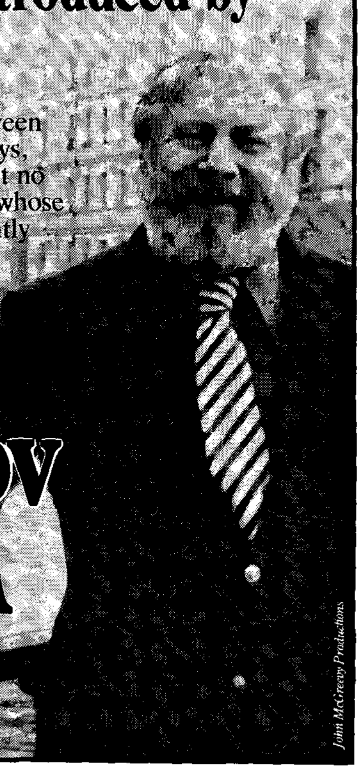

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MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE DELTA STAR, by Joseph Wambaugh (Perigord/Morrow; $15.95). More about the alcoholic members of the Los Angeles Police Department who frequent Leery's Saloon, a.k.a. The House of Misery. This chapter stars Detective Sergeant Mario Villalobos and concerns the apparent suicide of a young whore, the apparent death by heart attack of an aging private eye, and a peculiar connection between the chemistry department of Caltech and the Nobel Prize committee. Mr. Wambaugh's often annoying mannerisms—a passion for squalor, slapstick black humor, and comic-strip characters—are fully in evidence here, but so is his uncommon talent for superior storytelling.

THE WIDENING GYRE, by Robert B. Parker (Delacorte; $12.95). Spenser, Mr. Parker's one-name private detective, is all that his profession (at least in fiction) requires—tough, intelligent, wisecracking, principled, and brave. But he is also, as the Yeatsian title suggests, well read in standard literature. He tosses off lines from Gerard Manley Hopkins and Fitzgerald ("The Great Gatsby"). He tosses off a Hobbesian precept, and makes an easy allusion to Frost: "Killing me was the way Joe would normally go. I was hoping this once he'd take the road less traveled." This, as those of us who know him know, in no way slows the pace or dulls the lustre of his adventures with the undesirables in and around Boston. The story here has to do with a videotape of a born-again congressional candidate's beautiful wife engaged wholeheartedly in an orgy.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE. If you are one of the hundreds of parachuting enthusiasts who bought our "Easy Sky Diving" book, please make the following correction: On page 8, line 7, the words "state zip code" should have read "pull rip cord."—*Adv. in the Warrenton (Va.) Fauquier Democrat.*

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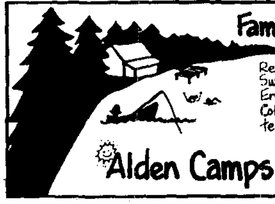

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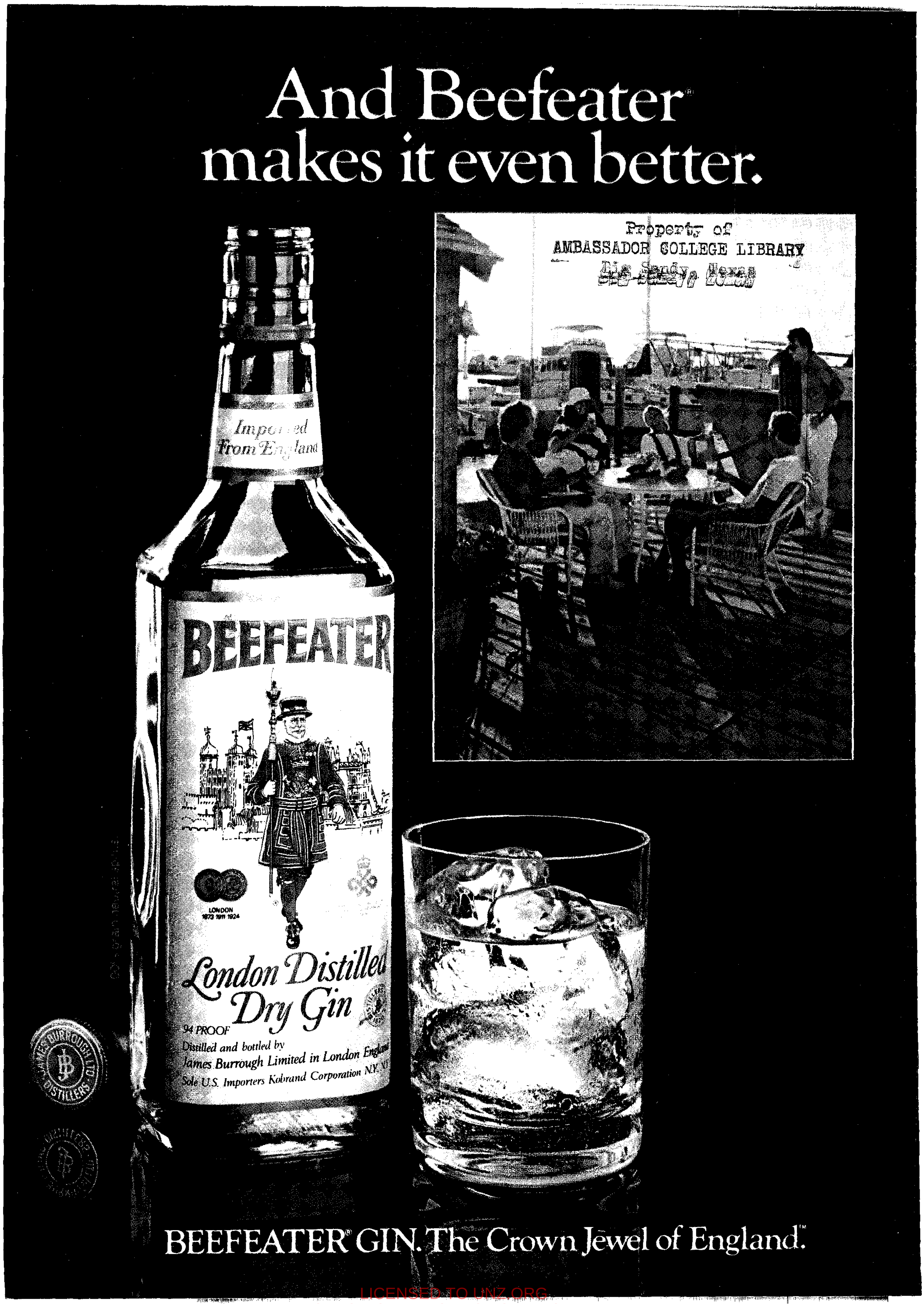
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